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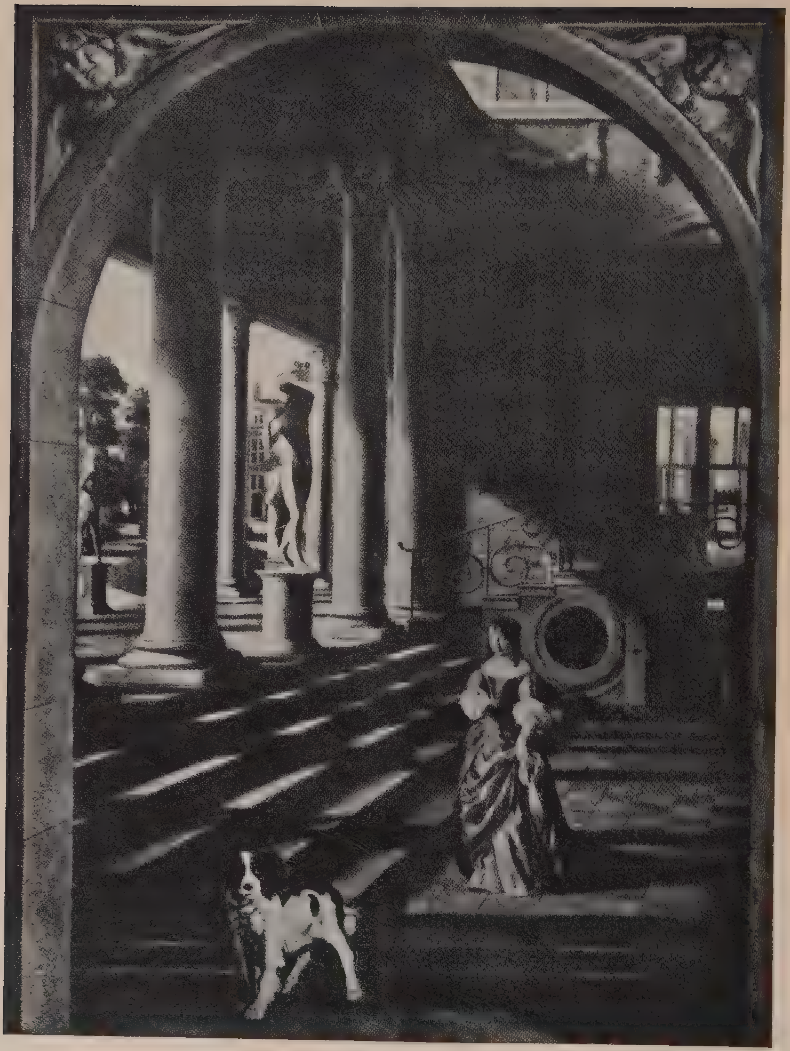

ANNE, VISCOUNTESS CONWAY

SAMUEL VAN HOOGSTRAATEN

From the portrait in The Royal Gallery, The Hague.

CONWAY LETTERS

Anne (Finch) Conway

The Correspondence of *Anne, Viscountess Conway, Henry More*, and their Friends, 1642–1684

Collected from Manuscript Sources & Edited
with a Biographical Account

By Marjorie Hope Nicolson
Professor of English in Smith College

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To my Mother and Father

PREFACE

THE history of the manuscripts from which these letters have been selected is suggested in the *Prologue*. Members of the Conway family, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, seem to have treasured scrupulously every scrap of paper which came into their possession. When, upon the death of the third Viscount and first Earl of Conway, the family became extinct, the papers which were at the family seat, Ragley Hall in Warwickshire, passed into the possession of Lord Conway's heir, Popham Seymour, son of Sir Edward Seymour, who added to his own the name of Conway, so that the Conway and Seymour names were used simultaneously until Francis Seymour was created Marquis of Hertford in the eighteenth century. Since that time, the dignities of the Conway family have been merged in the Marquisate of Hertford. As Horace Walpole suggests, in the passages from his letters quoted in the *Prologue,* during the absence of one lord and the minority of another, an ignorant steward allowed hundreds of papers to be destroyed. Some fed the fires; others were used for covering old furniture in the lumber room. Priceless portraits belonging to the Conways were relegated to the cellars, where undoubtedly many of them rotted away. Thanks to Walpole, a few of them were rescued, one of which—the great portrait of Francis Mercury van Helmont, by Sir Peter Lely, reproduced in this volume—hangs today in the National Gallery.

The single boxful of papers which Walpole recovered—"a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full"—probably contained the papers of the Conway family which are extant. Thanks to Walpole again, the Seymour family thenceforth preserved its papers with care, for the manuscripts are, on the whole, in good condition. At his death, the third Marquis of Hertford left them to John Wilson Croker, editor of the *Edinburgh Review,* whose name is known to all students of Keats. Croker, recognizing their historical value, left the papers to the nation; and thus the "Conway Papers" passed to the British Museum and the Public Record Office. On the whole, the personal letters are in the British Museum, the political and official documents in the Public Record Office. Yet the division seems to have been a rough one; scattered through the political papers are many private letters, some, indeed, drafts and copies of letters in the British Museum. The result of the division is that the essential unity of the papers as a series has escaped both groups of readers. Thus one of the most remarkable of all seventeenth-century stories has remained untold.

My own attention was drawn to the correspondence through my interest in the letters which Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, wrote to the Lady Anne Conway during the last half of the century. His letters led me to the correspondence of the rest of the family, and soon made me aware that the "Conway Papers" not only presented a remarkable chronicle of seventeenth-century life and thought,

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affording through both their range of interest and their wealth of concrete detail an unusually intimate account of two of the most versatile families of the day, but also that they contained a story which any historical novelist might envy—and which one such novelist, indeed, had actually attempted to retell. It is seldom that a group so vivid, so appealing, so human has emerged from timeworn documents.

The very wealth of the "Conway Papers" led the insatiable reader to seek for more. My collection of the More-Conway correspondence was still one-sided. I was aware that Henry More had treasured Anne Conway's letters as carefully as she had preserved his, because in one of his most intimate letters, he has described his sadness when, expecting news of her death, he sorted her letters and tied them together, believing that there would be no more. Her letters, I gradually learned, had not fared so well as his. In his will More makes no disposition of his papers. It is clear, however, from references in the earliest biography of More that in the eighteenth century, some of Lady Conway's letters were in the possession of More's biographer, Dr. Richard Ward. What happened to Ward's papers I cannot tell; but in the nineteenth century some of them at least were in the possession of James Crossley, when he edited John Worthington's *Diary and Correspondence.* At Crossley's death, his papers were sold at auction; and the manuscript of Ward's second part of his *Life of More* (which is still unpublished), together with some of Lady Conway's letters, became the property of Dean Armitage Robinson of Wells; by him they were presented to the library of Christ's College, Cambridge. Two other letters which Crossley had owned, which were for some time in the hands of J. J. Green, Esq., passed from his possession to the Friends' Library in London, where they now lie. It is entirely possible that others are extant, for the series is fragmentary; but search and advertisement have failed to lead me to more. Various other letters and documents, which aid in completing the series, I have found in the Cambridge University Library, in the Bodleian Library, in the Friends' Library, in Dr. Williams' Library in London, and in the Lambeth Palace Library, while a few random papers were discovered among other collections in the British Museum. The present location of each document has been noted in the text.

All in all, I made transcripts of nearly five hundred letters and other documents concerning the same group. Since it was impossible to consider the publication of the whole series, I limited myself to those which were most intimately concerned with the two chief characters in my story—Henry More and the Lady Anne Conway. Their letters form the basis of my series, together with such letters to them and about them as seemed to me of most general interest. The actual *letters* of Henry More to Lady Conway (*British Museum Additional Manuscripts 23,216*) are here published in their entirety. I have been forced, however, to distinguish between *letters* and *tracts.* Occasionally, in answer to queries, More expanded what was designed as a letter into a treatise of such length that those omitted would make a large volume in themselves. In general this series deals with three subjects: A. There is one group of apocalyptical letters. Of these, Folio 181 has been omitted entirely; and in other letters, such as Folio 115, long passages dealing with the apocalyptical controversy have been deleted. B. In the letters of the early 1670's, when Lady Conway was becoming interested in Quakerism, More discussed with her at some length the movement of Familism, in which he believed Quakerism to have originated. There is no one complete letter on the subject; but several contain very long passages dealing with the problem. Such passages I have been forced to delete from Folios 115, 186, 198, 274. The tone of More's remarks is clear enough from what remains, and he really adds nothing to what he has said in published works. C. The third series—a group of more technically philosophical letters—is the most important, and has been omitted with regret. Folio 298 is a long letter to Lord Conway, written during his wife's serious illness, on the subject of the "Laws of Providence"; the letter reaches sermon-length. The other letters are a series of Cartesian discourses, illustrated by diagrams, which More wrote to Anne Conway during the early days of their correspondence, when she was first studying Descartes. These—Folios 302, 304, 306—are exact and careful discussions of difficult passages, particularly concerning the *Method* of Descartes. They are far too long and too detailed to be considered *letters*. It is my intention to publish them in a more technical work dealing with More's philosophical system.

Anne Conway's letters are published in their entirety, so far as I have been able to find them, with one slight omission. The extant letters to her husband and to her father-in-law (*Add. MSS 23,213,* and *23,214*) are complete; those to More (*Christ's College MSS Bb.6.7.* and the letters in the Friends' Library, already referred to) are complete, with the exception of one passage from Folio 1 of the *Christ's College Manuscripts,* in which she replies to More's discussion of Descartes. This passage I have omitted because it is without meaning, unless considered with More's Cartesian letters.

The letters from Sir John Finch and Thomas Baines to Lord and Lady Conway (*Add. MSS 23,215*) are well worth publication in their entirety, since they include letters from France, Switzerland, Italy, and finally Constantinople, which are of much political and scientific, as well as geographical, interest. I have been forced, however, to limit myself to those which bear immediate relation to my own main story, and in some instances have not been able to publish the letters in their entirety, since the earlier travel-letters are more often journals covering long periods of time. When omissions have been necessary, I have removed passages of mere topographical interest, descriptions of monuments, buildings, statues—unless they indicate a contemporary bias or a peculiar and interesting interpretation. Such omissions are indicated, and a suggestion of the nature of the passage given in a note. I have not included certain letters from Finch, copious extracts from which have been given by Archibald Malloch in *Finch and Baines: A Seventeenth Century Friendship* (1917); and in general I have omitted most of the material concerning Finch after his departure for Constantinople, since that period of his life has been competently and fully discussed by G. F. Abbott in *Under the Turk in Constantinople: A Record of Sir John Finch's Embassy, 1674–1681* (1920). Likewise I have published only a few of the many letters written to Lady Conway by Quakers, before and after her conversion (*Add. MSS 23,217*), choosing particularly letters of most general interest. From the mass of material which I have examined in the Public Record Office, I have chosen only such papers as complete various parts of the main story, omitting with regret many others of equal interest. I have been forced, for example, to limit myself to only a few of the interesting letters written to the second Viscount Conway by men and women of the generation. Other manuscript material on which I have drawn concerns Francis Mercury van Helmont. I have made use of his *Alchemical Inquiries,* his *Aphorisms, Memoirs, Observations* (*Sloane MSS 530*); his *Chymical Opinions* (*Sloane MSS 3984,* ff. 151–152); his *Life* of his father (*Sloane MSS 617,* ff. 142–151—a translation which differs from the published version). I have made use of the second (unpublished) part of Ward's *Life of More* in the Christ's College Library. I was permitted by the Finch family to examine the Finch manuscripts which belong at Burley-on-the-Hill, Rutlandshire, while they were still in the possession of the Historical Manuscripts Commission; in my notes I have made use of some sections not published in full in the edition made by the Commission. The only formerly published letters which I have reprinted are a few from the *Rawdon Papers,* which are necessary for the coherence of the story, to which I have added some unpublished letters between Lord Conway and Sir George Rawdon; two of the letters from Conway to Essex which I use have been published in part, but not in their entirety. I have felt justified also in reprinting the well-known letter from an unknown correspondent to Conway, which still remains one of the most complete accounts of the Great Fire. I have also included one or two letters from Quakers to or about Lady Conway, which were published in early volumes, now out of print.

In editing these papers, I have followed the procedure laid down in the *Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research* (Vol. I, No. 1, June, 1923) in regard to the expanding of contractions. The contractions in these manuscripts are entirely characteristic of the period and in no way significant. Apart from that, I have endeavored to follow the originals in spelling and punctuation. The condition of the manuscripts is on the whole good. In a few cases, where the paper is torn or otherwise injured, I have been forced to emend conjecturally; occasionally where the paper is in very bad shape, I have indicated that a sentence is hopeless. More's handwriting, as is clear from his own comments, and those of his correspondents, is bad; and in addition he fills the margin and writes between the lines, so that in later letters, where his handwriting is at its worst, occasional passages are nearly indecipherable. I have, however, attempted to give all these passages in their entirety. No omission has been made on the ground of "indelicacy," though one such passage in a letter of Sir Kenelm Digby's has been deleted, because the state of the manuscript makes the original sentence highly conjectural.

Many of the letters have been dated entirely upon internal evidence. More was particularly careless, and possibly two-thirds of his letters omit either day or year, or both. In some cases, too, the date has been torn off; in still others, particularly in the case of drafts, the date was never added. As partial evidence for the dates, I have included the superscriptions of More's letters and of such others as are undated. The letters are arranged in chronological order, except in the first chapter, where I have grouped together, for obvious reasons, letters written to the second Viscount Conway. All the More letters are holographs; the earlier letters of Lady Conway are in her own hand; later, when her illness became so severe as to prohibit her writing, they are in the hand of an amanuensis, usually Charles Coke. Thomas Baines made use of an amanuensis, since he suffered for many years with palsy. Conway's personal letters are in his own hand, semi-official ones, usually drafts, in the hand of a secretary. Finch's earlier letters to his sister are holographs; his later letters from Constantinople, and some of his semi-official letters to his brother-in-law, are in the hand of a secretary. I have attempted to indicate the letters which are not holographs. In the case of Sir Theodore Mayerne's letters, I am unable to reach a conclusion. His case books, both in the British Museum and in the library of Sir William Osler, are in so many hands that a decision is difficult. I am inclined to think that all the letters bear autograph signatures though some are obviously in the hand of an amanuensis, who seems to have written French phonetically. I have offered elsewhere my reason for giving these letters in an English translation.

The illustrations in the volumes are derived from various sources. Several are taken from prints in the British Museum; for assistance with these I am indebted to the authorities in the Print Room. The Finch portraits are largely from originals at Burley-on-the-Hill. For their use I am indebted to A. G. A. Finch, Esq., to Dr. Archibald Malloch, and to the Cambridge University Press. The Lely portrait of Van Helmont is reproduced with the permission of the Director of the National Gallery. The frontispiece—the only portrait of Lady Conway of which I have found record—was identified by Doctor Malloch. The subject had hitherto been unknown. I am indebted for the use of it to Doctor Malloch and to the Cambridge University Press.

"It is easy to swell out books," wrote that charming physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, in one of his letters, "when half is the work of others!" The debts which I have incurred in the compilation of this work cover a period of several years. Many of them I cannot hope even to mention. Others I must gratefully, if cursorily, acknowledge here. Members of the two families concerned in the correspondence have graciously placed at my disposal both documents and personal information. Colonel the Lord Henry Seymour, D.S.O., the Lady Helen Seymour, and the Lady Jane Carleton (*née* Seymour), have courteously answered many questions about the Conway and Seymour families, and have indicated their interest in the progress of this work. A. G. A. Finch, Esq., has kindly permitted me to examine the Finch manuscripts, as well as to use the Finch portraits. Lady Grace Osler was good enough to allow me to visit that most delightful of medico-literary libraries, Sir William Osler's at Oxford, where Doctor and Mrs. Francis offered me every courtesy. Dean Armitage Robinson of Wells went to some trouble for me in connection with Lady Conway's manuscripts. Dr. Harvey Cushing and Dr. Ernest Sachs have replied to my queries about the mysterious disease of Lady Conway, and have read parts of the case history, which I prepared from the records. My defense for troubling them must be that I at least invited them into consultation with a jury of peers, for their colleagues in the investigation had been no less than William Harvey, Thomas Willis, Sir Theodore Mayerne, Robert Boyle—not to mention Sir Kenelm Digby and Van Helmont himself! Dr. Archibald Malloch has aided me, not only through his book on Finch and Baines, but through responses to various questions, and through his kindness in allowing me to use some of his portrait-reproductions. Norman Penney, Esq., Librarian of the Friends' Library in London, and editor of Fox's *Journals,* has replied again and again to my requests for information about seventeenth-century Quakers and Quakerism. The Rev. Charles Patterson-Morgan, formerly Rector of Arrow, Warwickshire, now of Cambridge, has given me pleasant memories of a visit to Arrow and to Ragley. To the authorities and attendants of the British Museum, the Public Record Office, the Cambridge University Library, the Bodleian Library, Doctor Williams' Library, the Friends' Library, the Christ's College Library, the Lambeth Palace Library, I am indebted as is everyone who is privileged to work in these institutions. To S. W. Grose, Esq., of Christ's College, I am particularly grateful for many courtesies, and apologetic for all the trouble I caused him!

The late Dr. F. S. Darrow, of Rochester, New York, with the utmost generosity, placed at my disposal his unique collection of Helmontiana, and, with contagious enthusiasm, did everything possible to aid me in my investigations of Francis Mercury van Helmont. Those who were privileged to examine Doctor Darrow's collections and his bibliographies, and who knew of his plans for future publication, must always regret his recent untimely death.

Every student realizes the impossibility of acknowledging his obligations to his teachers; every teacher is aware to what an extent he has consciously and unconsciously imposed upon the good nature of his colleagues and students. To attempt even to list such acknowledgments would be to write one's academic autobiography. Yet some are of such a nature that I would not wish to omit them. All the members of the Yale English department with whom I had the privilege of working aided me, directly or indirectly, in the original piece of research out of which this has grown. Professor Albert Feuillerat first taught me the charm of biographical writing. In the death of Professor Albert Stanburrough Cook all his students experienced a sense of personal loss; my own sorrow was selfishly augmented by the regret that I was never to have the pleasure of telling him the end of the story which we began together. I have long been so deeply in the debt of Dean Wilbur Lucius Cross that through sheer inability I have ceased to acknowledge my indebtedness! Professor Edwin Greenlaw of the Johns Hopkins University will find himself quoted—without quotation marks—upon more pages than I intend to confess. But of all the academic debts I owe, two are outstanding. One is to Professor Arthur Oncken Lovejoy of the Johns Hopkins University. It is quite impossible for me to suggest what, in these pages, may be his. I can but ask him to accept as his my own criterion in examining anything I have to say about the seventeenth century: all that is valid is doubtless his; all that is wrong certainly my own. The other acknowledgment I had hoped to make in a very different way. More than ten years ago, Professor Robert Mark Wenley of the University of Michigan first interested me in the writings of the Cambridge Platonists, and so opened for me treasures I shall not easily exhaust. The completely unexpected news of his sudden death only a few weeks ago, brought sadness and regret to a great body of his students both here and abroad. Yet no group, I am sure, can feel that loss more keenly than those of us who have tried to follow in his footsteps in that region in which he was a pioneer—the philosophical backgrounds of English literature. It seems to us impossible that we shall not again know that piercing criticism, that exuberant humor, that salutary irony. He should have died hereafter.

Most of all, I may here suggest, though I cannot express, that debt which, in common with so many others, I owe to the impersonal generosity which is America's great gift to learning. Could Francis Bacon return for a brief space to these glimpses of the moon, he would not be dismayed to see the application of his ideas today. He would nod his head approvingly over motors and machines; over the way in which his followers (for so he would consider those who have produced both Experiments of Light and Experiments of Fruit) have harnessed the lightning, forced the unwilling air to speak, given wings to man. Most of all, perhaps, he would exult that, in a New Atlantis, splendid generosity has given lavishly of wealth for his own supreme aim—*the Advancement of Learning*. In the establishment of gifts and scholarships, in the scientific foundations of this nation, in the large-mindedness which gives, and asks no personal return, he would find his Great Idea substantially expressed. The first development of this work into something more than a mere academic dissertation was made possible when in 1920 Yale University conferred upon the essay out of which this volume has grown the John Addison Porter Prize. Its completion has been possible solely through the generosity of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, which permitted the author to spend a year in foreign libraries, and thus placed her in the position of being able to fill her hands with the unmerited gifts of the Goddess Fortuna!

M. H. N.

Northampton, Massachusetts,
May, 1930.

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PROLOGUE

TOO often, to those who view it from afar, the way of scholarship may seem like the way of the transgressor! Casual observers undoubtedly believe it only that monotonous

> plain with a name of its own,
> And a certain use in the world, no doubt,

of which Browning wrote with some impatience, an all-too-rare eagle's feather the sole reward of arduous and trying labor. But the travelers on the plain know the fascination of the search, the excitement of opening the covers of a forgotten book, and coming upon ideas so old as to be new, the curious response which seems like reminiscence, with which, in a neglected periodical, one recognizes a familiar voice in an unsigned article, the tenseness of surmise with which at a crucial moment one turns to a manuscript, old, torn, and dirty, upon which perhaps no other eyes have gazed for centuries. Is there, one wonders, such enchantment elsewhere in the world? The scientist, to be sure, knows an interest of another kind, as he beholds enthralled the emergence from what has been of something that never was before. The musician undergoes an experience unknown to any other if "out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but a star." But these are gods, not men! To the delver into forgotten records, the resurrector of the past, there is the added charm of reality, of tradition and reminiscence, the sadness of human forgetfulness. These people once *were;* they lived and aspired. If they seem to us now enchanted figures in a romantic world, it was nevertheless a world which really existed.

Sadly enough, the *great* discoveries of scholarship remain often for a generation or a century unknown to any save a few. The brilliant intuitions of a mind too profound for the comprehension of other men's minds, the unwearied and patient toil which labors upon a task too vast for one man's life—these in their generation have no "popular" appeal. But occasionally that whimsical and fickle Lady Fortune, with neither reason nor justice, showers upon the least deserving of her suitors more molted feathers than even the unworthy ever sought. The scholar begs for facts; he cannot ask Romance. It would have been enough for the compiler of these pages, tracking her quarry down the centuries, had she been permitted to find only what she once sought—some few letters or other documents which would establish "influences" or "sources" (words revered of "Scholarship"!). She would have been content to devote her days to "Philosophy," and to seek "Romance" between the paper covers of less learned books in the night watches. But prodigal Fortune in a merry mood showered wealth with all her many hands. For the seventeenth-century correspondence upon which the compiler stumbled turned out to be not only extensive and full beyond all expectation, but in the truest sense, "romantic."

Not only that. The history of these manuscripts themselves is another romance. Across the yellowed, faded pages lies the shadow of a kindred spirit—that eighteenth-century Autolycus, Horace Walpole. He, too, discovered some of these letters. He, too, knew the excitement and the impatience of leaving the story half-told while he waited for more information. It was he, indeed, who rescued some of these very papers from the fate which had befallen too many of their fellows. In August, 1758, one of Walpole's pilgrimages in search of neglected treasure led that lover of the "antique" to Ragley Hall in Warwickshire, the home of his kinsman, Henry Seymour-Conway. Characteristically, Walpole stopped on the way to admire "a rose in painted glass in a little village," "a very good and perfect tomb at Alcester of Sir Fulke Greville's father and mother, and a wretched old house with a handsome gateway of stone, at Colton, belonging to Sir Robert Throckmorton." Arrived at Ragley, he was in a frenzy of excitement as he realized the richness of his discovery.[1] From cellar to attic he raced, dragging "some ancestors out of the dust," recovering for posterity the "incomparable picture of Van Helmont by Sir Peter Lely," which today hangs in the National Gallery. We see him, as an astonished "learned clergyman" who happened to come to Ragley that day saw him, "first sitting on the pavement of the lumber-room, with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then . . . on a ladder, writing on a picture: and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat." He wrote to George Montagu:[2] "Think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, etc., etc., of the two lords Conway, Secretaries of State. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve!—They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the Second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full, all which, during the absence of the last and the minority of the present lord, were by the ignorance of a steward consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber-room, where, spread on the pavements, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking all together, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats, yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr. Garrard, Master of the Charter house, all six written on paper edged with green, like modern French paper. There are handwritings of everybody, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamations of Charles the First, signed by the Privy Council, a letter to King James from his son-in-law of Bohemia, with his seal, and many, very many letters of negotiation from the Earl of Bristol in Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton, Lord Chichester, and Sir Thomas Roe. What say you? will not here be food for the press?"

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[1] *The Letters of Horace Walpole,* ed. Mrs. Paget Toynbee (1903), IV, 174–176.

[2] *Ibid.*

A month later he wrote to Henry Seymour-Conway:[3] "I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley, which, either by the fault of their servants or of the waggoner, is not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much of it that when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate.*" From this time on, there are occasional references in Walpole's letters to his discoveries, to the charm of the letters and their importance, and his plans for their publication. Is it his hand, one wonders, which made some attempt to number many of the pages? But something happened, and the papers were not destined to bear the magic imprint of the Strawberry Hill Press. Thanks to Walpole, however, the Seymour family had learned the value of the papers, and henceforth preserved them with care, alike from rats and from ignorant stewards. But their story was not yet over. At his death the third Marquis of Hertford—he who is supposedly the Marquis of Steyne in *Vanity Fair*—left them to his friend John Wilson Croker—supposedly, again, the original from whom Disraeli drew Rigby in *Coningsby*—an editor of the *Edinburgh Review,* known to all lovers of Keats as the author of the famous—and infamous—review of *Endymion.* He, too, perhaps, had some idea of publishing the papers, for more than one unofficial hand may be detected in random notes and jottings upon these letters; more than one editor has sought to arrange and date them. But again something occurred; and Croker, realizing their value and interest, gave the papers to the nation. Thus many of those manuscripts which Horace Walpole once rescued from a lumber room lie today in the British Museum and the Public Record Office.

Yet even these papers, rich though they are, do not tell the whole story. There, to be sure, are many of the letters written *to* the Conway family, but what of the equally important letters they wrote to others? Here was the beginning of a mystery; there the end of an adventure; what happened before and after? Here was a name, evidently so familiar to both correspondents that an abbreviation or an initial served; here, half-a-dozen torn bills and petitions, belonging to the series, yet playing no obvious part in the story; here, numberless letters without date, teasing in their implication. From one library to another the chase led the compiler. Collections of manuscripts mentioned in early journals or notes were traced from owner to owner, through wills and catalogues of sale, only to prove that within the present century the collections had been broken up, and the parts dispersed over two continents. The possibility of finding a series of papers mentioned by only one bibliophile led to a journey, to whose end the compiler arrived too late, to find that within a year the old librarian had died, leaving no written record of his knowledge. Long days of search often proved barren, short days sometimes full of wealth. Luck and coincidence led to the discovery of facts which had remained obstinately hidden from zeal. Gradually fragment after fragment fell into place. Confused as yet the whole, lacking order, coherence, meaning; yet, as undated papers yielded the evidence of their time, as surnames became fitted to Christian names, as people and events took on relation, gradually the complete story began to emerge. From a chaos of torn and faded letters, petitions, bills, and order books, from crumbling journals and diaries, from wills, from commonplace books and college records, scattered throughout England, one character after another appeared, in firm, clear outline against a background of stirring events. And what a story it was! Here was a tale of Platonic love between a man and woman, who were perhaps the last people in history who really understood what those words meant. Here was a story of adventure and travel, of robbery and captivity, of discovery not less of ideas than of things. It was a pilgrimage which brought together poets and philosophers, Quakers and charlatans, spiritists and scientists; a tale which leads from Warwickshire to Constantinople, from Whitehall to a prison in Aberdeen; a search which brings together on one broad canvas William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Sir Theodore Mayerne, who introduced calomel to England, and was the physician of three kings; scientists such as Thomas Willis, Robert Boyle, Isaac Newton, and that lovable and erratic enthusiast, Sir Kenelm Digby, of "powder of sympathy" fame; philosophers such as René Descartes, Thomas Hobbes, Johann Gottfried von Leibniz, Ralph Cudworth, Henry More, and that fine band of Cambridge Platonists; men and women of such diverse conditions as the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Electress Sophie of Brunswick, those outcast Quakers, William Penn, Isaac Penington, George Fox, and George Keith; not least, the great Francis Mercury van Helmont, perhaps the most universally known character of the seventeenth century, alchemist, chemist, philosopher, and adventurer, and the real Scholar Gipsy. These are only the chief of the actors who pass across our stage.

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[3] *Ibid.,* pp. 182–183.

And always in the center of the group, as she was in the center of their thoughts, is the figure who gives coherence and meaning to the whole, who reflects them all and is by them reflected. The chief actor in this drama is a woman —the most remarkable woman, the editor believes, of that remarkable age. Here was a lady of one of the great families of England, by marriage a member of another such family, in whose praise scientists, scholars, and philosophers are alike unanimous. Not without reason did they call her always their "Heroine"; the story of her sufferings for nearly thirty years from constant and almost unbearable pain is enough to warrant her a place in the sympathy of readers. Yet in spite of that suffering, she taught herself Latin and Greek, learned mathematics, battled against great odds to become versed in ancient and modern philosophy, and, in the midst of suffering, held captive in her chamber by the charm of her personality, the greatest men of the century. Her courage and her conviction alike appear in her final acceptance of that despised sect, Quakerism, which she adopted gallantly in the face of a world which gossiped and condemned. Most of all—and it is here that the student of the history of thought will find her chief interest—in spite of torturing pain, she wrote, during her last years, "scatteredly and dispersedly" a philosophical treatise of such originality that Leibniz himself not only drew from it some of his characteristic ideas, but again and again called attention, in his letters and essays, to the influence which she had had upon him.

The names of women are rare enough in the history of philosophy that, all else aside, the tributes of Leibniz, Van Helmont, and Henry More to Anne Conway as a philosophical thinker must inevitably give us pause. At least to some degree, she was not only in advance of many of the men of her day in her point of view, but she went even farther than the men of her generation in her grasp of the significance of certain fundamental aspects of "modern" thought, which have long been associated with Leibniz. One recalls inevitably an earlier woman with whom she has much in common—Hildegard of Bingen, who stood at the end of the Dark Ages as Anne Conway stands at the end of the Renaissance. Both are unquestionably derivative in much that they say. In the work of both, the influence of Hermetic, Neoplatonic, and cabbalistic writers is evident; yet the completed system of each is a synthesis which offers a new unity of its own. Both were almost passionately aware of the changing world in which they lived. Both sought, from a fusion of the traditional with the contemporary, to formulate a coherent view of that world. Both stand as heralds of a new movement, the beginnings of which they only faintly foresaw. The words which a critic[4] of the earlier philosopher has applied to Hildegard are equally applicable to Anne Conway. She "was a woman of extraordinarily active and independent mind. She was not only gifted with a thoroughly efficient intellect, but was possessed of great energy, and considerable literary power. . . . She is feeling her way to a rational explanation of her world, and the fact that her solution is not our solution . . . should not blind us to her intellectual merits."[5] Most curious of all (a similarity which will appeal to those present-day critics who would interpret both character and literature pathologically) both the medieval and the Renaissance woman suffered to an extraordinary degree the tortures of migraine—a physical condition which had no little effect upon Anne Conway's work, and, her most recent expositor believes, upon that of Hildegard.[6]

Surely, the reader of this story may say, a woman of such importance, of such unique position as Anne Conway, cannot entirely have escaped the notice of those who have browsed in records of the past. Nor indeed has she. One person after another, who has come upon the almost legendary accounts of her life and her mysterious disease, has been tantalized by fragmentary glimpses. One after another has written of his fragment, each time demanding more information.[7] Once at least she has been made the chief woman character in a novel, though the author did not know the really dramatic qualities inherent in her life.[8] But the half-truths of all these romantic accounts, charming though they are, fall short of the real romance of truth. We should be sorry to change many a legendary figure for its original; but the real Anne Conway is greater than the stories two centuries have told about her. Except in the documents here offered her true story cannot be found.

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[4] Charles Singer, *From Magic to Science* (1928), pp. 199–200.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. xiii.

[6] Singer, pp. xii and 230–234. There seems no other explanation than migraine for Lady Conway's long-continued headache, on the basis of the various extant accounts. Thanks particularly to the exactness of Willis, a fairly complete history of the case is available.

[7] Cf. James Crossley's notes to Worthington, *Diary and Correspondence, passim;* a series of articles in the *British Friend* (1851–52), VIII–X; one of these articles is reprinted in *The Friend*, XXIII (1850), 237–268; *Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, Vol. VII, Nos. 1 and 2, pp. 7–17, 49–55; *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, XXX, 197–207; *Once a Week*, XII, 218–221; *Universalist Quarterly*, XLVI, 288–306.

Yet, perhaps after all, the reader who lays down the last of these faded manuscripts, in which she is always the central figure, remembers less the light they shed upon history, medicine, science, philosophy, than the human story they disclose, showing Anne Conway, indeed, as her lifelong friend wrote of her, "the greatest Example of Patience and Presence of Mind, in highest Extremities of Pain and Affliction, that we shall easily meet with."[9] Leibniz and Van Helmont had been quick to praise the power of her intellect, to point out the importance of her ideas; yet the subject which, twenty years after her death, still held spellbound a reigning princess and the greatest philosopher of the age, was less the philosophical importance of Anne Conway, than, as Leibniz himself put it, "l'histoire de cette Dame extraordinaire."[10] And Henry More, returning from long hours with her in Kensington, found his chamber "very sad and desolate," his "retirement to Cambridge," which had formerly seemed to him the center of the universe, "like the coming into an obscure cottage," for, said he simply and without compliment, "after a long walk in the sunshine and snow all thinges afterwards looke darke."

So too the editor, who has followed for many months the fortunes of Anne Conway and of the group of which she was a part, when she has come at last to the end of her search, and has completed her attempt to bring order out of the chaos she found, looking back upon the unusual story which these old manuscripts have disclosed, remembers less the light they have thrown upon dark places in medical and scientific history, the philosophical relationships they have established, than the vivid pictures they have given of the simple, ordinary life of men and women. It is a tale told against the background of one of the greatest periods in history, a period when the cannon thundered and England beheaded a king; when plague and pestilence and the greatest of all fires threatened to put an end forever to the London of the past; when everywhere man, emerging from a narrower, safer, more circumscribed world, was questioning his belief and his knowledge; when the physical and intellectual boundaries of the universe were enlarging as never before or since, when man for the first time looked, half-fearful yet wholly fascinated, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and discovered universes of which he had never even dreamed; when, through the development of the scientific point of view, man was becoming aware—as never since Greek drama first stirred the minds of men had he been aware—of the relentless inevitability of a cosmos governed by cause and effect. All these tremendous upheavals will be found reflected in the letters which follow; yet it is less upon these that the compiler looks back than upon the essential humanity of it all: on the succession of exact and precise details of symptoms and medicines; on a "great wind," and violets that were blown in February; on "lamprey-pyes" and anchovies, and a venison pasty which a group of philosophers discussed as earnestly as ever they discussed the immortality of the soul; on a "muffe and cambricke" which a lady ordered—with no thought of influencing Leibniz! and on the hangings of her bedroom, which she pieced because they were too short; on the fact that the King's horse nearly threw him at his coronation, and that the ladies-in-waiting ran out of a room in the palace because a chair was placed for Mary of Modena. When, with recognition that seemed remembrance, the compiler of these pages walked through the grounds of Ragley, in which the lady and the philosopher had paced so often, when she came to rooms in which still stands furniture which they both knew, when she took down from the shelves of the library volume after volume whose history she alone could tell (volumes "something handsomelyer bound up for your Ladiship"), it was not these things, nor even the familiar portraits on the walls which most poignantly brought back to her the realization that for many months she had wandered back two centuries and had known intimately these men and women. It was the tiny skeleton of a dog, found not long ago in the bole of a great oak at Ragley, which had been struck by lightning—a little dog of a breed unknown to English taxidermists, a skeleton they declared to be at least two centuries old. The story of that dog no one at Ragley Hall had ever known; but the memory of the editor went back across dead centuries, and for a lonely moment she realized that only she, and these men and women dead two hundred years, could know that that little dog was one which John Finch had sent his sister from Italy, and that its name was Julietto!

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[8] Joseph Shorthouse's "Lady Cardiff" in *John Inglesant* is founded upon Lady Conway; the facts of her life are distorted, but certain incidents—particularly the story of her death and burial—are true to the legend which grew up about her. Henry More is also introduced as a character in the novel, but the historical relationships which Shorthouse suggests are fictitious.

[9] Richard Ward, *Life of the Learned and Pious Dr. Henry More* (1710), p. 208.

[10] The relation between Lady Conway and Leibniz is discussed in chap. viii, pp. 453–454, 455–456.

CONWAY LETTERS

CHAPTER ONE

The Conway and Finch Families

CHANCE, as prodigal as nature, placed in the same family, with the same name, two of the most remarkable women of a century—Anne Finch, Viscountess Conway, and Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea. Since the time of Wordsworth, at least, posterity has paid the Countess of Winchilsea her due, seeing in her one of the significant precursors of the Romantic movement in literature. The more remarkable Viscountess Conway has lain neglected. Certainly it was not so in her generation. "Though your Ladiship has lived in the dark much," the great Platonist, Henry More, wrote to her, "yett you have not at all liv'd in obscurity, your virtues and sufferings haveing made you as famous as any in the Nation." But because Anne Conway published nothing in her lifetime, and because her one posthumous work, important though it was historically, appeared without her name, generations which have remembered Anne Finch, the poet, have not known Anne Finch, the philosopher. It was not as a philosopher, however, that the great men of her admiring age knew her best; to them she was, to be sure, the most brilliant of the brilliant women of that generation; but to them she was also a "gallant Soldier," a "Saint," a "Heroine"; to them she was the most appealing personality with whom they—scholars and scientists and churchmen alike—had come in contact. It is their Anne Conway whom these pages seek to portray: not the Viscountess Conway, wife of an important statesman and politician, sister of the Ambassador to Constantinople, and of the Lord Chancellor of England; not even the "Countess of Kennaway," in whose work Leibniz found so much that stirred his mind; but Anne Finch, the vivid and eager girl, Anne Conway, the suffering and gallant woman, to the end the "Dearest Dear" of both her brother and her husband, the "dearest Friend" of the philosopher who loved her all his life.

I.

ANNE FINCH was the descendant of a distinguished family, to be made still more illustrious in her generation by two of her brothers and herself. The Finch family was said to be descended from Henry Fitzherbert, Chancellor to Henry I, who on inheriting the property of the Finches, took their name. The marriage in 1572 of Sir Moyle Finch, grandfather of the future Viscountess Conway, to Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Heneage of Essex, brought into the family a name borne in successive generations by sons, always with honor, never with more distinction than in the case of Anne Finch's brother, Heneage Finch, first Earl of Nottingham, Solicitor General, Lord Keeper, and Lord Chancellor of England. Sir Moyle Finch did not live to see the grandchildren who were to bring new laurels to his name: a shadowy figure, he passes from the story in 1614. His premature death did not, however, put an end to the family advancement. In 1623 his widow was elevated to the peerage as Viscountess Maidstone, and in 1628 was created Countess of Winchilsea. At her death five years later, her son, Thomas, succeeded as the first Earl of Winchilsea. Her fourth son, Heneage, was, however, more distinguished than his older brother. Born December 15, 1580, he was trained in the law, and became in time Recorder of London and Speaker of the House of Commons. He was a friend of Francis Bacon, and upheld him staunchly in his trial. One of the most prominent members of his profession, he made one fortune, and later married another, so that he lived splendidly in the house which he called "Kensington House," which, however, has been known to posterity since its purchase by William III, as "Kensington Palace."[1]

It was probably only after his second marriage that Heneage Finch was able to purchase this house, magnificent even in that day. His first wife had been Frances, daughter of Sir Edmund Bell of Beaupré Hall, Norfolk, a judge, son of Sir Robert Bell, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Speaker of the House of Commons under Elizabeth. She was the mother of his sons, and of two of his daughters.[2] Several other children seem to have died in infancy, a situation all too common in those days when death stalked close beside birth and infant mortality kept pace with large families. Of these children of Heneage and Frances Finch, two were to be outstanding in their generation—Heneage and John. The former, the eldest son, was from childhood conspicuous for his seriousness; first at Westminster, then at Christ Church, finally in the Inner Temple, he was a distinguished student, as he was later a distinguished statesman, less because of genius than as the result of assiduity and scrupulous adherence to duty. The same obstinate refusal to swerve from what he considered right which made him remarkable in the licentious court of Charles II was his in large measure when, heir to a great fortune in youth, he refused to follow his companions in the prevailing dissoluteness of the day. Serious to a fault, persistent, more than a little obstinate, with a strait and unchanging code of right and wrong, he was self-consistent to the end. "*Sincere* was Amri," Dryden—or Nahum Tate—wrote of him in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel.* The adjective is just. In his personal letters one may see him as his sister and his wife and children knew him—a man of upright integrity, upon whose political career there is no serious blot, a just and affectionate, though by no means lenient, father and husband. Charm he had none; his appeal was constantly to the reason; his character, like his oratory, was crystal-clear, and like crystal, inflexible and hard. All his life, in public and in private, Heneage Finch lacked shadows.

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[1] Though it is impossible to say definitely how much of the present Kensington Palace formed the original Kensington House, there is little question that the north wing, with the state apartments and the buildings surrounding the courtyard on the west were original. In the account of the sale by Cromwell of Hyde Park in 1653–54, parts of the park are described as bounded by the Finch house and lands. John Finch inherited the house from his father, and in 1661 sold it to his brother Heneage, who soon after obtained the grant of a portion of Hyde Park. After his advancement to the peerage, it was called "Nottingham House." At his death, it passed to his son Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, by whom it was sold to William III.

[2] According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Heneage Finch was, by his first marriage, the father of seven sons and four daughters. Pearl Finch in her genealogies of the family in the privately-printed *History of Burley-on-the-Hill,* mentions only Anne, Heneage, Francis, John, and Elizabeth. She confuses the eldest child, Anne, who died in infancy, with the youngest child of the second marriage, who bore the same name. The only members of the family who appear in the correspondence are Heneage, John, and Frances of the first marriage, Francis and Anne of the second. The son Frances and daughter Francis consistently spelled their names in the reverse of the modern fashion.

Far different was his brother John, the fourth child and third son of Heneage and Frances Finch. "Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta," his elder brother might have said to him, "for thy mind is a very opal." An opal indeed, with changing lights and shadows, gloom and fire; true son of his kaleidoscopic age, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" at once. "He is the best company that can be present," his former tutor wrote of him, "but the least when he is absent." From childhood John Finch was passionately devoted to those he loved, yet, like Antaeus, he needed contact with his mother-earth to restore the strength of his attachment, and his wanderings led him all his life away from England. Something of a Byron or a Shelley, he was a seventeenth-century Romanticist; the story of his wanderings in France, in Switzerland, in Italy, finally in Turkey, is one which the early nineteenth century might rather have written.

With the brothers and sisters of his father's first marriage, John Finch had little in common. He maintained all his life a sporadic correspondence with his older brother Heneage, for whom he shared the respect and admiration of the age. His letters to Heneage, however, are formal, with none of the affection which overflows in those to the brother who was brother only by marriage, and the little half-sister who remained all his life "My Dearest Dear." Two years after the death of his first wife, in 1627, the elder Heneage Finch had married again. His second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of William Cradock of Staffordshire, widow of Richard Bennet, a rich merchant and alderman of London. The marriage was the culmination of one of the most amusing courtships London had known for many a year, a comedy in which both Izaak Walton and Sir Henry Wotton played their minor rôles.[3] The rich widow—undoubtedly the catch of the season—was besieged by many suitors, the most ardent of whom were a trio whose names afforded vast amusement to the gossips—Raven, Crow, and Finch. The impetuous Doctor Raven, indeed, precipitated matters, for, unable to bear the suspense (it was whispered that the Raven fortunes were low) he forced his way into his lady's chamber at night, and by his fervor made himself the laughingstock of London, for he was promptly handed over to a constable, and the next day found himself haled before—of all people!—Recorder Finch, who expeditiously committed his rival to the gaol until the next sessions. But, just at this time, the antiquarian Sir Edward Dering entered the lists, and seemed for a period a more formidable rival. During the whole course of his persistent courtship, he kept a journal, extraordinary in its detail. Here he entered each day's progress, or lack of it, recording carefully the gossip he heard, the flattery he used, the money he expended in bribing the servants. "I inveigled G. Newman with 20s" he notes on one occasion, and adds meticulously, "Did also oil the cash-keeper." When the widow Bennet refused to answer his ardent missives, he did not despair, for he knew a trick worth many letters, and he set himself to win the mother through her child. During the days which follow, he records carefully his seemingly casual meetings with the little boy and his nurse, in which he plied one with cakes, the other with shillings, until, he announces triumphantly, the child at home had learned to call him "Father," and the nurse prayed nightly for his success. But something happened, just when success seemed in sight; unfortunately the pages of his journal for this period have disappeared; and all that we can tell is that when they once more begin, Dering had settled down contentedly with another wife—his "ever dear Numphs," while the Recorder had won the widow. With his wife and the children of his first marriage, Finch took up his residence at Kensington House—bought doubtless with the fortune of the deceased merchant! Here a daughter Francis was born; here in December, 1631, Heneage Finch died suddenly, without ever seeing his youngest and most appealing child, Anne, who was born a week later, on December 14, 1631.[4]

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[3] The story is told in John Bruce's preface to *Proceedings, Principally in the County of Kent . . .* ed. the Rev. Lambert B. Larking, M.A., from the Collection of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., 1627–44 (Camden Society, 1862), pp. xiv ff.

II.

Practically no record of Anne Finch's childhood remains, save that she spent it in the rooms and gardens where, two centuries later, the child Victoria was to play. At the age of twelve, she was ill with a fever, which left its mark upon her in the mysterious headache, from which she suffered for more than thirty years. Playfellows she must have had in plenty in that large family, of all of whom she was the favorite. Throughout her life she remained the link which bound the family together; the others wrote to her when they had ceased to write to each other; she is constantly mentioned in the family correspondence; even the busy Lord Chancellor found time to write to her and of her, and instinctively in grief he turned to her for comfort, as his letters show. All who knew her fell captive to the charm of her appealing personality. Yet in spite of affection, she was by nature solitary, both as child and as woman, desiring rather the "privacy of her closett" than the festivities of Whitehall or Dublin. In that large family, it was only to her brother John, five years her senior, that she poured out her confidence. Between them existed a passionate love, rare between brother and sister.

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[4] *Sloane MSS 1708,* f. 111.

One of the most intellectual women of her day, she has unfortunately left no comment on her early education. While her brother Heneage was at Westminster and Christ Church, and her brother John at Eton and Balliol, their little sister at home was not occupying herself with feminine tasks, but was avidly reading every book on which she could lay her hands—and a conglomerate lot they were. French she learned early; Latin she mastered later well enough so that all her life she was able to read Latin philosophical treatises with pleasure. Even in youth her favorite reading was philosophy; so eagerly and constantly did she study that the members of her family always attributed her mysterious malady to overzealous reading. But until she was seventeen or eighteen, her study was without order or coherence, and her mind a storehouse of ideas and facts, jostling each other in increasing complexity. She was in the highest degree a child of the Renaissance, vivid, alert, eager, taking all knowledge to be her province, flashing here and there with brilliant lights, many-sided, myriad-minded. Her sex forbade any organized education, which might have helped her to bring order out of this chaos. Only her brother John listened sympathetically, and made an attempt to feed her hungry mind. He wrote her letters full of affectionate understanding; he brought her books; he poured out to her—always his most appreciative audience—his ideas and theories. And because his mind, like hers, was restless and unsatisfied, he took a step which was to have momentous consequences for not only himself and his sister, but for one of the most important philosophers and theologians of the day. But although this significant change actually took place when Anne Finch was seventeen or eighteen, its consequences hardly began to be evident until she had reached her twenties; and before that time occurred a more immediately important event—her marriage.

It was inevitable that a girl of her station should marry, and that while young. Anne Finch was barely nineteen when her marriage with Edward Conway[5] was arranged. In the eyes of the world it was an eminently suitable match, which linked together two families of wealth and station. And, indeed, Anne Conway was far more fortunate in her marriage than many a girl of her generation. Her husband was a man of the highest personal integrity, of curious if not thoughtful mind, more capable than many a statesman of the day of sympathizing with this ardent and eager girl, youthful mystic and philosopher, "all a wonder and a wild desire." The meager statements of his contemporaries do not always flatter Edward Conway, yet the portrait which gradually emerges from the family correspondence is a sympathetic one. Whatever may have been his weaknesses as a statesman, Conway's was no empty head. His political letters[6] are filled with shrewd comments and discriminating judgments of men and women and affairs; he was an early member of the Royal Society, and a reader of Descartes long before Cartesianism had become popular in England; in the midst of affairs of state, he set himself to study Euclid; the sincere respect in which such a man as Henry More held his understanding and judgment is clear from More's dedication to him of his *Immortality of the Soul,* and his partial portrait of Conway as "Philopolis" in the *Divine Dialogues.* It is quite true that intellectual matters did not hold first place in Conway's life. He preferred Whitehall to Cambridge, and the gaieties of the London season to retirement at Ragley. Yet his admiration for such men as Jeremy Taylor, Henry More, and Ralph Cudworth was sincere; it was he indeed who was responsible for Taylor's appointment—and largely for his advancement—in Ireland, and he asked no greater favor than to be allowed to procure an equal fortune for More and Cudworth. If he delighted to sup with the King and Nell Gwyn, he was none the less one of the most interested participants in the long discussions which took place at his Warwickshire home, where his wife eagerly debated cabbalism and spiritism with More, Cudworth, Joseph Glanvill, George Rust, John Worthington, Benjamin Whithcote, or Francis Mercury van Helmont. As the years went on, he was to grow farther and farther away from the intellectual interests of that group; the cause, however, lay in his wife's increasing ill health, which forced on Conway a double responsibility in the life of the court, and in the equipment and management of his three "noble mansions." Perhaps, man of the world as he was, he was more than once a little perplexed as he surveyed this skylark whom he and nature alike had contrived to cage; yet in spite of certain evident limitations, in other ways than wealth and station, Edward Conway was as fortunate a choice as her relatives could have made for Anne Finch.

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[5] Edward Conway, later third Viscount Conway and Killultagh, and first Earl of Conway, was born in 1623. He was successively captain of a troop of horse; Governor of Counties Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan, and part of Down; Joint Commissioner of Customs; Lieutenant Governor of Horse; Secretary of State for the North.

[6] Many of his letters to Essex are preserved in *Stowe MSS 200–208,* inclusive. A number

III.

The family of which this girl of nineteen became a part on February 11, 1651, traced its ancestry back to the Conquest. Its story is to be read both in England and Ireland, whither in the reign of Elizabeth, Jenkin Conway and his three brothers, Hugh, Edward, and William, had accompanied Sir William Herbert, Sir Edward Dering, and Robert Blennerhassett. Jenkin Conway attained there the Seigniory of Killorglin, known thereafter as Conway Castle, in Kerry. Thenceforth the Conways in each generation divided their interest between England and Ireland. The branch of the family from which Anne Finch's husband was descended was closely associated also with the Grevilles, since Sir John Conway, Governor of Ostend, had married Ellen, daughter of Sir Fulke Greville of Beauchamp Court.[7]

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of these have been printed in the *Essex Papers* (Camden Society, n.s. xlvii, 1890), and in *Selections from the Correspondence of Arthur Capel Earl of Essex 1675–1677* (Camden Society, Third Series, xxiv, 1913). His correspondence with Danby is in the British Museum (*Add. MSS 28,049* and *28,053 passim*). There are numerous letters also in the Public Record Office, and among the *Carte MSS* in the Bodleian Library.

[7] Ragley Hall, the seat of the Conways—today the seat of the Marquis of Hertford—

The eldest of their sons, Edward, first Viscount Conway, was knighted for his services at the sacking of Cadiz, and under James I was one of the principal Secretaries of State; for a time Captain of the Isle of Wight, he was again Secretary of State under Charles I. During his services as ambassador to the Princes of the Union, he became acquainted with that remarkable woman, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, with whom he maintained all his life a friendly correspondence. At his advancement to the Irish Viscounty of Killultagh, she wrote to him: "You have gotten the maddest new name that can be; it will spoil any good mouth to pronounce it aright!"[8]

After his marriage to Fulke Greville's daughter, the first Viscount Conway acquired Ragley Hall in Warwickshire, within whose walls Anne Finch was to spend most of her life, whose shadowy walks and arbors were to be the chosen haunt of many a seventeenth-century scholar and philosopher.[9] At the death of the first Viscount in 1630, Ragley, as well as the important Irish possessions, passed to the second son Edward, the eldest son having died in childhood. With that second son, Edward, father-in-law of Anne Finch, we may justly pause awhile, since through him it is possible to reconstruct much of the social and intellectual background of the Conways. A distinguished though unfortunate soldier, this Edward Conway spent his active life in charge of the King's troops in various parts of England, sometimes on land, sometimes on sea.[10] But the second Viscount was far more interesting as a man than as a commander; his real life lay away from the field of battle. His contemporaries are unanimous in their judgment of him—a man of great personal charm, of amusing conversation, an epicure who preferred the delicacies of his table to the taste of war, above all, a loyal and affectionate friend. Like so many of his contemporaries, Conway was a voluminous letter writer. The *State Papers* from 1635 to 1655 contain dozens of letters to and from him, chiefly on military and political subjects. Even in the dullest of them his whimsical personality still lurks, in the quick phrase, the humorous picture, the unexpected judgment. His was an impish humor, as his correspondents knew, and they delighted to write to him in kind. Flashes of ironic humor lighten his official reports: "Laughter in the face of a statesman is like a cat in my Lord Cromwell's breaches, and a paper of verses in his pocket is an abomination like a pigge in a Jewes poke." Writing to Secretary Thurloe on August 3, 1640, to re-

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lies just beyond Alcester in Warwickshire. The first Sir Fulke Greville received the site of Alcester monastery from Henry VIII; several members of the Greville family are buried in Alcester Church. The property of the Grevilles, the Beauchamps, and the Conways was practically continuous.

[8] Mary Anne Green, *Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia* (1919), p. 260.

[9] Shorthouse, who in his novel *John Inglesant,* introduces several of the characters in this study, calls the seat of his Lady Cardiff Oulton and places it in Dorsetshire. His novel, however, is based upon only the scantiest knowledge of Lady Conway and her group. In the eighteenth century, Ragley again held an interesting place in literature as a result of the association between the Seymour-Conways and Horace Walpole. It is frequently mentioned in Walpole's letters.

[10] He was M.P. for Warwick in 1624–25; for Yarmouth (Isle of Wight) in 1626; Marshal of the Army, 1639–40; General of the Horse, 1640.

port the seriousness of his predicament at Newcastle, where he was in charge of the King's Horse against the Scot, he concludes:[11] "I will look to my selfe as well as a man may that hath noe money in his purse. I would send for more of the foote from Selby, but I feare unpayde souldiers more than I doe the Scots and the Divell to boote. God keepe you from all three!" And he brings another report of the same period to a close with a sly dig at a popular dramatist:[12] "There are 400 draught horses come hither, 800 more will be heere within fowre dayes, there is noe order taken for theire payment or any man that knowes what to doe with them, there is onely one man sent downe a deputy to Mr Davenant. If another man should doe soe, he would put it into a play."

Scattered among the political documents are others of less serious import, letters to friends, orders to his stewards, messages to his family, requisitions for books and supplies. Reports from his steward Miles Woodshawe are filled with news and gossip of the day, as well as reports of expenditures: now a wedding, now a rumored engagement, now a visitor. The lists of delicacies which Conway's agents were ordered to procure for him suggest not only what luxuries were procurable in that day, but to what trouble a man might go to obtain them. One such list, written in the Viscount's precise hand, remains today in the *State Papers,* through the irony of chronology embedded in a mass of petitions. In that dry and lifeless company, it arrests the reader suddenly with its unexpected romance—notes for another *Goblin Market* or a poem of Keats! "Jambons de Bayonne, Saucisses de Bologne," notes the old epicure, "Angelott Cheeses, fromages de Grüye et de Chibisson . . . l'Orge de Puye dans l'haut Auvergne . . . Oyle in botteles, Olives and Capers, Anchoves and Sardaignes, Caviare . . . Orrenges, Lemmons, Poirs Paré et Poirs cuit . . . Reasons and Currance, Almondes and Figges, bitter Almondes, Pruens, Walnutts and Chesnutts . . . Dryed Apricocks, Citrons, and other dryed Sweatmeats, dryed Cherryes and Apricocks, without sugar and other choice Plums, as Pomegranates, Peaches, qui sont cuit au Soleil." Nor are they forgotten, the lovely ladies of an enchanted world, to whose lips these sun-touched fruits should come; for Lord Conway added: "Des Eventails des Gans de Grenoble et des Gans parfumé de Jassemin et de Francipan—pour les dames."[13] But lest his master grow too intent upon the delicacies of life, Miles Woodshawe informs him slyly not long afterward that his tailor finds he must make the new breeches larger than before!

Most interesting of all is the informal correspondence of the second Viscount Conway with men and women of his generation, a correspondence which suggests the breadth of interest of this not exceptional gentleman of the seventeenth century. Comparatively few of Conway's personal letters remain, though he and all his family seem to have preserved with scrupulous care all the letters they ever received, so that the "Conway Papers" are today a valuable mirror of their age. Among the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland preserved at Welbeck Abbey is a series of letters written by Conway to George Garrard, Master of the Charterhouse, letters so full of interest and amusement that Garrard threatened to publish them.[14] In his bare cabin in the *Triumph,* the old epicure penned with philosophical amusement letters "halfe written in the darke," telling of salt herring and ships biscuit, of a sky suffering "of collicke and dropsy, so that it is noe laughing matter espetially for them that have leaky cabbins";[15] he described with a chuckle the capture of a Dutch captain who "wept like the Count of Auvergne's mistris—and yet he had a face like the shield of the Red Crosse knight wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine";[16] he told of the sinking of another Dutch ship which went down, "the captaine standing on the poope brandishing his sword over his head untill the water came up to his neck";[17] he reported amusedly, after a fight among the men in the scullery, that the captain—obviously a fellow-epicure—"would have had Simson (the cook) in the bilboes—but who should have dressed dinner!"

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[11] *S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLXIII,* No. 11.

[12] *S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCLX,* No. 25.

[13] *S.P. Dom., Car. I, DXIX,* No. 123.

Of the many to whom Conway sends messages in his letters, no name is more frequent than that of the beautiful Elizabeth Cecil, second daughter of William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who in 1638–39 had married William Cavendish, like his father a pupil of Thomas Hobbes. "There is none like hir,"[18] he writes more than once; and in 1637, "Tell my Lady Elizabeth that to see hir is better than any sight I can see at land, or at sea, or that Galileo with his perspective, can see in heaven";[19] he longs for a riot among the "prentices," that he may be sent to London, where he may see again "that gracious looke that makes the divells forget hell and the angells heaven."[20] Two of his letters to her are included in the correspondence that follows.[21] In one he writes to her of poets and poetry; in the other, writing to congratulate her upon the birth of a daughter, he touches lightly and amusedly upon the most serious predicament in which he ever found himself. Conway was at this time in charge of the defense of Newcastle against the Scots. By the end of June Leslie's army was concentrated upon the border, with the intention of seizing the English coal fields. In the meantime, Conway had found himself with an insufficient and untrained army of 2,000; their supposedly new pistols proved unserviceable, and, as no money was available, Conway ordered the pay of each trooper to be reduced twopence a day, basing his decision upon the irrefutable logic that it was better to lose twopence and live than to face Leslie's army with worthless firearms. His "cart-horses" and "men fitt for Bedlam and Bridewell" could hardly be expected to appreciate his syllogistic reasoning, however, and a prompt and serious mutiny was the response. His official reports never minimize the seriousness of the situation; but in his account to Lady Elizabeth, his bubbling humor overflows.

Still another of Conway's correspondents was Sir Walter Raleigh's son, Carew, who had been born in the Tower during his father's imprisonment. With his letter of June 28, 1652,[22] Raleigh sent to Conway a bundle of medical receipts, "old, rotten, durtie, and torne things," he remarks, "most of them in my father's owne hand." Casually he mentions the fact that he has in his possession "many other papers of virses and discourses of several kynds"—papers which, though they too may have been old, rotten, dirty, and torn, were they extant today, might well finance another of those great voyages of Raleigh's overseas.

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[14] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Fourteenth Report,* Appendix, Part II.

[15] *Ibid.,* p. 46.

[16] *Ibid.,* p. 38.

[17] *Ibid.,* p. 47.

[18] *Ibid.,* p. 44.

[19] *Ibid.,* p. 43.

[20] *Ibid.*

[21] See below, pp. 17–18.

Raleigh's greater interest in his father's medical receipts than in his verses and discourses is characteristic of that extraordinary age which produced both the founders of modern medicine and quacks innumerable. Hardly a man of the day who did not set himself up as an authority upon cures of all sorts; hardly a statesman whose attention could not be distracted in the sternest moments by news of a new cure for the gout or the stone, those two dreaded foes of middle age. Anne Conway's life is in itself a history of seventeenth-century medicine, illustrating both its genius and its superstitions. No matter how curious the lost receipts of Sir Walter Raleigh, they could not have been more extraordinary than some we shall see tried with implicit faith by physicians of the first rank upon Conway's daughter-in-law.

One such physician—and one of the greatest of them—was another of Conway's correspondents—Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, the King's physician, and the real founder of the method of clinical observation in England. He had been for some time physician-in-ordinary to the King of France; but in 1611 he was persuaded to settle in England as Court Physician. As Gilbert had been the first physicist of the Royal College of Physicians, Mayerne was the first real chemist. It was he who brought calomel into use. Most of all, it was he who established in the British Isles the method of clinical observation. His notebooks remain today, with their pages and pages of close-written comment, an eloquent witness to his care and exactness.[23] But his reputation did not depend upon his skill alone; he was sought after by every lady of the court, and that in spite of his caustic wit which he frequently employed at the expense of the follies of the day. All who have written of him tell the charm of his whimsical personality, which still glows in the letters he wrote to Conway, his friend for many years. They were men of much the same type—affable, humorous, tolerant, with catholic sympathies and interests in all manner of men and books. His letters, included in the correspondence which follows,[24] touch lightly upon many subjects: we read of burlesques, of books and booksellers, and of the state of literature in that day, a topic which leads Mayerne to sardonic reflections; we are told of a receipt for making fat men thin—one who knows the fine Rubens portrait of Mayerne[25] will read that pas-

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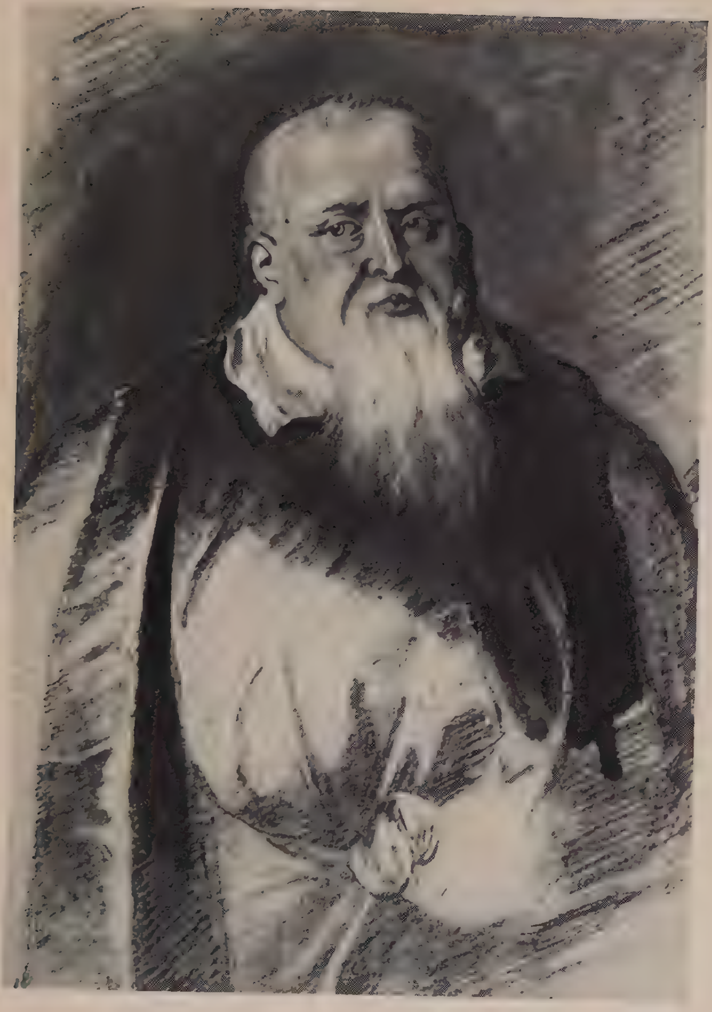
[22] See below, p. 19.

[23] Several are in the British Museum; one of the most interesting is in the library of Sir William Osler, in Oxford.

[24] See below, pp. 20–23.

[25] During his stay in London, Rubens painted the portrait of Mayerne which in 1848 was bought by the Royal College of Medicine. The drawing in the British Museum, after the same model, is in black chalk, with the face in water-color. Authorities seem to agree that the drawing is by Rubens, the coloring not.



SIR THEODORE TURQUET DE MAYERNE

PETER PAUL RUBENS

From a drawing in the British Museum.

sage with a twinkle—of old age, and the gout, and the passing of first one, then another of their contemporaries. And, as if it were the creed of this physician, the characteristic note of Renaissance man: "Let us seize all the best we can, and leave the rest to the good God. Thus we shall live until we die—in spite of physicians!"

Even the genial Sir Theodore is not the most interesting nor the most important of Conway's correspondents. There still remains that remarkable character, Sir Kenelm Digby, scientist, adventurer, lover, and withal—as Henry Stubbes, who himself merited the title, declared—"The Pliny of our Age for lying!"[26] Modern science and modern philosophy dismiss Sir Kenelm Digby with contemptuous disregard; his versatility was his doom. Yet the student of the seventeenth century comes to realize, that, even apart from his magnetic personality, we could have better spared a better man. Wherever one takes a cross-section of this extraordinary age, there is Sir Kenelm Digby. He flashes forth in unexpected places. He was a friend of Ben Jonson, yet he was a pioneer in the new world of science when Jonson had become a memory. He believed completely in the efficacy of his "powder of sympathy," yet he introduced Thomas Hobbes to the work of René Descartes. Religiously, he went back to the Church of Rome; scientifically, he defied authority. He was the *protégé* of two queens, and the friend of exiles. Nothing escaped his insatiable curiosity; he knew everybody, he read everything, he was the center of more gossip and rumor than any other Englishman of the early century. Consciously and unconsciously he was an important link between English and continental thought; most of all, he was one of the best letter-writers of an age which excelled in the art. Could the letters which he wrote throughout his romantic life be collected, we should have a remarkable and illuminating volume.

When his extant correspondence with Conway begins, his great romance was over. His wife, "Venetia," subject of Ben Jonson's verse, whose courtship Digby described with amusing frankness in his *Private Memoirs,* was dead—some cynics declared at the hand of her husband, who, like the Egyptian slave, had killed what he loved. And although Digby had no conscious part in her death, one cannot help wondering in how far her gradual decline was the result of the too zealous care of her husband, who, to preserve her beauty, threw his dynamic energies into experimenting upon her, inventing new cosmetics of dubious ingredients, nourishing her failing strength upon snail soup and capons fed on the flesh of vipers. In his earlier days Sir Kenelm had been a cavalier of cavaliers, something indeed of a medieval knight, a "feathered Mercury

dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world . . ."[27]

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[26] *The Plus Ultra of Mr. J. Glanvill reduced to a non-plus* (London, 1670), p. 161; Wood, *Athenae Oxoniensis* (1817), III, 689.

[27] Cf. John Aubrey, *Lives* (London, 1813), V, 325: "His person was handsome and gigantic, and nothing was wanting to make him a complete cavalier. He was such a goodly handsome person, and had so graceful elocution and noble address that had he been dropt out of the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected."

But from the day of his wife's death, in 1633, Sir Kenelm was never again the cavalier. He retired at first to Gresham College, where he dabbled in chemistry; here, and later at Paris, he lived, as John Finch wrote in his notebook,[28] "like an Anchorite, in a long gray coat; accompanied with a great English masty, and his beard down to his middle."

Gresham College grew stale, and France called; always more Gallic than Saxon, Digby responded, and in 1635 went to Paris where, with the same zeal he had shown in his courtship of Venetia, and in his hermitage, he threw himself into religious study. In 1636 he was publicly reconciled to the Church of Rome. From Paris he wrote to Conway, a long letter of gossip about books and battles, but most of all about a recent convert to Catholicism, the Lady Purbeck, whose highly romantic and adventurous story (as well as her vivid and unconventional personality, so closely akin to his own) appealed to his quixotic soul.[29] His fervent interest in her case was characteristic of this squire of dames and champion of lost causes.

In 1637 Digby returned to England, in favor at court; in 1640 he left, virtually an exile. It was as impossible for him to remain long in favor as it was for him to remain long in disgrace. Selden in his *Table Talk* phrased the matter justly when he said: "I can compare him to nothing but to a great fish that we catch, let go again; but still he will come to the bait." The bait was prepared; and Digby rose to it. At a dinner party in Paris, the French Lord Mount de Ros proposed a health "to the arrant cowards in the world." When all—Sir Digby among them—had drunk, he added: "I meant your King of England!" Trapped, the quixotic Digby prepared his revenge. He too entertained at dinner; he too proposed a toast—"to the bravest King in the world!" When all—Lord Mount de Ros among them—had drunk, Sir Kenelm added, "I meant the King of England!" With that he challenged the Frenchman to a duel, "for," cried the ingenuous Digby, "though my body be banished from him, yet is my heart loyally linckt." The duel was

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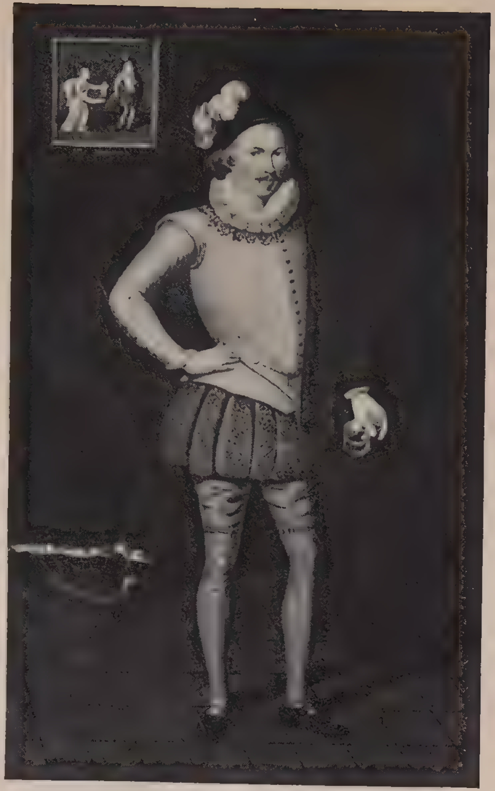
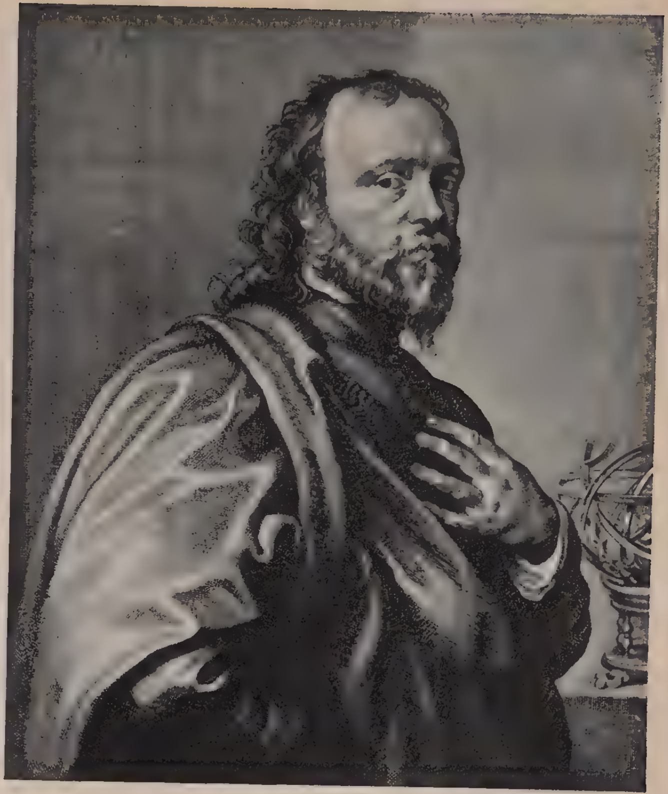
[28] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Report on the Manuscripts of Allan George Finch, Esq., at Burley-on-the-Hill* (1913), I, 61. (These volumes are hereafter referred to simply as *Burley Papers.*) Cf. Aubrey, *Lives,* II, 327: "He wore a long mourning cloake, a high cornered hatt, his beard unshorn, look't like a hermite, as signe of sorrowe for his beloved wife."

[29] Frances, daughter of Sir Edward Coke and Lady Hatton, had been married at the age of fourteen to John Villiers, later Viscount Purbeck. According to the story told by contemporary lovers of scandal, in 1621 Lady Purbeck eloped with Sir Robert Howard; in 1624 she gave birth to a son, whose claims to the title of Viscount Purbeck became one of the *causes célèbres* of the century. Lady Purbeck was summoned before the high court of commissioners in 1623, and sentenced to do penance; she escaped, however, and joined her lover in Shropshire. Later Howard was excommunicated, and both the culprits imprisoned; but Lady Purbeck once more escaped, this time going to Paris, where she became a Catholic, and even for a short time entered a convent, where she found herself more ill at ease than in an English prison; her unannounced departure seems to have been as welcome to the order as to herself. Her later position, as Digby suggests, was an ambiguous one; she could not return to England, and she had no status in Paris. In spite of Digby's championship, she lived wretchedly until at last she crept back to England to die in 1645.



SIR KENELM DIGBY, THE CAVALIER

From a print in the British Museum.



SIR KENELM DIGBY, THE HERMIT

From a print in the British Museum.

fought, and if we are to believe the printed record, whose modest anonymity leads one to suspect its authorship,[30] "in fowre bouts he runne his rapier into the French Lords breast till it came out of his throate again." The gesture was acknowledged by royalty defended; Digby returned to the English court in high favor. But even the defense of the King's honor could not weigh indefinitely against the anti-Catholic Commons; in 1641 Digby was committed to Winchester, where he remained for two years a prisoner, though suffering no privation. Released through the intervention of the Queen Mother of France, he returned to Paris, whence he went almost at once to Holland to meet Descartes. How much that meeting had to do with the interest in Cartesianism which occurred in England during the 1640's is a matter for speculation; unfortunately, three letters which Digby wrote to Conway at this time suffered the fate Digby had feared when he sent them. Certainly even as early as 1637 Digby was enthusiastically proclaiming in the English wilderness the new French prophet; and in the very year of its publication he sent a copy of Descartes' *Discours* to no less a person than Thomas Hobbes.[31]

Though three of Digby's letters to Conway failed to reach their destination, a fourth finally arrived,[32] breathing of Digby's resentment at his exile from England during those days when the storm was gathering, for nothing so galled the vigorous Sir Kenelm as forced inactivity. The "grave in the ruins and ashes of the earth that gave him being" for which he dramatically sought was not however destined for Digby; nor was he yet to "attempt the adventure of the enchanted Iland." Befriended again by the Queen Mother, he was sent to Rome as envoy, and there he stayed for at least a year, returning at last to Calais, whence he could look wistfully across toward "little England, where time slideth more gently away than in any part of the world." As Odysseus even in the enchanted gardens remembered a rocky island, so Sir Kenelm Digby's fancy painted an England which reality—in November—never knew.[33]

The "liberty of return" remained ungranted; but the impulsive Sir Kenelm was not one to wait indefinitely for permission, and the execution of Charles was a spark to his powder. He returned abruptly to England, only to hear the order of the Council of State against those "here without leave, being conceived dangerous persons." Once more he was a wanderer. In 1654 he again ventured to return, without ostentation, in the utmost privacy. It was generally understood that he was in favor with Cromwell, but favored or not, it was not politic for him to remain, and once more he set out on his travels, going this time to Germany as well as to France, his avowed purpose being "collecting and bestowing treasure in every branch of science." He was one of the early links between the Royal Society and the continental academies, sending back to England periodical reports of curiosities which he had encountered, together with news of discoveries in other parts of the world.

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[30] *Sir Kenelme Digbyes Honour Maintained by a most couragious Combat which he fought with the Lord Mount de Ros, who by base and slanderous words reviled our King . . .* (n.d.).

[31] A copy of Digby's letter to Hobbes on this occasion is preserved in a commonplace book of William Sancroft's in the Bodleian Library, *Rawlinson MSS D. 1104* ff. 11–13. I have printed the letter in an article, "The Early Stage of Cartesianism in England," in *Studies in Philology*, XXVI (1929), pp. 356–374.

[32] See below, pp. 26–27.

[33] *S.P. Dom., Interreg. III*, No. 55. See below, p. 27.

At some period of his travels—possibly during the year in Italy, for he speaks of "a religious Carmelite who came from the Indies and Persia to Florence"—Digby acquired the formula for the "powder of sympathy" with which his name is invariably linked, a powder which would conveniently and marvellously heal, though it never touched the wound. Such formulae were accepted with the utmost seriousness by many men of science of the day who would yet have shrugged their shoulders at the near ancestor, the potent cauldron of the witches in *Macbeth,* though, lacking the weird sieve of those sisters, it would seem that the physicians must have found some of the ingredients of contemporary receipts a little difficult to obtain. The formula of the "powder of sympathy" is still available for any modern disciple who cares to attempt it:[34]

> To make a salve that healeth though a man be thirty miles of. Take mosse of a ded mans hed,[35] 2 onc., mans greace 2 onc., mammia, mans blood of each half an onc., linseed oyle, 2 oz., oyle of roses bolearminick of each an onc., bet them together in a mortar till it be fine leeke an oyntment, keepe it in a box, and when any occasion is to use it, take the weapon wherewith a man is wounded or for want thereof take an other iron or peece of wood, and put into the wound, and so far as it is bloody, anonyt it with the salfe. . . .

Not until after the Restoration did Digby again venture back to England. In 1661 he was at home, throwing his undiminished energies into the establishment of the Royal Society, experimenting in his half-occult chemistry, holding children from play and old men from the chimney corner with tales more marvelous than those Othello told to Desdemona, one of which brought upon him a public controversy, and the wrath of the ever-wrathful Stubbes.[36] In the correspondence of John Finch with his sister, we may catch at least a glimpse of him and hear again his enthusiastic gossip before death, on July 11, 1665, brought rest to this inquiring spirit.

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[34] *Ashmolean MSS* (Bodleian Library) *1488,* II, 73a.

[35] This was not an unusual remedy. In the *Pharmacopoeia Londoniensis,* the first edition of which appeared in 1618, under the direction of Sir Theodore Mayerne, *Usnea* was described, a drug made from the moss of the skull of a man who had died a violent death. The system of exposure of the bodies of executed criminals made the procuration of the remedy a comparatively simple matter. *Usnea* still retained its place in the 1650 revision of the *Pharmacopoeia.* Mayerne himself prescribed for the gout a medicine whose chief ingredient was raspings from the skull of an unburied man; he is also credited with an ointment for hypochondria, called *Balsam of Bats,* the ingredients of which were bats, adders, new-born dogs, earthworms, hogs' grease, stagbone marrow, and the thigh bone of an ox. Cf. Charles LaWall, *Four Thousand Years of Pharmacy* (1927), pp. 266 ff.

[36] See below, p. 140.

IV.

In the midst of his military employment and his multifarious correspondence, Conway had found time to keep a sharp eye upon the education of his sons, particularly of Edward, his heir. It seems likely that for a time "Mr. Garrard, Master of the Charterhouse" had been their tutor. At the conclusion of their preparatory education, both boys were sent to France, Conway having a firm belief in the cultural benefits of French residence, as well as in the superiority of French military training. Two letters of the youthful Edward Conway remain,[37] conventional reports of son to father, in the second of which, with the nonchalance of a generation which accepted both pox and plague as the will of God, he mentions casually the fact that the change of air has affected his brother, who first had a fever, then the smallpox, but is otherwise very well!

Little record remains of Edward Conway between the year 1640, when he wrote these letters, and 1651, when he married Anne Finch. Much of the time seems to have been spent in Ireland, where he held the rank of Colonel. Half his life, indeed, was spent in Ireland; much of the other half at Whitehall; Ragley Hall, for twenty years the refuge and the prison of his wife, became to him more and more only a stopping place between the two. But, during the early years of their marriage, Anne Conway passed her time in London. Kensington House was larger than ever, now that the Finch children had married and gone. Anne had been the youngest, and evidently remained the favorite of her mother whose health, never good, was gradually failing. Thus Kensington House became for some years the home of the youthful Conways. Occasionally Anne may have accompanied her husband to Ragley, but those visits must have been infrequent, since her own health demanded that she remain near her physician. For some years before her marriage, she had suffered from headaches of extraordinary severity, which her family, as has been suggested, attributed to overstudy. The family physician was not so sure; he shook his head over the memory of that fever she had had at the age of twelve. But the family physician was growing old, and perhaps his own gout troubled him more than his young patient's head. Yet if Jove nods, who has a better right than Jove? For the physician of the Conways was no other than William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who was indeed not only their physician but their kinsman, through the marriage of the younger Heneage Finch to Elizabeth Harvey, daughter of William Harvey's brother Daniel.[38] Though he was the greatest physician in England, Harvey in 1650, when we see him through Anne Conway's eyes in her letters, was a lonely and pathetic figure. The years of the Civil War had stripped from him all that was most precious—his wife, two brothers, friends innumerable, his King; his house had been plundered by the Parliament soldiers, his collections, the work of a lifetime, destroyed, his papers scattered. All that was left to him was memory and a divided reputation, for, though scientists universally acclaimed him, Harvey's practice had fallen off sharply after his publication of his theories in regard to the circulation of the blood. The characteristic distrust of the layman for a man of strikingly original theories appears in the letters which the elder Conway wrote his daughter-in-law on the subject.[39]

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[37] See below, p. 29.

[38] In his will, which was witnessed by "Edward Dering, Henneage Finch, Richard Flud, Francis Finche" Harvey left "to my lo: Coosin Mr Heneage Finch for his paines counsell and advice about the contriving of this my will one hundred pounds. . . . To my loving Cosin Mr Henneage Finch (more then heretofore) to be for my godsonne Will Finch one hundred pounds." (*The Works of William Harvey, translated from the Latin with a Life of the Author,* by Robert Willis, M.D. [London, 1847], pp. xci, xciv.)

But this greatest of physicians could not cure himself. The gout was gaining upon him, and his mind was less and less on his patients. Even Anne Conway, always his staunch defender, recognized that his powers were failing. In the treatment of her case, indeed, Harvey acknowledged himself helpless, and, as we shall see, all that he could advise was that most dreaded of remedies, the trepan. If he failed in her case, however, he failed in the company of nearly every physician of note of the day, at home and abroad. He was the precursor of a long series. One by one, as her letters show, she consulted them, each time hopefully following directions, no matter how barbarous the treatment. Time after time, optimism gave way to doubt, doubt to despair; the mysterious headache baffled them all. As it happens, her later physician, Thomas Willis of Oxford, has left a clear and exact report of her case,[40] from which we may learn almost as much as from a modern clinical report, for like Sydenham and Mayerne, Willis excelled in close and careful observation; the three were gradually establishing in England the method of clinical diagnosis. The time was to come, as Willis shows, when Anne Conway was not to know a moment's respite from intense and almost intolerable pain, which continued unabated for over twenty years.

In the early days of her marriage, however, the "fitts," severe though they were, were not frequent enough to interfere seriously with the course of Anne Conway's ordinary life. She read, studied, and wrote long letters. Lord Conway found in his daughter-in-law a correspondent after his own heart, a girl of unusual intelligence and understanding, with a curious and inquiring mind, appreciative of his humor if she was not herself humorous. With her he could ride his hobbies by the hour. Even her disagreements were interesting, for her conversation was spirited and lively; she was fit metal for his steel. She combined, he seemed to think, the virtues of both sexes—a man's intellect and a woman's beauty, for the Viscount had ever an eye to beauty. Thus he spent as much time as he could with the young couple; and when he was away, he wrote long letters to both of them. Those to his son were primarily on business, but to his daughter-in-law he poured himself out with characteristic volubility, interspersing arguments and disputations with affectionate concern for her health. She replied in kind; and the correspondence continued until Lord Conway's death. Several of his letters to his daughter-in-law remain, though only one of hers to him is extant.[41] His letters, rambling, diffuse as they are, are well worth preservation, since they suggest the breadth of interest in contemporary ideas of a typical nobleman of the day, who, as he himself said, was "noe otherway a Scholer then a Scotch Pedlar is a Marchant." Here we may find, for instance, the dual point of view of the day toward William Harvey; here, too, we may observe a layman's interest in one of the favorite disputes of the century, the perennial warfare between *ancient* and *modern.* In literature, at least, Conway was no reactionary, as is obvious in his attitude toward English dramatists who fail to observe the "rules of Ancient Comoedies and Tragedies."[42] But in science Lord Conway was not so sure; the Copernican hypothesis, to him, as to Milton's Raphael many years later, was, after all, but another *theory;* and the old man comments with shrewd humor that the popularity of the hypothesis in England was due largely to its novelty.[43]

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[39] See below, pp. 29–31.

[40] *Two Discourses* in *The Remaining Medical Works of . . . Dr. Thomas Willis,* 1681, pp. 119, 121 ff.

[41] See below, pp. 29–38.

The Viscount's daughter-in-law was definitely a "modern." As Lord Conway's letters imply, Copernicus found in her a staunch defender; never for a moment did she swerve in her allegiance to the new astronomy. Since only one of her letters to her father-in-law is extant, we must conclude her early position from the Viscount's criticisms in his letters. Her one extant letter[44] is in response to a long and garrulous one from Conway in which he debated the relative merits of the Egyptians and Greeks as founders of knowledge. Though the subject is disappointing, the letter is of interest as suggesting Anne Conway's reading at this time. In it we find, in addition to Scriptural and Apocryphal discussion, allusion to Henry Wotton's *Elements of Architecture,* as well as to the architectural writings of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio; here are Pythagoras and Herodotus, but here too are contemporaries, such as John Donne and George Hakewill, all brought to bear upon her problem.

Such was Anne Conway at twenty: a girl of unusual gifts, with an insatiable desire for knowledge; impetuous, loving and greatly loved; nervously energetic, studying to excess, rising from her "fitts" of headache to battle gallantly with philosophy, religion, history, only to be conquered by her physical enemy. The formative influence which gave direction to her reading, and made for her importance in the history of thought, had barely begun, yet already there were signs pointing the way she was to go. Her husband, her father-in-law, remained static quantities in her life. It was through her favorite brother that the dynamic force was released.

1. *Lord Conway to Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire.*[1]

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLIII,* No. 36. Draft; no signature.]

Madame,

I HAVE seene a paper of verses presented to you lately by my Lord Herbert,[2] they are very noble. I know not any Poet that is able to write better. I know not of any King by my eyes or by my eares that hath merite in him to say more. But what thankes will you give him, only tell him that you thanke him for the favour. There was a most noble Queene of France, whose name I have now forgotten, that passinge through one of her chambers saw one that lived in her Court a great learned man and an excellent Poet sleeping; she went to him and kissed him, and turning to the company said, it is iust that honour should be done to that mouth from whence soe many excellent sayings have proceeded. I know that your superior reason will not be governed by example, and your Imperiall hearte will not stoope to follow the president of a Queene, but yet finde out some recompence, that you may retaine your Justice which will leave you if you make noe difference in your thankes to them that write verses which soare up to heaven, and those whose Muse doth walke on foot. I shall be happy if you please to esteeme me

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[42] See below, p. 31.

[43] See below, p. 32.

[44] *Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 17. See below, pp. 36–38.

[1] The Countess of Devonshire, who became the wife of William Cavendish, third Earl of Devonshire, on March 4, 1638–39, was Elizabeth, second daughter of William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury.

[2] Edward, Baron Herbert of Cherbury, brother to the poet George Herbert, was the author of *De Veritate* (1644), *De Causis Er-*

Your most humble and most faythfull servant

Newcastle, May 13, 1640.

2. *Lord Conway to Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLV,* No. 38. Draft; no signature.]

Madame,

I HAVE heard by my Lord of Northumberland that you are safely delivered of a daughter. I am extreamly glad that you are soe, not onely that you are safely delivered, for if you were not, and I did live with any Joy, my senses would be greater traitours to my reason then Covenanting Scots; but that you have a daughter, for my opinion hath ever bin that I would have handsome Woemen have none but daughters, and I hope you will have as many as your Mother hath had and will have.[1] Since I am carefull to know how all things succeede to you, it is iust that you know somewhat of the Estate I am in.[2] I am teaching Cart-horses to manage, and making men that are fitt for Bedlam and Bridewell, to keepe the ten Commandements: soe that Generall Lesley and I keepe two schooles, he hath scholers that professe to serve God, and he is instructing them how they may safely doe injury and all impiety. Mine to the uttermost of their power never kept any Law either of God or the King, and they are to be made fitt to make others to keepe them. To doe this I shall neede that divinity wherewith you make all those that have the happiness to know you to be humble and obedient [to] your

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rorum (1645), *De Religione Gentilium* (1663), as well as his candid and outspoken *Autobiography*. Conway's reference serves to identify the subject of Herbert's poem "To the C. of D.," which John Churton Collins, Herbert's earlier editor, concluded was intended for the Countess of Denbigh, patroness of Carew; G. C. Moore-Smith in his edition of Herbert's poems, 1923, suggests the Countess of Dorset.

[1] Her mother, the Countess of Salisbury, had been before her marriage Catherine Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk; she was a sister of the notorious Lady Essex. The Countess of Salisbury was the mother of seven children.

[2] Conway was at this time in command of the King's Horse at Newcastle against the Scots under Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven. See above, p. 9.

Commands, and to joy in the receiving of them. I doe most humbly beseech you, to give me leave to congratulate with my Lady your Mother for hir safe delivery, for a daughter, and for the same reason. I hope that this Aunt and Neece will love as well as your Mother and you doe. I doe now heare that your Governes is to have a Governor, a little husband with a great Estate, and I am ever to remaine

Your most humble and faithfull and most obedient servant

New-Castle, May 28, 1640.

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3. *Carew Raleigh*[1] *to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Interreg. XXIV,* No. 57. The letter is badly torn.]

My Lord,

I SEND you a parcell of papers which perchance your selfe will scorne, and I am ashamed off, old, rotten, durtie, and torne things and such as a person less intelligent then your selfe would hardly understand, but they are all of this kynd (recepts) which I have, that you have not alreddy seene: they are most of them in my Fathers owne hand, and therefore I thinke approved ones. Such as they are when you have perused them (and I wish hartily any thing worth your perusal) I pray returne them with your opinion. I have many other papers of virses and discourses of several kynds, which if you desire, on the returne of these, shall be sent you: I am so hastie in performing my promise that I can find you little of news more then that our councell is much divided about Holland affayres, and as yet nothing determined but wee provide for warr,[2] in maning our shippes, and caring for mony, in order to which the Lord Cravens[3] estate and Mr. Cookes[4] are both to be sold, you shall not be ignorant of what wee know here; and in requitall I doubt not but you will let us know how the noble Lord and excellent Lady[5] doth at Petworth, how my Lord Stanhope[6] [does] and provides for that beautifull

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[1] Carew Raleigh was the son of Sir Walter Raleigh, born in the Tower during his father's imprisonment.

[2] On May 19, 1652, Admiral Blake defeated the Dutch under Admiral Von Tromp; war with Holland over navigation laws followed.

[3] William, Earl of Craven, who devoted his life to the service of the exiled Queen of Bohemia. A staunch Royalist, Craven during the years of the Civil War repeatedly provided Charles I with money; and it is estimated that before the Restoration Charles II also received from him at least £50,000. Charges were laid against him in 1651; in March, 1651, Parliament resolved that he was an offender against the Commonwealth. An act for the sale of his estates was passed August 3, 1652. (*Cal. S.P. Dom., 1651–52,* p. 355.)

[4] On November 6, 1651, a petition was sent to the Council of State in behalf of Thomas Cooke, who, a prisoner in the Tower since the preceding March, was much in debt, and had had his subsistence only through the charity of his sisters, Lady Hartop, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoke, and Mrs. Anne Danvers. (*S.P. Dom., 1651–52,* pp. 8, 77, 295.) On November 22 of the following year he was still imprisoned. (*Ibid.,* p. 501.)

[5] The Earl and Countess of Northumberland. The seat of the Percy family was at Petworth House.

[6] Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, who from 1652 to 1654 was living in retirement at Petworth. Possibly the rest of the sentence referred to his wife, Anne Percy, whom he had recently married.

[. . .] [how] Lady Bettie[7] heightens, and increaseth (if it be possible) in beautie and goodness; then whether you have found any ease or medicine for your stone or stones, or a cure for Mrs Ramsdells[8] green sickness that it may fall no more into her legges but fynd an upper vent. Last whether the Captaine[8] grows smooth and plump and when he will think it fitt to evacuate his [. . .] by coming to London. This with the service of my wife and my [selfe . . .] to you and all the noble familie is all the [newes] you shall heare from

My Lord
Your humble servant,
Carew Raleigh.

June 28, 1652.

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4. *Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne[1] to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, DXXXIX,* No. 523.]

My Lord,

Charleton[2] has been to see me, and, being assured that nothing is pressing upon your ear drum and that all the trouble is internal, refuses to undertake the cure, and is sending you to someone he considers better. I think he is right. We will discuss it at our first opportunity for a meeting and that shall be when you will. I shall be glad to have the receipt for balm from my Lord Chesterfield, that I may compare it with another which the young Lady whom I met again last night is to send me. If she were as beautiful and charming as she is good—though secretive—in her prescriptions, we should have to take counsel together and beg her in the style of Montaigne to take care of herself. I thank you for the list of Mechanics you sent. If you found them in a printed book, let me know of it; but if they are in some manuscript, send it me and I will have it copied without giving you trouble. Meanwhile I shall keep the list until our meeting, to consider it and mark what seems to me of most importance. I send you a bottle of my mercurial water. It is not to be drunk, but is only for bathing the parts which chafe and are irritated. Temper it well with rose water and plantain that it be not too strong and burn the skin. So diluted, it will, I hope, have good effect. Let me know of its success.

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[7] Probably Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, at this time a girl of sixteen.

[8] Nothing in the family correspondence throws further light on the identity of "Mrs Ramsdell" and "the Captaine."

[1] Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, the King's physician. See above, pp. 10–11. The letters from Mayerne to Conway are in French, and seem to be in the hand of two amanuenses, with Mayerne's autograph signature. Since the manuscripts are faded and torn, and since one of the amanuenses seems to have written French phonetically, it has seemed better to give the letters in translation.

[2] Walter Charleton, physician to Charles I, president, and one of the first fellows of the Royal College of Physicians. He was the translator of several of the works of Jean Baptiste van Helmont, and the author of a number of others, including the *Chorea Gigantum,* for the preface of which Dryden wrote his *Epistle to Dr. Charleton.*

As for the treaty in the Isle,[3] it is only in bud: let it grow and then we may ask of it. You will greatly oblige me by letting me have word as to what you hear of it. If we beat too much about the bush, a third will carry off the prize. As for Mons. Pierrepoint,[4] I am grieved at his indisposition, for he is capable of good things. The late King, Henri the Great, my master,[5] used to define the gout by saying that sometimes he had the gout, and sometimes the gout had him. This is no time to be ill. May God cure him and preserve you and have pity on us all, else we are in sorry plight. I am and shall be even to death—*e piu se piu si puote*

Your very humble servant,

THEO. MAYERNE.

My very humble duty and service to all that noble company with you whose hands I kiss. I should come to see you, if I were not crippled and my wife ill almost to death.
Chelsea, 19 September, 1648.

5. *Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Interreg. XVI,* No. 57.]

My Lord,

I HAVE sent to the bookseller you mentioned in your first, who tells me that you had the paper I wished to see. Now it seems that you have since sent it back to him. If I can procure it from him even for a moment I shall; if not, I must have patience until the book itself has crossed the sea, and then both you and I may satisfy our curiosity, for when I have seen it I shall send you word. Too often, in this matter of books *parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*[1] It is a powerful disease, this writing, by which especially in Germany, most of the world is afflicted, and what is more *scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.*[2] I had seen the receipt you sent for making fat men lean, which is not bad and can be taken without danger, though rather with cummin and vinegar than salt. But I assure you that I shall never use it, having been long aware that an evil soul never—or rarely—dwells in a fat body. There is nothing new to me in seeing sulphur taken internally to cure a red face and eruptions on the body. I myself use it every day with success. You will oblige me greatly if you will send me *L'escole de Salerne,*[3] a burlesque in verse by that Ovid of nice wit. I have already seen it, and if I feared death should be afraid of putting myself again into that burlesque humour, but I am dissuaded by the color of my beard. The shortest follies are the best; but for *L'escole de Salerne,* that is quite in my style. I kiss your hands and beg you to do the same for me to my Lord the Earl[4] and all his. Remember me always with affection

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[3] The Isle of Wight; Mayerne refers to the Treaty of Newport, September, 1648. Charles was at this time in the Isle of Wight.

[4] Probably "Wise William" Pierrepont, second son of Robert Pierrepont, first Earl of Kingston, who was at this time one of the leaders of the independent party.

[5] Mayerne had been for several years physician to Henri IV.

[1] Horace *Ars Poetica* l. 139.

[2] Horace *Epistles* II. i. 117.

[3] The *Schola Salernitana* or *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum* (called also *Flos Medicinae Salerni* and *Medicina Salernitana*), the most famous literary survival of medieval medicine, was a product of the Salerno school of physic. The origin of the school is a matter of dispute, but there is no question that the teaching of medicine was carried on there at a time when it was virtually unknown elsewhere in

My Lord
Your very humble and very obedient servant,
Theo. Mayerne.

Chelsea, 8 October, 1651.

6. *Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, XVI,* No. 82.]

My Lord,

It is easy for those who are well to counsel the sick, and to give them advice which they would not follow if they were in like case. You are astonished at the wisdom of Charron,[1] so daring for a monk, and you desire, for reasons good, truly, but hardly feasible, that gray hairs should rejoice; but a leather box is not leather when it lies in ashes, and old Barzillai, aware of the weaknesses of his body, refused the favors which David offered him at his Court, and besought him instead to take his young son, who was able to taste all those pleasures which charm the senses, and for a time at least satisfy the will.[2] What use to have bread when one has no teeth, and music when the ears are deaf to the sound of a

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Europe. The *Schola Salernitana* was written as a work of medical advice for Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror; long before the invention of printing it was a standard textbook and innumerable manuscripts were scattered over Europe. Sir Alexander Croke in his edition of the poem mentions twenty editions printed between 1480–1500; Baudry de Balzac is authority for the statement that 240 editions had appeared before 1846, and that more than one hundred manuscript copies were in existence. While the authorship of the poem is a matter of debate, it is most frequently ascribed to John of Milan, the head of the school of Salerno at the time of its composition. The most famous English text—and probably the one to which Mayerne refers—was that of Sir John Harington, printed in 1607, the manuscript of which was left by Sir William Osler in his will to the Bodleian Library.

[4] Probably the Earl of Northumberland, Conway's neighbor at Petworth.

[1] Pierre Charron (1541–1603), the French philosopher, was preacher-in-ordinary to Marguerite, wife of Henri IV of Navarre. Mayerne refers to his most famous work, *De la Sagesse* (1601), which was marked by remarkable intellectual scepticism. The expression "for a monk" evidently refers to the fact that about 1588, determining to fulfil a vow once made, Charron attempted to enter a monastery; but after being rejected by the Carthusians and the Celestines, he held himself absolved.

[2] II Sam. 19. 35–37: "And Barzillai said unto the King, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? . . . But behold thy servant Chimham; let him go over with my lord the king; and do to him what shall seem good unto thee."

trumpet? Time when it is past is irrevocable: if there is any joy for an old sinner it must be sought in memory—which is too often full of repentance to the wise, and regret to the spiritless among whose number I have never been. Let us seize all the best we can and leave the rest to the good God. Thus we shall live until we die in spite of physicians!

I thank you for the burlesque poems you sent me. I had seen them and profited little from the sight. All these imitations cannot approach Lalli[3] who first travestied Virgil. It is easy to swell out books when half is the work of others, as witness the lampoons of Merlin Cocaji,[4] and the macaronic verses of Bellay.[5] Burlesque is not the forte of all. Rhyme is easy for the sprightly wits of the Provençals most of whom have a touch of Ovid's humour—he who could speak but in verse. Some such miserable burlesques which have fallen into my hands I send you, to make you laugh and to inspire your mockery, for the disease is contagious, and those who are great with wisdom must be delivered by the head as Jupiter of Minerva. When you send me back the *Franceide* of Lalli, send me also his *Vespasian* and *Octavian,* if you can. I who have lived eleven lustres at the courts of Kings and Princes can witness that Lalli speaks truth. These killers of flies, these banterers we have with us even to death. You shall have the nine volumes of Fabri,[6] wherein you will find as much shell as kernel. Send them back to me when you have done with them. I shall do the like with the volume of Lalli and the two others upon the first occasion. Be merry, my Lord, first of all from natural inclination, and then upon the order of him, once your physician, and always

Your very humble servant,

THEO. MAYERNE.

Poor Vaulx senior has passed to the other world. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi.*
Chelsea, 17 October, 1651.

7. *Sir Kenelm Digby to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCXLIV,* No. 58. The letter is published in part, from the transcript given in the *Calendar of State Papers,* in *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby by one of his Descendants* (1896).]

My good Lorde:

I HUMBLY thanke your Lordship for yours of the 9 past, and am much obliged unto you for giving me part in the knowledge of your occurrents att home. We here can more clearly discerne the effects of your last fleete then you who were the chiefe actor in it;[1] for your large minde can not be persuaded you did any thing unlesse there had occurred much worke for you actually to do in the way of such a strong fleete (which is usually sett out against present enemies) whereas other men at a distance consider the wisedome and prudence where with all the affaires were conducted, and the effect sheweth of how much consequence it hath bin, for I beleeve nothing could have boyed up our reputation so much as this hath done in so short a time.

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[3] Giovanni Battista Lalli, Italian poet and satirist, 1572–1637; the author of *L'Eneide travestita, La Franceide,* etc.

[4] Merlino Coccajo, otherwise known as Teofilo Folengo (1491–1544), one of the principal Italian macaronic poets, author of *Merlini Cocaii macaronicon Orlandino, Chaos del tri per uno, L'Umanitá del Figliuolo di Dio.*

[5] Joachim du Bellay (*ca.* 1522–60).

[6] Probably Fabricus Hildanus (1560–1634) German physician, usually considered as the father of surgery in Germany. His *Works* were collected and published by Jean Beyer in 1646.

Mr Seldens booke[2] hath bin seene here, and is both much esteemed and much envied: but (as I heare) he is not to expect any reply from Grotius to maintaine his former assumption, which he wrote (he sayeth now) as a Hollander, and is exceeding glad to see the contrary proved: by reason of the advantage such a jurisdiction upon seas will bringe to the crowne he now serveth, in regard of their seas.[3]

I am promised *La Conqueste du sang real* for you, and the Legend of Sir Tristran, and can procure you an entire collection of all the bookes knowne here of that kinde, and in particular a curious Amadis in 12 volumes: but least I should buy what you have alreadie, I beseech your Lordship lett me know what you want and what is your store (for these are of the dearest bookes here). Be pleas'd also to lett me know if you would have such of them as are extraordinarily bound for curiosity and cost, or whether the vulgar meanest binding will serve your turne. Our nation is happy: it produceth persons that doe truly such actions as after ages take for Romances: wittnesse a king Arthur, a Cadwallader, and God knoweth how many more of auncient time: But none sure will be more famous and admirable to our Nevewes then the noble valiaunt and ingenious Peere the Lord Wimbledone:[4] whose Epistle exceedeth all that ever was done before by any so victorious a generall of armies or so provident a governor of townes. I onely lament for it that it was not hatched in a season when it might have done honor to Baronius his collections[5] to have bin inserted among them. Here is a Lady[6] that he hath reason to detest above all persons in the worlde, if robbing a man of all the portion of witt, courage, generousnesse, and other heroicall partes due to him, do meritt such an inclination of the minde towards them that have thus bereaved them: for surely the Genius that governeth that Family, and that distributeth to each of them their shares of natures guiftes, was either asleepe or mistooke (or somwhat else was the cause) when he gave my Lady of Purbicke a dubble proportion of these and all other noble endowments, and left her poore Uncle so naked and unfurnished. Truly my Lord to speake seriously, I have not seene more Prudence, sweetnesse, goodnesse, honor, and bravery shewed by any woman that I know, then this unfortunate Lady sheweth she hath a rich stocke of. Besides her naturall endowments, doubtlessly her afflictions adde much: or rather have polished, refined, and heightened what Nature gave her: and you know *vexatio dat intellectum*. Is it not a shame for you Peeres (and neere about the king) that you will lett so brave a lady live as she dothe in distresse and banishment: when her exile serveth strangers but to conceive scandalously of our nation, that we will not permitt those to live among us who have so much worth and goodnesse as this lady giveth shew of?[7] I have nothing meriting to send you in returne of her excellent Uncles Epistle nor could I find ought of that degree in Thuanus,[8] Octavius,[9] or Simondus[10] library. I give over therefore that fond ambition of impossibility. But that you may see by contributing of a mite to your treasury what I would do if more I could, I have searched John Trundle his shoppe of Paris, and have founde an Almanacke, and a Thesis of conclusions in the Sorbone, which for the pictures sake adorning them I make bold to send your Lordship: Wherein you shall find our Regall Jupiter in his owne shape thundering, and our glorious Apollo casting influences, to the which our almighty Cardinall levelleth and reflecteth. But if I give any further scope to these droleries, I shall not have roome to sett downe that which is my serious and necessary businesse with your Lordship: that is, to professe my selfe as I have vowed ever to be

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[1] Conway had been in charge of one of the ships dispatched in August to repress the outrages of the Dutch privateers.

[2] John Selden's *Mare Clausum,* which had originally been composed at the command of James I in 1618, in support of the English claim to the dominion of the seas. It was in effect a reply to the earlier *Mare Liberum* of Hugo Grotius, who had maintained that the high seas were by the law of nature the possession of all men. James, however, fearful that some passages in the book might displease the King of Denmark, refused to authorize its publication. In 1635 Selden again took up the subject at the command of Charles I, and in 1636 published his *Mare Clausum, seu de Dominio Maris libri duo.*

[3] Grotius, after his virtual exile from Holland, was in the service of Sweden, in the capacity of ambassador to France.

[4] Sir Edward Cecil, Viscount Wimbledon, the naval and military commander, was the third son of Sir Thomas Cecil, second Lord Burghley. In spite of the disastrous failure of the Cadiz expedition, he was at this time recognized as the highest English authority on military affairs.

[5] The *Annales Ecclesiastici* of Caesar Baronius, Italian cardinal and ecclesiastical writer, published in twelve folio volumes, 1588–1607.

[6] See note, p. 12, above. Lady Purbeck's mother was a granddaughter of Burghley, hence cousin to Lord Wimbledon.

Your Lordships most humble and affectionate servant,

Kenelme Digby.

Paris the last of Jan., 1636.

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[7] Cf. Thomas Birch, *Court and Times of Charles I* (1848), II, 242; "E.R." writes to Sir R. Puckering: "It is said she is altogether advised by Sir Kenelm Digby, who indeed hath written over letters to some of his noble friends of the privy council, wherein he sets down what a convert this lady is become, so superlatively virtuous and sanctimonious, as the like hath rarely been either in men or women: and therefore he does most humbly desire their lordships to farther this lady's peace, and that she may return into England, for otherwise she does resolve to put herself into some monastery. I hear his majesty does utterly dislike that the lady is so much directed by Sir Kenelm Digby, and that she fares nothing better for it."

[8] Jacques Auguste de Thou (Latin, *Thuanus*), French historian and statesman, celebrated for his contemporary *Historia sui temporis* (1604–08).

[9] Francesco Octavio, surnamed Cléophile, Italian *litterateur*, the author of *Epistolarum de amoribus liber et carmina nonnulla* (Naples, 1478); *Libellus de coetu poetarum* (Paris, 1503); *Opera numquam alias impressa: anthropotheomachia historia de bello Fanensi* (1516).

[10] Perhaps Pedro Antonio Simon, Franciscan missionary and historian, who began to

I begg of your Lordship to present my humble service to my lord and lady of Kent,[11] and to Mr Selden. I have written from hence 3 letters to you: two by my brother, one by Mons. Cottard a booke binder. This bearer Humfrey goeth betweene England and France every moneth and will bring your Lordship any thing you would.

8. *Sir Kenelm Digby to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, DVI,* No. 43. The manuscript is torn and damaged by water. Part of the letter is quoted in *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby,* but the author has based his text upon the abstract given in the *Calendar of State Papers.*]

My lord,

THIS is the fourth letter I have presumed to trouble your lordship with since my arrivall into France; whose numbers should have been [greater? . . .] if I could have had any hope of their safe arrivall to your handes. But the Santo Correo,[1] who gave me your lordships of the 2d Decembr (which I most humbly thanke you for) assureth me that if he be not drowned, he will deliver this safe; which casualty, himselfe feareth little; for he sayth that God (who is iust) will certainly be so iust to him as to lett him dye the death he deserveth: which the learned Rabbies (and Mr Selden upon them[2]) do interprete, Hanging.

To give your lordship an account of what you do me the honour to enquire after, I thanke God I [do conduct?] my selfe with much [con]tentment, by being for the most part retired to Pontoise, where I live very privately, but coming seldomtimes upon occasions hither to Paris: where all thinges smile upon them that want nothing nor aske nothing. I can give your lordship but a very barren account of anything that passeth here. All my conversation is in the other world. If you desire [to] know what dyet soules grow fatt with in Elysian fieldes, or how they passe [their time] in their shady bowers, etc., [I may] venture [to] satisfy your enquiry, but if you desire newes of bodies, Prince Edward[3] here is able to give you an account [. . .] for what unmannerly beauty can refuse so sweet and winning a Prince? But all the world can give you account (for it ringeth loude) of his gallant behaviour in his late duell with Sir James Leviston (who extremely forgott his duty and layed aside his discretion) wherein he suspended his being in the first ranke of Princes, to raise himselfe by his owne handes into the first ranke (absolutely) of gallant, stoute, and generous men. In a word, it was impossible for a yong man, or a noble Prince, to do more bravely then His Highnesse did.

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write his history of New Granada in 1623 and published the first part in 1627; the other two parts, well known in their time, exist only in manuscript.

[11] Henry Grey, ninth Earl of Kent, a neighbor at Petworth.

[1] The captain of the vessel.

[2] Selden was as eminent in his oriental as in his legal studies; much of his work consists in exposition of Jewish and rabbinical law. Digby here refers to his *De Jure Naturali et Gentium juxta Disciplinam Ebraeorum . . .* (1640).

[3] Prince Edward, Count Palatine of the Rhine. Part of the sentence is omitted since the state of the MSS renders its obscenity conjectural.

[If I could] obtaine my liberty from this excellent [Court, I should at once?] come to you to attempt the adventure of the enchanted Iland, that you say changeth all men's conditions. Mine can not be a worse, then to lye here idle, whiles my soveraigne is fighting for all that is his, my country is on fire, and all my frendes engaged to the utmost in this unnaturall warre. Surely, it becometh me att the least to goe and seeke a grave in the ruines and ashes of that earth that gave me being, if no other service I am able to do it. And I am not out of hope, ere long, to gaine my freedome. Then [I shall] come [to] you. And in expectation of doing so, I have already bespoken armes of all sortes for my selfe. They and all I have, shall ever be employed in your lordships service, and to wittnesse me, together with all other endeavours, I may use to that end,

Your Lordships most humble and obedient servant

KENELME DIGBY.

Paris,
23 Feb, st^{o} n^{o}
1644.

9. *Sir Kenelm Digby to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Interreg. III,* No. 55. The letter is quoted in part, from the transcript in the *Calendar of State Papers,* in *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby by One of His Descendants.*]

Calais, 6 November, 1647.

My lord,

Now that the Protestant church is growne invisible againe, I can not heare with patience the doctrine of imputative righteousnesse. Your Lordship therefore must be content to allow me to beleeve, not your justice, but your mercy and goodnesse to me, to be inherent in your noble heart. And consequently to professe myselfe lowdly and every where your most obliged and most faithfull servant as in all sincerity and truth I am.

Those innocent recreations which your lordship mentioneth, of tabours and pipes, and more innocent dancing ladies, and most innocent convenient country houses, shady walkes, and close arbours, make me sigh to be againe a spectator of them, and to be againe in little England, where time slideth more gently away then in any part of the world. *Quando sia mai, ch'a rivederti io torni?* Instead of your smiling happy English skye, I am here weatherbeaten with continuall winter stormes, for your smooth well-natured ladies, wee see nothing but rough-hided savage sea-calves: for your delicious wines and curious foule, our diet is red puddle beere, made of brackish water and wood-dried malt, the flesh of seales, porpises, and orkes,[1] dressed with whale oyle, and our bread is made of tainted rye fished out of the bellies of some wrecked Holland hulkes cast away upon these sands. All our mirth is made by Mr Griffin,[2] who every day doth some new extravagancy to surprise us with. He hath of late putt the governour upon digging in the cittadell for a million of gold hid there by the English att their departure thence. And the other day he invited all the English saylors that were here to a feast, where his chiefe entertainment was to reade them his letters to my Lord Windsore,[3] which appeared so tedious to those quick active spirits, that they shewed their weariness by rising to be gone before he had halfe done, whereupon he quarrelled with them; but he had an ill boute of it, for they were too many and too boisterous for him. But his English mayde that wayteth upon him salved up all againe, who being not unhandsome and bred to the civilities of good fellowship is followed like a salt bitch. But if he should heare I am so bold with him, he would be bolder with me. Therefore I pray you make a sacrifice of my letter to Vulcan; or else woe be to me. Whensoever your Lordship will please to command me any service, if you send your letter for me to my servant John Lee at Gresham College, he will safely convey it to me. Or if you but send it to the post house directed barely *A Monsieur le Chevalier Digby à Calais,* it will find me out securely, so that no curious overseer of the packets att the poste breake it open for the superscription sake. But I hope I am now growne into such an opinion of innocence and plainnesse, that neither my comerce will be suspected, nor my person any longer interdicted. In earnest I desire my liberty of returne, for no one thing in the world more then to have the comfort and honor of wayting continually upon your Lordship unto whom I am

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[1] *Ork,* a variant of *orc* (Latin, *orca*), a kind of whale.

[2] There is little question that this is the "gentleman named Griffith" mentioned in the *State Papers* (*Cal. S.P. Dom., 1649–50,* p. 380) as having sent a challenge to Lord Windsor,

a most humble, most obedient, and most faithfull servant,

KENELME DIGBY.

10. *Lord Conway to John Selden.*

[*Harleian MSS 7001,* f. 218.]

Mr Selden:

I THANKE you for the booke[1] you sent me, so doth my Lord of Northumberland. I have corrected them as your letter directed, if Graswinkell[2] knew how carefull you are to speake trueth, he would beleive you in all that you have written, in this last book, for that which you have writ in your *Mare Clausum* the trueth of

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as a result of which that nobleman was "reported to have gone to Flanders." The Council of State later requested the Spanish ambassador to prevent the duel.

[3] Thomas Windsor, seventh Baron Windsor of Stanwell, first Earl of Plymouth.

[1] *Joannis Seldeni Vindiciae secundum integritatem existimationis suae . . .* (Londini, 1653).

[2] Theodore Graswinckel, the Dutch jurist, published at The Hague in 1652 *Maris Liberi Vindiciae adversus Petrum Baptistam Burgum Ligustici maritimi dominii assertorem.* In this he attacked Selden and the claim of Britain to dominion, and asserted that Selden had written his *Mare Clausum* only in the hope of being released from imprisonment. Selden in his *Vindiciae* offered to the world a complete account of his imprisonment and of the composition of the book.

it depends upon what our Admiralls Monke and Blague[3] are putting forth. I hope to see you shortly according to the desires of

Your most faythfull and most affectionate frend and servant,

Petworth, July 20, 1653. CONWAY and KILULTA.

11. *Edward Conway*[1] *to his father, Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLX,* No. 26.]

My Lord

THE change of aire doth beginne to worke upon my Brother. This weeke he hath had a fever but that continued not long before he also had the small pox: all the danger is already past: and he is else very well and hopes shortly to follow his exercises againe. Last night there were bonfires before my Lord of Leicesters[2] house, for ioy of the birth of the Duke of Lancaster.

Your Lordships most obedient sonne

Paris, 27th of June
1640
stile of the place.

EDWARD CONWAY.

12. *Edward Conway to his father.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLXIII,* No. 63.]

My Lord

THAT dutie which inioynes this taske, is not more the same then the matter which I have to write of. In that method of exercises, and studie, which I have heretofore made known unto your Lordship doe I stil goe on: though in the successe, you shall perhaps meet with little that may take you, yet I hope in my desires you will find something at least capable of your pardon. I am drawing nigh to Fortifications, but such as imagination is able to raise, and to demolish: if honor were not so strictly espoused to danger, I could wish your Lordship had at this time no harder a taske in hand, that I might boldly presume of your safety, and thereby add securitie to the hopes and prayers of

Your Lordships most obedient sonne,

Paris, 9, August, 1640. ED. CONWAY.

13. *Lord Conway to his daughter-in-law, Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 11.]

Daughter

I AM very glad of your health which you have recovered, and allthough the Tooth-ache be commonly a paine for which every one is a Physitian yet it doth many times grow to that excesse that it will require the advice of a very good Physitian; I heare that you have a great good opinion of Doctor Harvey.[1] I thinke you doe well to love and respect a person of his merite for I thinke he hath deserved extreamely well of all learned men, for what he hath found out, or offered to the world to enquire farther into: he is a most exelent Anatomist, and I conceive that to be his Masterpeece, which knowledge is many times of very great use in consultations, but in the practicke parte of Physicke I conceive him to be to mutch, many times, governed by his Phantasy, the excellency and strength whereof did produce his two workes to the world,[2] and he is not the only man that hath produced workes in that nature, De Cartes and Campanella, but the first espetially have written as theire phantasy did perswade, and done as a man must doe that goes on hunting in a thicke enclosed country, leave his horse behind him and scramble over hedge and ditch and teare his cloaths, so doe they leave the antient rules, and set up new opinions for the maintenance of which, they are forced to great inconveniencyes, in theire reason, when they are brought to the Practice; to have a Physitian abound in phantasie is a very perilous thing, occations in diseases are very often suddaine, therefore one ought to have a Physitian that should be governed only by his iudgment, as one puts the best men to the Helme in a storme least he should mistake for the turning of the Helme either to the right or left hand unduly [and] may sommetimes cast away the Ship. If I had not a great desire to keepe you I would not write anything against Doctor Harvey whitch might in any kinde seeme to preiudice him, for I doe greatly esteeme and value him, but I thinke this is trueth as it is that I beleave that my sonne would not know where to find such a wife nor I sutch a daughter, therefore I pray preserve yourselfe for your owne sake, and then if there be any place left for

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[3] Robert Blake and George Monck, two of the three generals of the fleet, were in charge of the defense against the Dutch.

[1] Edward Conway was at this time a boy of seventeen. He and his younger brother had been sent with a tutor to Paris to study military tactics.

[2] The Earl of Leicester was ambassador to France.

Your most affectionat father,

Conway and Kilulta.

Petworth, July 1, 1651.

14. *Lord Conway to his daughter-in-law.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213*, f. 9.]

Daughter

I perceive that Doctor Harvey is very mutch in your good opinion, therefore I shall pray that his Physicke may have good successe with you, what doth now disease you is not soe unknowne in his cause but that one may assuredly expect your health. Doctor Prudian[1] is one of the learnedest Physitians about London, and his iudgment I aprove very much of but his expression in his approbation of Doctor Harvey his bookes puts me in minde of one in the like kinde of Scaliger, who sayd that he had rather be author of those verses in Horace, *Donec gratus eram tibi*[2] then be King of France. Henry the fowerth was not of that minde certainly when he changed his Religion to be King of France. Both you and I doe desire that you should enioy perfect health, it is fit that you should have him for your Physitian whom you approve best of for it is thought that to have a good opinion of the Physitian doth contribute mutch to the cure, and it is true in somme diseases when the mind is afflicted and despairing. But bycause I see your iudgment is good I will tell you some conceptions of mine concerning new bookes, all being either written according to the rules of former writers in the same subiect, or else being totally new, or in part differing from former Rules: they live or dye according to theire complexion or Spirit, somme of those that are written according to old rules are thought worthy to live so long as the world lives, others never outlive their first Impression, those that are writ contrary to or besides the old Rules, have theire fates according to the affection of theire readers or theire reall trueth as it will be fownd upon experience; Lucan[3] is fownd fault with for not writing according to the lawes of a Pöeme, but he gaines so mutch upon the affections of men that he will live as long as Latine or English, Strada[4] is fownd faulty by the Cardinal Bentivoglio[5] for writing rather like a Biographer then an Historian, but the trueth which he writes and his handsome delivery of it will make him ever esteemed. Our English Playes are not written according to the rules of Antient Comoedies and Tragedies, but if the English language were understood by other nations, they would certainly imitate them. Ramus[6] hath had many followers in Cambridge but Aristotle hath prevailed against him, one of the Fathers was of opinion that it was Haeresy to say that there were Antipodes which by the navigations of these latter time[s] is plainly disproved, there is one a Jesuite and an Astronomer that hath changed all the figures of Beasts and other

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[1] William Harvey was at this time Anne Conway's physician. See above, pp. 15–16.

[2] Cf. Aubrey, *Lives*, 1813, p. 300: "I have heard him say, that after his booke of the Circulation of the Blood came out, that he fell mightily in his practize, and that 'twas beleeved by the vulgar that he was crack-brained: and all the physitians were against his opinion and envyed him."

[1] Sir Francis Prujean, later for several years Anne Conway's physician, the son of William Prujean of Lincoln, was an intimate

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friend of Harvey's, and for many years president of the College of Physicians. He was knighted April 1, 1661. In 1652 he built, chiefly at his own expense, the original College of Physicians, which stood at Amen Corner, but was destroyed in the Great Fire. Prujean Court, named for him, was on the west side of the Old Bailey, near Ludgate Hill. (Cf. *Notes and Queries,* 6th series, IX, 348, 397.) He was one of the first physicians to introduce and recommend the "Jesuit's Powder," which was Cinchona bark or quinine. (Cf. Worthington, *Diary and Correspondence,* II, 621, and *Mercurius Politicus,* No. 553, February 3–10, 1659, p. 221.)

[2] Horace *Odes* iii. 9. 1.

[3] Marcus Annaeus Lucanus (39–65 A.D.) author of the *Pharsalia.*

[4] Famianus Strada, the historian, whose most important work was *De Bello Belgico* (1640–47), a history of the war between Philip II of Spain and the United Provinces.

[5] Guido Bentivoglio (1579–1644), the author of the *History of the Wars of Flanders.*

[6] Petrus Ramus (1515–72), French humanist and logician, was one of the chief leaders in the anti-Aristotelian revolt. The author of over fifty books, most of them directed in some measure against Aristotle, he suffered many vicissitudes; his lectures were interdicted in 1544 as being subversive of the established religion; he himself adopted Protestantism in 1561, and was forced to flee from Paris. He finally fell a victim in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

things which the antient Astronomers had made into the shapes of Saints, but I beleave his booke will never be reprinted. Copernicus hath divers followers not bycause his opinion is true but bycause the opinion is different from what all men in all ages ever had, for he hath not proved that there is any ill consequence by holding that the Earth doth stand still and the heavens move, or discover the least error in this Tenent, but only he hath very ingeniously shewed that it may be as well demonstrated that the heavens stand still as that the earth stands still, we shall know no more then we doe if we think as he doth, but beleave otherwayes than we doe, and against the wordes of the Scripture directly to which he makes an answeare seemingly faire, but alltogether unwarrantable. My paper would faile me as I beleave your patience doth you, if I should reckon up the severall bookes and opinions which are not new and never grew old and those which have bin revived and live, as the notes in Musique, printing, Gunpowder, and divers things both in Physicke and Anatomy, but it is good to try all things and to hold that which is best, and untill experience have confirmed to suspend the assent. Allthough I have troubled you sufficiently yet I must give you a little more in making a request to you, that since you write like a man, you would not seale your letters like a woman, your last letter was sealed upon the wrighting, and in the opening two or three wordes were torne out, allthough the letter was opened with providence that the writing was in danger of tearing. Daughter an old man is an ill thing, he is full of diseases, and troubled in himselfe and he is full of wordes, making himselfe a schoolemaster that he is troublesome to others, therefore thanke God I have no more paper then will serve to say that I am most hartily

Your affectionate father,

CONWAY and KILULTA.

Petworth, July 8, 1651.

15. *Lord Conway to his daughter-in-law.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213*, f. 13.]

Daughter,

I AM likely enough to make many errors against learning, for I am noe otherway a Scholer then a Scotch Pedlar is a Marchant, and I may peradventure doe by the opinion of a learned man or of the Schooles, follow my own uppon the same grownd that the Duke of Chevreuse refused an Originall Picture for a Copie, it pleased him best, but for Lucan I am to mutch his frend to be at all against him. I shall rather be against the rules of Poetry, and iudge as Lawyers doe sommetimes, That an Act is valide allthough it ought not to have bin done; therefore imitable by another if he can doe it as well. I am of your opinion that many concealed trueths are discovered in these latter times and I would have bin of a divers opinion from Pancirola[1] who sayth that divers knowledges are lost, but that I heare there are divers old Musique bookes printing which may perhaps tell what that is which Pancirolla did suppose was lost. There is a Prophesy that at the time of the end, Many shall runne to and fro and knowledge shall be encreased,[2] which somme doe interprete of the finding out the West Indyes, and our Navigations to the East Indyes; and without doubt in many particulars knowledge is mutch encreased, and allthough knowledge do thus increase yet is it true that nothing is fownd out new in Philosophy since Aristotle that is considering it according to his grownds and principles and in the generall, not according to every particular, for errours have bin fownd plainly in Aristotle, so is it with Dioscorides,[3] allthough divers plants have bin knowne to us which he never knew neither could know. When a child is growne up to be a man of thirty-yeares old, there is nothing added at those yeares to the humanity whitch he had at a yeare olde, but it will be better asking councell of a man of thirty then of a mannekee of a yeare old, and one shall doe better to buy Parkinsons Herball[4] then that of Dioscorides. St. Paul who spake by the Spirit which commes from the wisedome which knowes as well what is in the most secret partes of the earth as in the third heaven, gives a great diminution to the estimation of Philosophy, saying that it does falsly bragge of knowing things by the cause, which is a most certaine way of knowing if that way be knowne, and a most uncertaine if it be not knowne. It is most fit that we should be thus ignorant of the natures of things in this world, that since it being easy to be seene that the world was made for man, he having so little perfect knowledge of it may be stirred up to seeke for somwhat else more sure and permanent, it is sayd that the knowledge of Christ shall make us wise in all things, not in governing Armyes, or in Navigation, nor in making the Philosophers Stone nor the squaring of the circle, but in all that is necessary for us: and Salomon who was wiser then ever any man was in Naturall and Morall Knowledge, in the conclusion of all that he taught saith the same with St. Paul. Although the Astronomers teatch by demonstration yet cannot I perswade my selfe to give assent to all that they say, and I am esteemed by any Astronomer very ignorant, but God sayth he made two great lights, and he made allso the Starres, now the Astronomers tell of very many starres, every one very mutch exceeding the Sunne in bignes. Moses therefore should have sayd that God made six and thirty Starres of the greater magnitude, and he made also the Sunne and the Moone: I never knew of my mind but one a man of Middleburgh, who hath now this yeare put out a booke wherein he comments upon certaine Physicall places in the Pentateuch, but allthough he was my frend I would not be so kind to him as to give three shillings and sixpence for him, I liked so ill the rest of what he writ, it was so ordinary. Copernicus is very ingenious and an excellent man, but it was not onely the Duke of Florence who protected him, but a clause in his booke that he submitted himselfe and his opinion to the holy Mother the Church which clause was as wisely put in as the other was wittily found out. There is one Fuller[5] that hath written very learnedly and well concerning the places of Scripture which prove the stability of the earth and the motion of the heavens, bringing places which cannot be subject to that answeare of Copernicus; in my opinion, that of Copernicus, for the Earth a heavy dull grosse body to move and the heaven and Starres who are light to stand still is as if a Prince should upon a festivall day appoint all the old and fat men and woemen to dance and all the yonge men and woemen of sixteen and twenty to sit still. I doubt that before this you wish that my hand would stand still being dull and heavy. I am very glad that I can find any way to entertaine my self with you, being very desirous that you should know as well as I doe my selfe that I am

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[1] Guido Panciroli (1523–99), Italian jurist and antiquary, professor of Roman law at Turin and Padua. His last work, *Rerum Memorabilium Libri duo* (1599), treats of ancient art and invention of which the secrets are lost.

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[2] Dan. 12. 4.

[3] Dioscorides Pedanius, Greek botanist of the first century A.D., was the author of a celebrated work on Materia Medica in which more than five hundred plants were described. For sixteen centuries the book continued to be universally regarded as the highest authority; it was the basis of modern botany, which derives much of its nomenclature from Dioscorides.

[4] John Parkinson (1567–1650), apothecary and chemist, was apothecary to James I, and obtained from Charles I the title of "Botanicus Regius Primarius." "Parkinsons Herball" was his *Theatrum Botanicum, The Theater of Plantes or an Universall and Compleate Herball* (1640) which described nearly 3800 plants.

Your most affectionate father,
CONWAY and KILULTA.

Petworth, July 22, 1651.

16. *Lord Conway to his daughter-in-law.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213*, f. 15.]

Daughter

You seeme to thinke that Philosophy was fitted for the Religion of the Heathen, and that it cannot agree with Christian Religion, and also you seeme to thinke that the Aegiptians had better learning then the Graecians, and that there is great hope we may be the wiser for it this yeare by the helpe of Kircherus.[1] Philosophy doth treate of things in the Heavens or the Earth, by Number and Measure, or by the consideration of theire Qualities. That the Mathematiques and Naturall Philosophy was very early in the world is very cleare. Musique cannot be but by Mathematiques. Neither can the Digging, Melting, and preparing of Mineralls be without the knowledge of the Mathematiques and Naturall Philosophy, neither can the ordering of Cattell according to theire natures be without Naturall Philosophy. This was before the flood and in great perfection for the Authors of these are sayd to be the fathers and Instructers of those that practice these, and there is a farre divers expression in the invention of these and of that art of building whitch is now becomme an excellent Art. Cain is not sayd to be the father or the Instructer of all those that build bycause places to dwell in may be made without art as children make dirt Pyes, but the other things could not. Soe that as we learne of Virgil, he might have learned of Tubal; and it may be noted that it was the race of the ungodly in whitch were the inventors of these excellent things: therefore Abraham might as well learne of the Aegiptians as teatch them. Beside this we have a cleare knowledge that Geometricall proportions were soone knowne by the description of the Arke commanded to Noah, by his planting a Vineyard and making wine it is manifest he had the knowledge of Naturall Philosophy, the building of Babel is a plaine proofe that the knowledge of Architecture was well knone either before Noah or by those precepts given to Noah for building, and the choice they made of Bricke and Butumen, shewes that they had knowledge of the nature of things which naturall Philosophy teatcheth. In like manner were Mules made by the consideration of the natures of Mares and Asses. Before the time of Abraham were the ritcher metalls in use and not onley for trade but for ornament, and not long after we know that there was the use of Spices and Balme, and Mirrhe, somme whereof is onely used in Physicke and chirurgerie, and of them they made Perfumes so that it is evident they did enquire and were well acquainted with the nature of things. Somme time after there was engraving of stones and cutting of them, which whether it was immediately taught by God himselfe or that the art was knowne to the Aegiptians is uncertaine. The beginnings and progresses of naturall Philosophy being in this manner, we neede not demand whether the Aegiptians did teach or were taught for Learning hath sommetimes florished in a Country, and at another time hath bin an exile: It is most likely that in the plantation of the world the worst men were the seekers of new seats, and peradventure the confusion of language was the destruction of arts, and it is certaine that the knowledge of Arts came from the East where the first plantation was, but by what steps it came we know not. Learning came to the Greekes from Aegipt, from Phoenicia, from the Jewes, and from the Indies. From Greece it came into Italy, from thence into France, Germany, and England. The Druides were the learnedest sort of men which France and England had but they had no more learning then a heathen West India Priese hath, which is very small. The Aegiptian Hierogliphikes contained nothing but Morality, for any thing hath bin yet discovered, neither doe we find that the Grecian Philosophers who went hither brought any other learning from thence. But what so ever the Learning of the Aegiptians and the Greekes was it might very well have consisted with Christian Religion if they would have bin sober with theire Philosophy but they madde themselves madde drunke with it. One sayd that all things were made of Water, another sayd that all things were made of Atomes, they might bothe have some reason to thinke, but if one should aske them who made the water or the Atomes if they will say that they were aeternall or that the world was so they can give noe reason to prove it. They must goe to theire beleefe. They made the Sune and the Moone Gods, they made the Starres to be Heroes, for the doing of it they had onely their beleefe no reason; the learned amongst them did beleave the Immortality of the Soule and that after this life there was reward both for the good and bad. It was not therefore a hard matter for them to have bin of the right Religion, for their Philosophy could not find any thing in the Christian Religion more absurd to be believed then what was in theire owne; they were like the wicked remnant of Jewes that sayd to Jeremiah, It was well with them in old time when they worshipped the Sunne and the Moone which was in the timme of somme of their wicked Kings, and but a little time past, theire perverse memory not serving to thinke the elder times under David and Salomon to be old.

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[5] Possibly the reference is to Nicholas Fuller (1557–1622), and his *Miscellaneorum Theologicorum libri III quibus nonmodo Scripturae Divinae sed et aliorum Classicorum Auct. Plurima Monumenta Explicantur atque Illustrantur* (Heidelberg, 1612; Oxford, 1616; London, 1617).

[1] Athanasius Kircher, German scholar and mathematician.

Out of pure pitty to you, I will not trouble you any longer, for if I were offended with you I would have gone on and written another sheete, but if I trouble you it is your owne fault, for I never did speake with any body but so soone as I fownd they were weary I sayd no more, allthough I was in pursuit of somme thing which I would obtaine, and with you of this I am in pursuit to be esteemed by you

Your most affectionate father,

C. K.

Petworth, Sept. 20, 1651.

17. *Anne Conway to her father-in-law.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 17. The letter lacks closing and signature. Possibly a draft.]

My Lord,

You have proved that Learning was very early in the world in your instances of Architecture practised by Cain and Musique by Jubal, and the melting of metalls by Tuball Cain, the two latter of which requires exact knowledge in the Mathematiques and the first Sir Henry Wotton tells me in his booke written of that subject[1] depends as much on Geomitry and Arithmetique as either musique or the securing of Mines to the use of man, but in regard as your Lordship says rude buildings may be made without the proportions of Vitruvius[2] or Sir Henry Wotton, I look upon the two latter instances onely as demonstrations of the growth of Learning. I must confesse I never thought the Ægyptians were the most learned amongst men before the flood for I do not know whether it was then inhabited though Hackwell[3] says that 1500 yeeres considering the long lives of the patriarchs was as sufficient to people the world as 5000 yeeres since. That the Learning of them before the flood was very great is no wonder because Adam who certainly was an excilent naturall philosopher as appeares by his giving names to every beast and bird according to their natures was contemporary with them for above

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[1] *The Elements of Architecture, collected by Henry Wotton, Knight, from the best Authors and Examples* (London, 1624).

[2] Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, Roman architect and engineer. His great work *De Architectura Libri Decem,* lost for many years, was rediscovered in the fifteenth century, and profoundly influenced Renaissance architecture.

[3] George Hakewill, in his *Apologie of the Power and Providence of God* (1627), denied the prevailing view of the gradual and inevitable decay of nature. His arguments caused a prolonged controversy, which merges into the perennial warfare of the "ancients" and the "moderns."

900 yeeres, and the men at that time having all but one language to frame their conceptions by, had an unspeakable advantage of all that succeeded them, whereas we are now forced to spend a great part of our age in attaining to the shell of Learning meere words; when as they had nothing but the kernell offered to them. Then the extraordinary length of their lifes gave them leave to make infinit experiments, and experience is the mother of all knowledge. They could observe the revolution of a sphære whose circuit will not be finished in 300 yeer; and if their first observation was deceitful, they might stay and correct it; as Doctor Dunne expresses it.[4]

> When if a slow pac'd starre had stol'ne away
> From the observers marking, he might stay
> Two or three hundred yeeres, to see't againe
> And then make up his observation plaine.

When all our Life will permitt us to observe very few circuits of the celestiall bodies, and then we are forced to take up I know not how long time in learning what others observations are concerning the same motions of those bodies which they could doe with so much ease.

Some doubt whether there was any written Learning before the flood but I read of Jude making mention of Enochs Apochrypha which is enough to decide that question; and Josephus sayes to confesse Enoch for a prophet, that he foreknew the world was to be destroyed, once by water and once by fire and not knowing certainly which would be first he built two pillars, the one of stone against the inundations of water, and the other one of brick against the fury of the fire and on each of these pillars he wrote all the Learning was then in Astronomy and naturall Philosophy, togeither with the Laws which were observed as praecepts of the Law of Nature. If I had a copy of these pillars I might then resolve when the World had more Learning, before or after the flood. From these pillars Noah, his sonnes, and Abraham tooke their Learning, though I know nothing to the contrary that Noah should not have very much Learning when the flood came; for he was 600 yeeres of age, time enough to gaine a vast knowledge. However from this flood came Learning to be first after the flood in the East, for the Arke resting upon Mount Arrarat in Asia, the Eastern parts of the world were first peopled, and therefore the first monarchy begun there under Nimrod; which is an other Argument Learning begun there, because a court ever abounds with famous arts; and that Aegypt was not so soone Learned is probable, because not so soone peopled, for Aegypt was a Low country and an inundation was not so soone recovered there as in other places (and therefore in Aegypt above all places you shall find in the part of the grownd shells of sea fish) but though the Babilonians were learned, yet I doe not find that their Learning was famous because the magicians kept it so secret they would not committ it to strangers. On the contrary the Aegyptians were very hospitable and that their Learning was not onely morality will easily appeare from their magicians, who were able to do by the black art strange prodigies which though by the helpe of the Devill requires insight into Learning to make them acceptable to princis, but passing by that, Geometry had its beginning first in our knowledge since the flood from Aegypt, and there's good reason for it. The river Nile by its inundations which are yeerly when the dogg starre reignes, tooke away the Landmarks so that the owners did not know their grownds, which cast them upon the measuring of land to defend themselves from that inconvenience. Then for husbandry, sowing corn and planting they were famous for it above 3000 yeeres agoe, as I have read it quoted out of Heroditus; Pythagoras I beleive learned as much of the mathematiques from them as morality, and their skill in Architecture was admirable as appeares by those wonders of the world the Pyramides. All the world hath not the art of embalming a body like the Aegyptians as we know by the mummy which physitians so much prize. So that I thinke the Grecians learned from them both naturall and morall philosophy onely they made it quare to their owne religion.

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[4] John Donne, *Anatomy of the World: First Anniversary.*

Oct. 2/9 1651

CHAPTER TWO

Anne Conway and Henry More

I.

ON February 19, 1641–42, John Finch and his younger brother were admitted as gentlemen-commoners at Balliol, and in November of the same year both were admitted at the Inner Temple. John did not continue at the Temple, and from 1644 to 1646 was non-resident at Oxford. One period of this non-residency was due to the Civil War; a manuscript horoscope describes him succinctly as "sick at Newbury-fight."[1] The other explanation of his non-residence is to be found in the registers of Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted in 1645. He returned to Balliol for his degree in 1647, but within a few weeks was back at Christ's, where by his own choice he was incorporated with Henry More as his tutor. The change from Oxford to Cambridge was a highly significant one, coming as it did ten years before Joseph Glanvill's often-quoted lament that he had wasted barren years at Oxford when he might have shared the new spirit at Cambridge. Although Oxford was the early home of the founders of the Royal Society and of the experimental method in science, it was in the 1640's, and even for two decades later, more conservative, more closely bound by tradition, less interested in the implications and reaches of the new ideas than was Cambridge. In both English and continental universities, which had remained its stronghold decades after its glory had departed, scholasticism had long since been challenged; the furious attacks of such men as Ramus and Scaliger had served less to introduce a new logic than to shake the old. A new scientific leaven was at work, though slowly; the direct influence of Bacon was hardly felt for a generation, but the spirit of which Bacon was but one manifestation was there, operating subtly and in hidden ways among youthful minds, eager for revolt. Many, fifteen years earlier, had agreed with Milton that the fare at Cambridge was "an asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles"; the frankness with which Milton in his university exercises criticized the curriculum of the day and poked fun at the Aristotelianism of the classroom is only another evidence of the reaction of intelligent youth to starvation fare. Bacon's stress upon present and future rather than past; the insistence of Dr. George Hakewill in that *Apologie* which Anne Conway had been reading when she wrote to the old Viscount, that the world was not decaying, and that nature remained constant—these had something to do with the changing attitude. But an even more potent genius was being released at Cambridge while Milton was still an undergraduate, though its magic spell held more firmly the minds of the next college generation. "To unsphere the spirit of Plato"—they are Milton's words, but the charm itself was spoken, the cabbalistic symbols deciphered rather by Milton's younger contemporary, Henry More, "the angel of Christ's," one of the most remarkable men, as he was one of the most important influences of his generation.

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[1] *Sloane MSS, 1683.*

After his sister, John Finch's first passionate affection was given to this tutor, who, for him, as for other Cambridge youths, was transforming the world. Philosophers and theologians have long agreed that More was a man of importance in his day; only recently they have been coming to see his peculiar relation to modern thought. Around his name have clustered legends and traditions, many of them due to his eighteenth-century biographer, Richard Ward. Through his letters which lie today among the "Conway Papers," we may see him for the first time as he really was; and again the figure of reality proves not less charming than the legend. We may be content to let his story emerge in his own words, in the pages that follow; yet we must pause for a moment to see the forces which had made him what he was when John Finch came to Cambridge to study under him.

The Mores of Lincolnshire are an old and honorable family, numbering among their members some of the most prominent families of Grantham, connected by marriage with names illustrious in English history—with Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Thomas More, Sir John Harington, John Dryden, and Alfred Tennyson.[2] Henry More was born at Grantham in October, 1614,[3] the son of Alexander More, many times mayor and alderman of that town. Though he was the last of a family of twelve, the boy spent a childhood as solitary as Anne Finch's; his youngest sister was ten years, his youngest brother five years older than he. His youth was spent in a world they hardly entered, the magic universe of books. He has left a charming picture, in the dedication to his *Philosophical Poems,*[4] of his boyhood—the long winter evenings when he sat before the fire, while his gray-haired father read aloud the *Faerie Queene,* stopping equally upon the "phansy" and the "divine morality." From a Calvinistic master in the Grantham Grammar School, he passed in 1628 to Eton—a choice of schools fortuitous but momentous, for Eton was at this time the unofficial dwelling place of the movement which had not yet come to be named *Latitudinarianism.*[5]

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[2] A. B. Grosart traces these relationships in his edition of the *Complete Poems of Dr. More* (1876), pp. x–xi.

[3] In the *Lincolnshire Pedigrees,* the date of his birth is given as October 26. More's first biographer, Richard Ward, in *The Life of the Learned and Pious Dr. More, Late Fellow of Christ's College in Cambridge* (London, 1712), gives the date as October 12, an error in which he has been followed by More's other biographers, except for Grosart, who, in the *Complete Poems,* gives the date of baptism as October 10. The baptismal entry in the Church of St. Wulfram, in Grantham, reads: "October 11, sonne of Mr [Alexander] More."

[4] *Philosophical Poems* (Cambridge, 1647). Grosart reprints this dedication in his modern edition of the poems, p. 4.

[5] The relationship between the Latitudinarians and the Cambridge Platonists, through More's presence at Eton, has not been commented upon, even by Principal Tulloch, who in his *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy* pays such close attention to the similarities between the two movements. More was a student at Eton during those very important years, when "the ever-memorable" John Hales, after his break with Calvinism, was becoming closely associated with the liberal theologians, many of whom visited him at Eton.

Of his experience at Eton, More has left a remarkable record in a brief autobiographical passage which he wrote many years later.[6] It was clearly a time of religious disquietude, in which his doubts became acute, and as a result of which he definitely departed from the Puritanism of his father. He tells us, in his vivid little fragment, of a visit to Eton of his uncle and of his brother Alexander, during which Henry More disputed "very stoutly and earnestly for my years . . . this Fate or Calvinistick Predestination," until his uncle threatened the rod. But no such thought of punishment could stay the "anxious Mind" of the boy, which still, like the fallen spirits of his great contemporary

> reasoned high
> Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute—
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Across the centuries, we may see him still—a symbol of that age in which even the minds of youth reflected religious doubt and schism—an Eton schoolboy, "walking as my manner was, slowly, and with my Head on one side, and kicking now and then the stones with my Feet," now repeating "with a sort of Musical and Melancholick Murmur" verses of Claudian, and again, while other boys shouted on the playing field, concluding with ingenious logic: "If I am one of those that are predestinated unto Hell, where all Things are full of nothing but Cursing and Blasphemy, yet will I behave my self there patiently and submissively towards God; and if there be any one Thing more than another that is acceptable to him, that will I set my self to do with a sincere Heart, and to the utmost of my Power; Being certainly persuaded, that if I thus demeaned my self, he would hardly keep me long in that Place."

Thus boyhood passed, though its problems remained and deepened. On December 31, 1631, Henry More was admitted at Christ's College, Cambridge, his home for more than fifty years, "a tall thin youth, of clear olive complexion, and a mild and rapt expression."[7] Of the profound changes which his generation was to cause in that—even then—venerable institution, he had no presage. More found Cambridge medieval; he left it modern. When he entered in 1631, its point of view, in spite of a steadily growing laxity in curriculum and laws, was still that of the schoolmen; its methods were scholastic. When in 1687 More lay dying within the walls of the college he had served so long, he looked back over the greatest period of transformation the university was ever to know. The Commonwealth had flourished and fallen. Cambridge had weathered that storm, and the equally grave period of the Restoration. The Aristotelianism of his own student days had given place first to Neoplatonism, then to Cartesianism, finally to a fusion which was different from either. Science was taking the place of superstition; the Royal Society numbered among its members many of the masters and fellows; Isaac Newton was enthroned. And the change had come about, more than through any other one man, because of this old scholar, philosopher, cabbalist, and mystic, who, a seventeen-year-old boy with ardent eyes, had come up to Cambridge half a century before.

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[6] The *Praefatio Generalissima* to the Latin edition of his collected works. The translation is Ward's, in his *Life*, pp. 5–17.

[7] Cf. David Masson, *The Life of John Milton* (1875), I, 183: "Among the new admissions at Christ's . . . there was one youth at whom Milton, had he foreseen what he was to be, would certainly have looked with more than common attention. . . . Cleveland and King had hitherto been perhaps the most notable students of Christ's after Milton; but neither of them was to confer such credit on the College as Henry More."

Into the history of those undergraduate days, with their alternating moods of enthusiasm and pessimism, we need not go. It was a story familiar enough in that generation when all about him men were aware of *change*. The same general skepticism which had driven John Donne to naturalism forced Henry More for a time into asceticism; yet during those years More was discovering not only the pessimistic poets, but the Platonic mystics. With that discovery came the real beginning of the new movement at Cambridge. More's earliest influence upon his generation came about in two ways: through the direct effect of his teaching of Platonism at Christ's College, and through the publication in 1642 of his *Psychodia Platonica: or a Platonicall Song of the Soul*. While John Everard, formerly of Clare College, had set out from Cambridge to shed abroad "to the lowest of men . . . tinkers, cobblers, weavers, and poor beggarly fellows that came running" the new Platonic light which had dawned upon him;[8] while Benjamin Whichcote at Emmanuel was setting "young students much on reading the ancient philosophers, chiefly Plato, Tully, and Plotin,"[9] More was doing the same thing for the students at Christ's. Whichcote disseminated the new spirit through his Sunday afternoon lectures at Trinity. More fired the imagination of a constantly growing and enthusiastic body of young readers through his Spenserian stanzas in which he propounded in allegorical form Neoplatonic conceptions of the origin, the life, and the immortality of the soul. In form there was nothing either new or strange about More's poems, much, rather, that seemed at first sight harsh, and abstruse and forbidding. Yet in them the seventeenth-century reader, like the pilgrims in More's own allegory, entered upon a new world. In the midst of long passages of scholastic dispute, we come upon sudden homely details, the concrete and simple language of a new realism. The *Philosophical Poems* of Henry More were more than a versification of Plotinus; they were one of the first attempts of modern times to express in poetic form the new world which science was opening to the mind of man.

But these Platonic poems were not More's only gift to the restless generation of which John Finch was a part. Some time before 1644 More had discovered Descartes; that discovery marked the real beginning of English Cartesianism.[10] His later development and final disillusion in regard to the French philosophy, we may trace to some extent in More's letters themselves. It suffices for the present to know that for many years More added to his Platonism a Cartesianism which in a scientific generation supplemented it, and which he interpreted with youthful fervor to minds more youthful still. Yet even this was not his greatest service to his generation; More played a leading part also in the development of one of the most significant of all human ideas. Might we of the modern world be permitted to revisit those "glimpses of the moon" men call the Middle Ages, might we even stray into the court of Elizabeth, we should, for all our interest, find ourselves as strange to those men and women as if we were messengers from Mars. But should some whimsical violation of the order of time conspire to set us down among the scientists, the philosophers, and the men of letters of the late seventeenth century, we should for all our differences be at home. What, one may ask, has made the distinction? What fundamental idea did man gain in those troubled years which, once realized, he cannot forget? What in our thinking do we recognize as distinctively modern? Men have answered that question in various ways. To one our significant difference is that we no longer look back to the past; our Golden Age lies in the future. To some the emphasis is rather upon *progress*—the process not the goal. To some the characteristic modern idea is that of perfectibility—the idea that man, or the universe, or what you will, is not only capable of perfection, but is advancing toward it. To some again the distinctive note of modern thought is to be found in its optimism—so native, somehow, to thought that a Schopenauer or a Spengler seems to the average thoughtful mind but discord which makes the harmony more complete. Back of all these terms lies the same idea. Phrase it how we will, the conception which has most truly served to liberate the modern mind, which has lifted man from the world of the Middle Ages into the universe in which we dwell, is that greatest of all seventeenth-century conceptions—the *idea of infinity*. The Greek dwelt in a city-state; the Canterbury pilgrim in a continent, or at most a hemisphere; with Columbus man became a part of a world; but from the time of Bruno, he has become not only part of a universe, but of a universe infinitely extended, has come to share at last in "those thoughts that wander through eternity." This is no place in which to grapple with problems of origins and implications; but one cannot seek to understand this seventeenth century who does not realize the significant part which the idea of infinity played in the emancipation of the human mind, in the enlarging of the intellectual and physical world in which we live. Perhaps the most important service of Henry More to human thought was his making at home on English soil the idea of infinity. If at the end of his life, shades of the prison house began again to close, it was not before he had opened for a generation of youth the doors which forever released them from finitude.

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[8] The *Epistle Dedicatory* of his friend and editor Rapha Harford, to Everard's *Some Gospel Treasures Opened* (London, 1653).

[9] Gilbert Burnet, *History of My Own Times* (1898), I, 330.

[10] I have discussed More's Cartesianism in "The Early Stage of Cartesianism in England," *Studies in Philology*, xxvi (1929), 356–374.

In 1646 More offered to his readers a brief supplement to his earlier poems, a fragment which he called *Democritus Platonissans: or an Essay upon the Infinitie of Worlds*. Here in verse which is excited and intense, he propounds the idea of infinity, and calls upon his age to be aware of its own greatness, to realize its own significance, to understand what it means to man that he need never again be content with less than infinity. He bursts into praise of the new freedom which comes to man from the conception. Lines in his minor poems of the period, too, echo his "enlarg'd delight" in the "unbounded joys" which fill the "boundlesse mind." "I brush the starres," he writes, "and make them shine more bright." He is moved, as never before, by "an all spreaden love to the vast Universe." And he cries at length, in a mood far different from the fearfulness of his contemporary, George Herbert,

> Then all the works of God with close embrace,
> I dearly hug in my enlargèd arms!

It was itself an essentially youthful position, a youthful belief, filled with healthful, happy delight in the fulness and diversity of the universe. And the effect of that emphasis upon never-ending time, that exalted delight in inexhaustible space, was to be particularly upon youthful minds. What Henry More, in the first flush of passionate delight in infinity, must have seemed to impressionable youth, we need not surmise; for we shall see.

II.

WITH George Rust and other young men later to be famous, John Finch during these years sat at More's feet and worshiped. More's semipoetical, semiphilosophical, wholly mystical nature, his Platonism, his enthusiastic Cartesianism, his poetic conception of infinity, struck fire at once in Finch, as well they might, for the two men were closely akin in their wistful charm, their tendency to rapt enthusiasm followed by painful self-dissection. More truly than Shelley, Finch was an ineffectual angel. His wings, perhaps, were not dazzling in their luminousness; yet he was sensitive enough to suffer keenly in the void he felt about him. A bit of a natural philosopher, more than a bit of a poet, he was forever torn between his propensity to solitude, and his utter inability to depend on himself. The same tendencies which later showed themselves in his interest in anatomy were exhibited in his constant self-analysis, but in the amphitheater or in the study he dissected best before an audience. He was a volcanic individual, in whom affection would lie for a time dormant, only to overflow in force and passion, overwhelming all about it. Such natures must find stronger ones to control them, or they perish through their own fire. Save for his sister, no woman ever seriously influenced John Finch's life; but of all the debts which he was later to acknowledge that he owed to More, undoubtedly the greatest in his own eyes was the inception of the surpassing friendship of his life with Thomas Baines,[11] one of the most remarkable friendships of the century. "Finch and Baines" they are today to students of Christ's College, where their friendship is commemorated in the fel-

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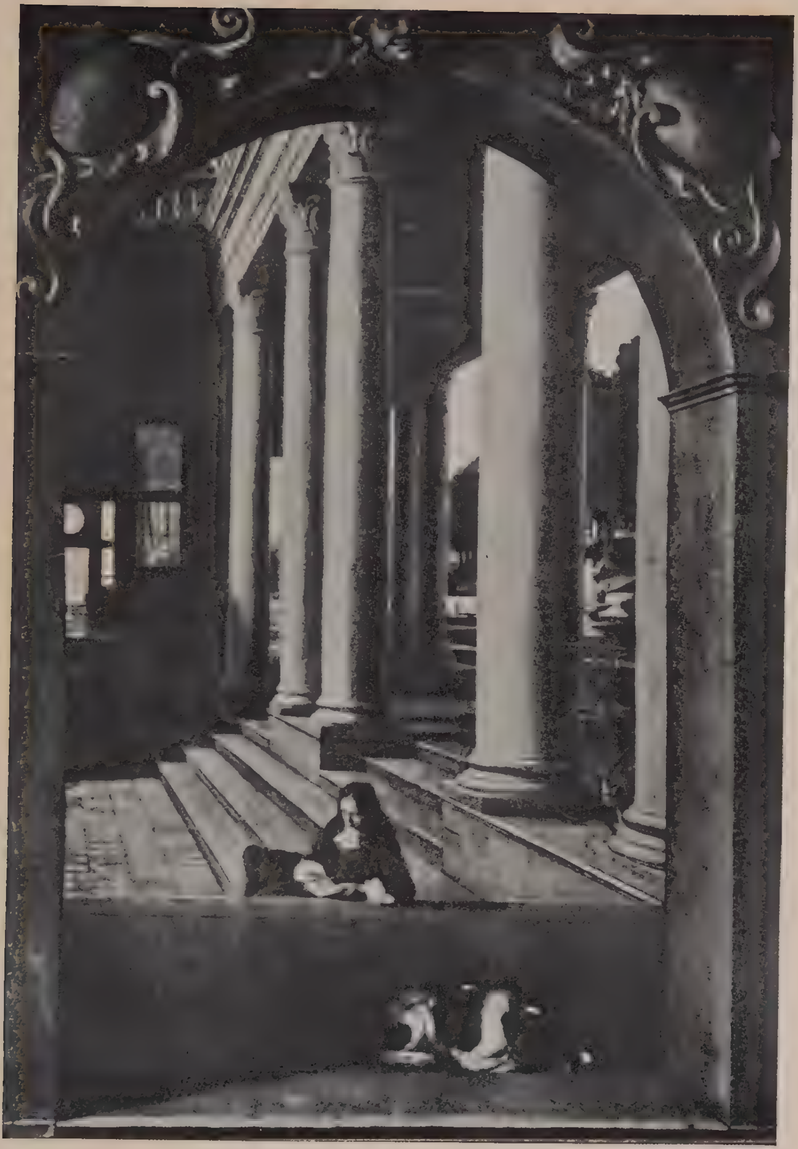
[11] Thomas Baines, son of Richard Baines, was born at Whaddon in Cambridgeshire; the date of his birth is commonly given as 1622, though in the Christ's College Registers he is noted as admitted in 1638, aged fourteen. Two of his brothers had already been at Christ's. Baines was A.B., 1642–43, A.M., 1649. He was thus senior to Finch both in age and in degrees.



JOHN FINCH AT HIS STUDIES

SAMUEL VAN HOOGSTRAATEN

From the portrait at Burley-on-the-Hill.

lowships they founded in the hope that other friendships like their own might result, and in the most elaborate monument in the college chapel, on which More's words relate to posterity the surpassing friendship of these two who were not divided in death. For thirty-six years they were close and intimate friends; during the last twenty-six they were never separated for more than two months at a time. Whether the stolid Baines was worthy the affection lavished upon him by this youth who was all fire and spirit—"fidissimus J. Finch Achates!" as a contemporary called him—is a question which the reader of their lives must decide for himself. Their two chief biographers have differed sharply on that point.[12] Certainly Baines was not the god Finch fancied him; yet for all his pedantry he was no fool. He both added to John Finch and detracted from him; but had it not been Baines, it must have been some other sturdy oak on which this mistletoe depended. The fault was not entirely in Finch's stars. But these are matters for the future. Those "five happy years in Christ College in Cambridge," to which Finch was to look back with wistful memory[13] are still to be lived, and the friendship only at its beginning.

If Finch owed to More his friendship with Baines, he fully discharged that debt by bringing into his tutor's life its greatest personal influence. In France Descartes was dedicating his work to his own best audience and inspiration, the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia; in England More labored for the approbation of Anne Conway. Henry More was never more truly a Platonist—in the finest sense of that abused term—than in his love for her, both as girl and as woman, his dedication of his life work to her service, his complete devotion to the lady who was to him "Vertue become visible to his outward Sight."[14] The absence of any conscious art in the letters he wrote to her for nearly thirty years permits us to watch this Platonic love story of the seventeenth century against a background of the simple life of every day, lets us see More as he was—no hero, no poet, sometimes testy, often garrulous, talking of medicines and symptoms of the body more than of the life of the spirit, setting down in his crabbed hand page after page of news and gossip, rumor and counsel, to offer her "some divertisement" for her long hours in the darkened chamber. His is not a tale of romantic passion to rank with Dante's or with Astrophel's; yet Henry More is at least as memorable in his devotion to Anne Conway as Swift in his love for Stella.

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[12] Archibald Malloch (*Finch and Baines: A Seventeenth Century Friendship* [Cambridge, 1917], pp. 173 ff.) declares that while Finch seemed to the world the leader, his success in the diplomatic and scientific world was largely due to Baines, "the guiding hand and the quiet worker behind the scenes." G. F. Abbott (*Under the Turk in Constantinople: A Record of Sir John Finch's Embassy, 1674–1681* [London, 1920], pp. 41 ff. and *passim*) is inclined to believe that Baines was a pompous pedant on whose pronouncements Finch hung with uncritical adoration, more than a trifle ridiculous to the orientals. Doctor Malloch in his preface points out that his attention was directed to Finch by Sir William Osler, whose own interest in him may be seen in his letters.

[13] *Dedication to Sir Thomas Baines,* a paper found among Finch's papers at Burley-on-the-Hill. Extracts are given in the *Burley Papers,* II, 128.

[14] Dedication to the *Antidote Against Atheism* (1652).

"My heroine Pupil" More called her, and his pupil she remained until nearly the end of her life. His tuition was, however, entirely informal, carried on by letters and visits, at first to Kensington, later to Ragley. How and when he met her we cannot tell. He could not have known John Finch long without hearing from him of this paragon of sisters; and a visit of Anne Finch to Cambridge may well have brought about their first acquaintance. To the eager girl, hungry for knowledge, his Platonic Cartesianism and his fascinating theory of the infinity of worlds, which she undoubtedly first met in the letters of her brother, made a tremendous appeal. She read More's *Philosophical Poems* again and again in an edition which the author had given her, finding in their tortuous and labyrinthine paths new beauties and new truths. Her intellectual alertness and her eagerness must have appealed at once to More, the teacher, as her appealing charm—so much like her brother's, as members of the family have declared—must have appealed to Henry More who loved John Finch. She was no poseur dabbling coyly in knowledge, like the ladies of Addison and Steele, who surveyed with little shrieks of affected delight the dissection of beaux' heads and coquettes' hearts. Hers was a mind that struggled toward truth. And her intellect was worthy the attention of the best teacher.[15] When Anne Conway, therefore, following her brother, turned to the study of Descartes, alone in Kensington House, and found both fascination and bewilderment, it was natural that she should summon her courage and write for aid to her brother's tutor, the chief English disciple of Cartesianism. Thus began a correspondence that lasted all her life, an interchange of letters which commenced formally, but increased in intimacy until More wrote to Anne Conway as to his other self. This gradual development is indeed one of the chief charms of the letters; but a most interesting aspect can be realized only by one who reads the manuscripts themselves, for the handwriting in both cases is full of interest. Anne Conway's earlier letters are those of inexperienced youth; the writing is unformed, often almost childish; as she grows older, the writing, like the expression, takes on a growing maturity. There are letters, too, written while she was tortured with pain; and the last letters are doubly poignant, for, though in the earlier ones the phrases are still hers, the writing is that of an amanuensis, while in the last of all there is no trace of her characteristic style. Not less significant are More's letters, when taken in chronological order.[16] In the earlier ones, the writing is fairly legible, though at best he wrote a bad hand, as his correspondents all testify. But as intimacy increases, he dashes off his letters, so that his zeal outruns his pen, until her Ladyship's companion and amanuensis, in amused exasperation, begs him to get her a pair of spectacles, or himself a writing-master, whose charges she will gladly pay. The letters grow longer and longer; one postscript succeeds another; he fills the margins with messages and remembrances. Full of anxious concern at her silences, he pours out his anxiety in closely written pages, then begs her forgiveness for his miserable hand; "your Ladiship must hold me excused," he writes, "my spiritts are so hott." His most characteristic letters are today to be deciphered only with difficulty; but Anne Conway seems always to have been able to read them.

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[15] More himself declared that he had "scarce ever met with any Person, Man or Woman, of better Natural parts than the Lady Conway" (Ward, *Life*, p. 193), and in his dedication to her of the *Antidote Against Atheism*, he speaks of her as one "whose Genius I know to be so speculative, and Wit so penetrant, that in the knowledge of all things as well Natural as Divine, you have not onely outgone all of your own Sex, but even of that other also, whose ages have not given them over-much the start of you."

[16] More was extraordinarily careless in dating his letters. More than half of them have no year, several no month or day. Sometimes the address to which he sends them serves to date them approximately; occasionally a note on the paper gives evidence; but for the most part they have been dated entirely by internal evidence.

More's earliest letters to his pupil's sister were written during the year before her marriage. With the first, addressed "To his most worthily honour'd friend, Mrs Anne Finch,"[17] he enclosed a translation of some sections of Descartes which he had made for her. Succeeding letters indicate both the seriousness of the youthful pupil, and her acceptance of his offers of assistance. More's next communications were treatises rather than letters, long and careful discussions of troublesome portions of her text, exposition of problems which her reading of Descartes had raised.[18] There is no condescension here, no attempt on the part of the teacher to pass over problems too difficult for the female mind. Serious and weighty though the arguments are, however, they are lightened by characteristically concrete details and personal touches. A childhood memory of a dream moment, vivid many years later, serves to illustrate a philosophical idea—More's sudden portrait of himself as a little boy who held in his hand a silver hatband "and blew upon it, and made it vanish into the ayre." And into his entirely impersonal discussion of the confusion of first and second notions, creeps suddenly a personal and wistful sentence, which has been carefully crossed out in a different ink—by which of them, who shall say?—"And my absence from Kensington is the cause why your Ladiship writes, for if I were there, you should not write, but speake."

But so far the correspondence had been sporadic and impersonal; something was necessary before it could be transformed into the regular and habitual interchange of letters which became an integral part of both lives. Again that something was supplied by John Finch.

III.

For a time the new intellectual life at Cambridge had been novel enough to hold the restless John Finch willing prisoner. He and his now intimate friend had already spent four pleasant years in the "second upper chamber" of the New Building at Christ's, studying, listening, talking to the inspiring More, occasionally, like their contemporaries, writing verses which they considered poetry. But the education of the seventeenth-century gentleman was not complete until he had visited the continent. Moreover, Finch's natural desires, fostered by More's interest in the new science, were turning more and more in the direction of "Physick." Of all the European countries, Italy was at this time most noted for its teaching of medicine. Finch played with the idea for months, but his final decision was an impulsive one. Though he had often suggested the change, he was a person of so many quick fancies, as suddenly dead as born, that neither his tutor nor his sister had taken the project seriously. Continental travel was not in those days a casual matter; it meant hardship, often actual danger. Continental study implied an absence of indefinite length with infrequent communication. Their minds finally made up, however, nothing could shake the determination of the two friends. Finch's journal puts the matter succinctly:[19] "Wee set out from London, October 20, 1651. Tuesday, 21, we came to Rye, with my Sister C. and brothers C. and F. F." Here brother and sister said goodbye; and Anne Conway returned with her husband to Kensington, while John Finch waited at Rye for a favorable wind.

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[17] *Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 302. This is one of the omitted tracts, referred to in the Preface, p. xi.

[18] These treatises are also among those omitted.

Back at Kensington, long days stretched out before Anne Conway, deprived thus of her great intellectual stimulus. Her husband, forced to spend much time in Warwickshire and Ireland, was little in London; and at present the course of treatments which she was undergoing prohibited her accompanying him. To More also, who had looked forward to placid Cambridge years, these favorite pupils becoming in turn fellows and daily companions, the news of their departure came as a disagreeable surprise. The disappointment of both of them echoes through the letters they exchanged at this period; and it hardly required the last admonition of John Finch that they begin a "philosophical correspondence" to cause the letters to be written more frequently. Gradually we may see, in the year that follows, the change in tone, as technical treatises give way to personal epistles. Among the more formal letters to More and the frequent debates with her father-in-law were letters also which Anne Conway wrote her husband. For this period only two of what seems to have been a regular and dutiful correspondence have survived the years.

On the surface it was a placid and eventless life which Anne Conway seemed to live: letters, study, the round of visits which her social position demanded. There was little to disturb the even tenor of her days except the prostrating fits of headache, something more frequent now than they had been before. But the placidity was only apparent; in reality during those years she was the battlefield of an heroic struggle. On the one side fought the shining hosts of all those desires which seemed to her most glorious—intellectual discovery, conquest of facts, triumphant conclusions. On the other side stalked a secret and mysterious foe, grimly encroaching on the field. Had her disease been of any other sort, her indomitable will must have conquered; but ironically, it was the one sort of pain against which intellect cannot fight indefinitely—intense and unremitting headache. Again and again, during her tortured life, physicians and relatives completely despaired of her recovery, and the bulletins sent from one to another indicated that the end must be a matter of days. Yet gradually each time she struggled back to what she came sadly to call health; each time she was a little weaker; and always the pain remained. In spite of this, she read eagerly and rapidly most of the contemporary philosophers, theologians, and scientists, taught herself arithmetic, studied Euclid with a tutor when she could not master it alone, learned Greek, and, though often too weak to lift her head, held captive in her darkened chamber such men as Henry More, Jeremy Taylor, George Rust, Isaac Penington, George Keith, and Francis Mercury van Helmont. No wonder that More called her his "Heroine Pupil." And no wonder that when in 1652 he produced his first important prose work, *An Antidote Against Atheism,* he should have dedicated the work to her, with whom so many of its problems had already been discussed, in words which were in no sense an exaggeration of his own belief.

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[19] *Burley Papers,* I, 59.

The book was published in December; and when More had sent her a copy "something handsomelyer bound up," there ensued a pretty exchange of compliment. Yet there is more than mere pleasantry in the letters which follow. A chance remark of Anne Conway's gave More the idea for his next book. Then as so often in the future, it was she who suggested his subjects. But intellectual interests were not the chief matter of their letters at his period. Anne Conway's health was a matter of constant concern with More. Harvey had failed to bring relief, and More was anxious that she make trial of other physicians. His one personal observation of her intense suffering seems to have left an ineffaceable impression on his mind. He says himself that he never thereafter neglected any opportunity of inquiring for a possible cure. His letters from this time on are filled with suggestions of remedies, old and new, to many of which Anne Conway heroically submitted. Problems of diet and exercise recur in their letters; they interchange symptoms with a frankness and freedom from false restraint almost startling to our presumably sophisticated age.

IV.

When he could think of no other way to aid her, More made one suggestion which he felt sure would please her. "I wrote Mr John Finch in the letter I sent," he said, "to make as much hast out of Italy as he could, that he might be assistant to your Ladiship and by his companie helpe to mitigate the ferocity of your disease." Perhaps that letter shared the fate of so many sent between England and the continent in those unsettled times; or perhaps the life in Italy was all-engrossing. John Finch's lines had fallen in very pleasant places. Much had happened since he had bidden farewell to his sister, and set out to sea in a small French boat. In the first flush of enthusiasm, he, like many travelers, had written long and detailed accounts of his journey. There was more justification for the travel letter then than now, for the continent remained to most Englishmen a mysterious place which they preferred to see through the eyes of others. Partly because of the novelty of his life, which demanded utterance, partly because of his real sense of loss in the separation from his best auditor and companion, Finch at first more than fulfilled his promise to write fully to his sister. Always voluble when he wrote at all, he poured out his impressions in page after page of closely-written script, spending, he says himself, eight hours in the writing of one letter. His travels followed at first the direction of the conventional "Grand Tour"; and though his letters are sometimes little more than guidebook descriptions of the topography and buildings, yet not infrequently in the midst of conventional expositions, one comes upon unusual glimpses of people, or striking detail in regard to places and customs. We may go with him to Rouen and hear the stories told by guides—garrulous then as now; we follow him to Paris, and see the city of the seventeenth century, with its narrow streets abounding in filth, with the Seine overflowing its banks so that twenty houses at a time were carried away. Most interesting of all are the glimpses which he gives us of the *Hôtel Dieu,* then the largest hospital in the world. To modern readers, the details come with a shock of amazement; six and eight patients lay together in one bed; the nurses were charitable volunteers, not infrequently ladies of quality who thus devoted themselves to forgetting some personal unhappiness; and Finch's graphic description of the odor and general conditions of sanitation makes us aware of the real sacrifice entailed by such devotion in the seventeenth century. From Paris Finch took his leisurely way to Geneva, a trip interrupted by a sharp attack of illness, the chief result of which was to confirm his opinion of the inefficacy of the French doctors, and the immense superiority of the inestimable Baines, who not only flatly contradicted the physicians, but changed the treatment, and single-handed saved the life of his friend.

But not all John Finch's close-written pages were devoted to himself. Love for his "Dearest Dear" overflows the earlier ones. There are long and anxious discussions of her health, passages of semiprofessional advice in regard to diet and exercise. To modern medical ears, his diagnosis of her case will seem humorously naïve, and even the layman smiles at his fears that her condition has been caused by her taking cooling drinks and eating fruit, and at his peremptory conclusion: "By no meanes drink any water!" Like her other relatives, he was suspicious that she studied too much and was overserious. "Be therefore a little merry," he begs her, "and if you cannot be so, force a mirth." "Dearest," he concludes, "would I could take your headache from you, or could buy it of you; I would purchase it at high rate, though it be not worth the desiring."

There is no question of the deep affection which lay back of all his advice. "I am sure," he wrote to her, "the love I bear you is so great, that I should hate my selfe if you did not love me." Her letters, with their constant news of increasing ill-health, brought upon him moods of black depression. "I have been almost buried with sorrow," he writes more than once. And he breaks into language the sincerity of which the reader cannot doubt: "So much of my life depends on yours, that if you should dye . . . the lease of my life would quickly determine . . . I doe not question, Dearest, but that your love to me is great, I and far greater than I can deserve, yet I dare call God to witnesse, no sister under heaven is so much lov'd by a Brother." In letters written from Padua, we find him going into details in regard to the most famous of seventeenth-century physicians, Francis Mercury van Helmont, who is later to become so familiar a character in this story that we may postpone any consideration of those letters until the wandering gipsy himself enters the pages.

But while John Finch traveled through Europe, and studied in Pisa and Padua, an event occurred which marked the end of one period of Anne Conway's life, and the beginning of another, to which the average lady of her day would have looked forward with anticipation. Since neither her physical strength nor her intellectual interest was that of most women of her station, it was only with foreboding that Anne Conway surveyed the prospect of her life as the Viscountess Conway and Killultagh.

18. *Henry More to Anne Finch.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 4. "To the worthily honoured Mrs Anne Finch these."]

Madam!

My not wayting upon your Ladiship againe before I left London, according to my intention at least if not promisse, your brother John has promissed to excuse to you. Whose ayd I must also implore to apologize to you for what ever your more elegant judgement may happen to finde amisse in that Booke[1] I have sent you, together with this third part of Des Cartes. Now I think on't it is his office, I having cast the patronage upon him, and engaged him whether he will or noe to defend it. This Translation of Des Cartes is not writt so neatly as I could wish, but I hope legibly, and the Figures are as good for use as those in the printed book. I question not but your Ladiship remembers the old caution I gave you, to engage your thoughts no further then will make also for the advantage of the health of your body. I think I shall not see London of a great whyle now, but lett not my silence keep you back from writing to me, when ever you think I may do you any service this way, for allthough I have a kinde of a rustick aversation (for I will not give any thing in me so good a name as bashfulnesse) from adventuring to salute you by letters first, yett I am sure I am not so uncivill, as that I should ever dare to fayle the answering of you, when you shall be pleased to write your will and pleasure to

Your Ladiships most humble servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. Febr. 21, [1650]

19. *Henry More to Anne Finch.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 2. "To his worthily honourd frend Mrs Ann Finch these."]

Madam!

I had answered your last before now, had not my ambition wayted still for so honourable a bearer as Mr J. Finch, your brother. I am much obliged for so kinde acceptance of so mean a favour as that translation of Des Cartes. But the thing it self is worth the diligent perusall of so good a witt as your own. Onely lett me be bold to commend to you this rule, Though I would have you to habituate yourself, compos'dly and steddily to think of any thing that you think worth the thinking of, and to drive it on to as clear and distinct approbation as you can, yett do not think of anything anxiously and solicitously, to the vexing or troubling of your spiritts at all. What you would force at one time may happily offer it self at another. And besydes, I would not have this Philosophick purpose of yours any wise prejudice but forward and confirme your health, and be an innocent playfellow to you, and encreaser of your joy. You may enjoy the sweet and prevent the vexatiousness [of your] designe upon Philosophy, if you chance to [meet with difficulties? by] sending to him, whose greatest pleasure [ever will][1] be to approve himself

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[1] More's *Second Lash of Alazonomastix* (1651), one of several pamphlets in his controversy with Thomas Vaughan. Cf. p. 72 n. The book was dedicated to John Finch.

Vertuous Madam!

Your Ladiships faythfull and ready friend to serve you,

H. More.

C.C.C. Aug. 24, [1650].

20. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 6. "To the honourable Mrs Ann Conway these."]

Madam!

The unexpected surprisall of Mr Finch his resolution which he imparted to me, of his travailing so suddenly (which I did as verily believe before he came hither, that he had quite layd asyde as I did the laste time he parted hence, that he would peremptorily persist in and presently putt in execution) has so dash'd all the mirth I promissed my self here in his desired society, and so made sad my spiritts, that I have scarce heart or strength enough left me to write down my greif. Madam! had it not been for this, your Ladiship would assuredly before now have heard me complaining of the loss of those desirable lines which I understood by Mr Finch, had by ill hap or the negligence of the bearers once or twice miscarry'd. They may happily fall into handes more worthy of them then mine, but they can arrive no-where, where they can be more welcome, or more worthily admired. Whether it be out of the necessary contexture of things, or by divine counsell I know not, but sure I am that in this mood I am now in, I cannot but deeme that that sweet temper of your soul that discovers it self in innocent love and friendship is made in us mortalles of too passive a nature, and too obnoxious to disturbance and tragedies. But I will not indulge too much to passion, lest I should occasion greife in that brest that I suspect too prone to it already, and that would be but the redoubling of my own sorrow. For mine own part I can excogitate no remedie nor revenge on this cross constitution of thinges, but by a solemn abjuration for the future from receiving any pleasure from any visible person whatsoever, and to make my solitude as tolerable to me as I can by a more earnest endeavour after the acquisition of such thinges as promis the fairest towards happiness without the contribution of another. For I profess, Madam, I have observ'd it too often that whatsoever is corporeall and personall proves a troublesome intanglement or an unexpected dodge and mockery to the affectionate minde of a man some time or other. So that I think it safest, if it were feasable, to love many vertues without thinking of their persons. But I will not permitt my pen to ramble too far, it having sketch'd already very near impossibilityes, which lodge next dore to nonsense. But I could not complaine to an eare more sensible then your Ladiships, Mr Finchs absence being as contrary to your Ladiships desires as to myne. May this our common misery be mitigated by a remedy which will salve us both, viz. our intercourses and conferences concerning Des Cartes philosophy. If I can there be any way serviceable to your Ladiship, I shall very willingly and affectionately do it, or in whatsoever els lyes in the power of

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[1] The paper here has been torn by the seal.

Honour'd Madam,

Your Ladiships humble and faythfull servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. Sept. 6, 1651.

21. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216* f. 8. "To the honourable Mrs Ann Conway at Kensington these."]

Madam!

What Mr Finchs letters and your own seem so earnestly to desire of me, is very easy to be obtain'd, it being the desire of a third party of us as well as you two, I mean of my selfe, to whom no such compensation for the absence of so dear a friend can be made, as the continuance of this intercourse of letters betwixt us. For that candour, freeness and perspicacity of witt which I have observed in your brother is so eminent in your self, that whyle I converse with you, the better part of him is still present here in England, and will salute me at every arrivall of your letters to my handes. And therefore you may easily speed when, seeming to beg a favour, you really confer one of the greatest value upon me. But verily Madam, if your request had gone against the haire with me as much as it is with it, yett you might have freely commanded me, and that fully upon your own score. For whether I look upon the worth of your own person, or these great obligements upon me from your many undeserved civilityes and favours, or the nature of the thing it self (God having touched your heart, as I conceive, with a generous thirst and desire after such knowledge as is of most concernment, I mean the right knowledge of Relligion) I hold myself bound as well in point of religion as civility, to afford you what service lyes in my power, for so pious and vertuous designe, which I shall doe with more sureness you having promiss'd me that (which I have hitherto and shall ever observe in yours) the keeping all such letters secret to yourself that you shall receive from me. What you speak concerning friendship in reference to your brother, and in the behalf of a more passionate kinde of affection as an inseparable concomitant of it, as it is a signe of an abundant benignity of nature, so it is not without a due share of truth and judgement. But then reason is either to [restrain?] or at lest to moderate and to bound these motions, and bridle them and pull them on or raine them up as a skilfull rider can a well managed steed. And I do not hold greif itself, that seems lest blamable and ever most suting with the objects of this world, this sad theatre of either tragick wickedness or fruitless vanity, to be any further warrantable to a wise man then the eternall love of God or sense of virtue shall excite it, or the minde of man be able to preserve herself from any unreasoning passiveness or sympathy with the body by it. And in this sense may we most safely understand that of Plato: That every pleasure and greife transfixes the soule and as it were nayles it to the body, which is not true unless it be ment of either giving a mans self up to them, or being carry'd away with them. But both those are sure signes (and causes) of a soul as yett really miserable. I am glad you have a copy of that letter that miscarryed. So soon as you please to send it, or impart your minde in any thing els, I am ready to serve you. Which willingness does not proceed from any confidence of my abilityes in any grand points of Religion, as if my judgement were consyderable: but as a friend I shall discuss with you what you shall be pleased to propound, but yourself must chuse according to the present Light of your own minde. For those that seek for truth in singleness and freeness of spiritt, are as well to judge for themselves, as to see with their own eyes, and not by anothers. But they that be not deluded by a fals light, there is nothing can prevent, but a serious endeavour to be as if they were not, for any personall glory and complacency they take in knowledge. For the thirst after knowledge is ever dangerous till the divine life has its birth in a man, and so the soul becoming divine, God in man as I may so speake examines his works over againe, and tryes if they sute with the will of that divine Nature which is revived in a man. And then all the inquisitions after knowledge are as safe as sweet. For man then dos not so much seek himself as God, nor is tickled foolishly with pride and conceit of his knowledge, but is carry'd forth in divine joy and triumph, praysing God in all his workes. And assuredly, Madam! the great confidence I have, that you are in that life, and breath after it more earnestly every day, is that which makes me so willing and promisses me so much happiness in my converse with you.

Dr Gells[1] house is in Bow-lane, over against Aldemary Church. Thither here after I shall direct my letters, unless I send you word to the contrary. I shall keep also one constant carryer, viz. H. Glinton, who setts out from Cambridge on Mundays and from London on Wednesdayes, so that if you please to use the same carryer, you may send over the week after the receit of my letters, and then I shall know of what carryer to expect them. When your Ladiship heares of Mr Finch his safe passage over sea, I hope you will be pleased to send me word. That he may have a safe and prosperous voyage and happy return to yourself and the rest of his friends, is the earnest prayer of

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[1] Robert Gell, Fellow of Christ's 1623–38. In 1640–41 he had been instituted at St. Mary Aldemary, which charge he held for twenty-three years. He was possibly chaplain to Laud, certainly to Sheldon.

Honour'd Madam,

Your Ladiships humble affectionate friend and faythfull servant,

H. MORE.

C.C.C. Novembr. 2, 1651.

Your Ladiships man will pay to Dr Gells man what he pays the porter for the letters, as I tell Dr Gell.

22. *John Finch to his sister, Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 1.]

Paris, Novemb 10/20[1] 1651.

Dearest Soul:

I AM in health and where I am the date of the letter will tell thee: how I came thither you shall know by what follows: After you left Rye (a place onely worth my remembrance because you have been in it) I did with much patience expect when the windes would invite me to the Sea: but from Octob. the 20/30th till Novemb. 2/12 the Heavens seem'd to be as small a friend to my designes as your selfe: but then the Wind seem'd to be at last perswaded to give leave to our departure and embracing the opportunity at 10 of the clock in the morning being Sunday wee embarked ourselves in a French Vessel not above 14 Tun. The Captain of the Vessel was as skilful and honest as men of that profession can be: We thought being to goe into the French coast it was better to make use of a French man then an English man in regard the two nations are at variance: and I feared not the Ostenders because our Vessel though small yet sayled swift; so soon as wee had putt to sea, I began to have the sickness fresh water souldiers must expect but the hopes of seeing Diepe made me undergoe my disease with courage; but on a suddain the wind changed and wee were blown back to Rye; which made me fearfull to putt to sea again being able to guess how tedious the whole voyage would prove when as the sayling of four Leagues made me so sick: but on Tuesday November 4/14 at ten of the clock at night the Captain called us again to Sea: the night was somewhat stormy, but the skie being clear the Master told us there was no danger of any greater Tempest, so without any further disputing wee once again putt to Sea and by Gods blessing came safe to Diepe by 10 of the clock the next morning Nov. 5/15. I hoped I should be soundly sick but if I was not more sick then I could hope for nor beleive me nor credit me, but though I had vomited much I found I had not vented all my choler; for I found myself somewhat angry at my usage so soon as I came to the shore at Diepe for though I could have stepped upon land yet those hungry fellows made us pay a

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[1] Until 1752 the Julian calendar was in use in the British Isles and most other Protestant countries, while the Catholic nations had generally accepted the Gregorian; there was a difference of ten or eleven days.

Quart d'Ecu[2] to gett upon the French Ground. After I had rested my self about two houres I went to the Castle in Diepe where the Governour was sick and could not therefore be seen. But he sent a Gentleman to us to know whether wee could tell him any newes from Jersey for he had received Intelligence it was taken.[3] Wee sent him word that it was newes to us and that wee had been so long at Rye wee could not tell any particulars concerning that matter. The castle is situated upon a Hill and on the West side lookes towards the Harbour which it commands fully and there are about 16 fayre Brasse Guns ready mounted. Theres a place within the Castle able to contain 10,000 men by reason of which it keeps the Country somewhat in awe. The Duke de Longebile[4] Gouvernour of Normandy is now there. The Castle is his dwelling house. My Lord of Downes[5] is in Diepe. The towne is well fortified towards the Sea but I doe not find it so able to hold out on the East Side. The Captains name that carried me over was Mausier, which I cannot omitt because he told me a most remarkable story. That in the year 1636 being aboard a Vessell bound of the islands of St Christopher and Bermudas his Vessell and 60 more were cast away by a storme; sixteen houres he swam and so sav'd his life; but he mett a Chest floating upon the Waves of the Sea and upon it there lay two ship boys fast asleepe. The Chest had been 16 houres upon the water and was not above 2 yards long and a yard broad and yet never turned over in that storme which sunk so many ships. The boys were taken up and being wak'd wondered how they came to Land. They were born at Diepe and are now both seamen alive. The Captain is a man of more then ordinary candour, and he swore to me on the faith of a Christian that he see it with his own eyes, and that otherwise he should never have beleived it.

Thursday Novemb 6/16 I set forward to Rouen and came late at night, so that I parted with some company there in regard I was resolv'd to see the Tour on Friday and they resolv'd to goe forward. Friday I spent in viewing Rouen where the Church called Nostre Dame is large and fairly built. It was built by the English which (if there was no other argument) would appear by the contriving so many of the bricks or stones of the Tower into such a fashion that they make the word God which could not have been unlesse done at the first founding of it. The Riches of this Church are of a vast value. I saw about 7 Suits of rich Vestments for the Priests given by Cardinal D'Amboyse all fitted with Pearles, Diamondes, Rubies and Saphires. There was in one of them a Diamond in the Centre of a Circle of Pearle, the Diamond was valued at 200,000 li but as the Keeper told me it was stolne by Queen Katherine Medicis when the Archbishop of Rouen married her, she then cutt that Diamond off from the Archbishops back and putt a Topaz in the Roome of it. How it could be done in the face of the Congregation I know not. There is a Mitre made all of Pearls and Jewels worth at least 40,000 Sterling. In the Church there lyes Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury and divers other of our English nobility. One of the Steeples of the Church is call'd the Butter Tower because it was built with the mony Cardinall D'Amboyse gott for Indulgences to eat butter in the Lent. The City is long but the streets are narrow. The whole is commanded by the Veu Palais a place situated on the South Side of the City moated with a moate 24 foote in breadth and 20 foot in Depth, from the water to the walls. On the South Side it commands the River [Seine], which runs from Paris hither. Here are planted above 6 peeces of Canon, one which is about 25 foot in length said to be the biggest in France. There are 3 Towers in each of which there are peeces planted. A Marquesse is Governour of it who was not there, but his Deputy is never out of the Garrison.

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[2] Both the gold and the silver écu were current at this time; the silver coin was commonly regarded as equivalent to the English crown, though both were variable in value.

[3] At the time of the execution of Charles I, the royalists held a number of strongholds on the outlying islands. With the failure of the last hope of relief through Prince Rupert, the islands were easily subdued by the Commonwealth; Jersey surrendered in December, 1651.

[4] The Duc de Longueville.

[5] Thomas Pope, Earl of Downe, distinguished as an active royalist during the war. His estate had been sequestered in 1651, after which he traveled in France and Italy.

Saturday Novemb 8/18 I went with the messenger towards Paris and on Sunday Nov. 9 came safe thither. I could have writt you from Rouen, but I would have yours come compleat; which could not have been such till I had arriv'd to my journeys end. I have found a Messenger here fortunately who will be able to carry Dispatches monthly later and I hope I shall heare of your health by the next Poste. It is the onely thing I am sollicitous about. And now I am a stranger in the world, I can reape little delight but what must come to me from your letters which you direct thus:

A Monsieur (Monsr) Jean Finch
Gentillhomme Anglais, demeurant à
la maison de Mademoiselle Beaumarché, en la Rue
Morfondue,[6] près la Porte de Sainct
Marceau. A Paris.

Present my humble service to Mr More, and excuse my not writing to him which you may justly doe since I have scarce time to end this, but I am resolv'd to lay aside all things in order to you. The Almighty have you alwayes in his Protection. Forgett not (Dearest) him in your Prayers that is

Your most sincerely affectionate Brother,

John Finch.

My humblest duty to my Brother Conway; forgett not my high respects to my Lady and Uncle; and remember me to your library keeper Mrs Sarah.[7]

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[6] A *Rue des Morfondus* existed in the seventeenth century; it is today the Rue Neuve St. Etienne.

[7] Archibald Malloch in *Finch and Baines*, p. 9, suggests that "Mrs Sarah" was Sarah Worthington, niece of John Worthington. It is more probable, however, that she was the "Sarah Bennett" who is mentioned in the *State Papers* as having accompanied Anne Conway to France. See below, p. 116 n. Whether she was some connection of Anne Conway's half-brother, Simon Bennett, can only be surmised.

23. *John Finch to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 3.]

Dearest Deare,

I RECEIVED yours dated Nov. 24 whether intended stilo novo I know not nor care not. The joy your lines brought to my overclouded soul was more then I can expresse or any but your selfe conceive. Theres somewhat more raysed and divine in me towards you then affection: and therefore its effects must exceed that thing wee call joy, that being a passion that any common thing may be entitl'd unto. Twere a grosse sin in me onely to love you: That thing which is least commendable in you challenges more then ordinary affection from a stranger: What then does that sweet benignity of nature in you, that quicknesse and yet humility of understanding challenge: what does that spotlesse innocence that dwells in your breast command from any one: but what from him who hath the happinesse to be belov'd of such a person. Beleive me Dearest, I cannot tell a fitt offring to such a Saint. Being divided therefore between love and admiration I shall not refrain from writing something though it be both unproportion'd to the subject and my thoughts: as I see a Denier[1] here presented as an offering, though both the dignity of the person and the depth of the Devotion exceed the gift. And yet I must tell you (what I am griev'd to write) I ought not to endeavour a requitall of your affection. For tis an act of pure charity to bestow Love there where there was nothing of merit, and therefore as the Beggar is not bound to requite an Almes, you are not to expect a returne of what you have bestow'd. And it is well you doe not: the having no expectation of it will make it the neerer a pure Almes. If you thinke I intend to complement, since you have bestow'd an Almes, I will protest my selfe to be an absolute Beggar: and that my language is not rich enough to amount to a complement when applied to you: for the Idea of Worth by which I frame my admiration of you does as farr outgoe my expressions: as your Love exceeds my meritts. As therefore when wee would expresse angels the representation of winged boys in our understanding shows that our phansies outstrip our language because though wee can by words expresse winged boys but cannot that perfection wee phansy in them when they represent Angels: soe when I would expresse my apprehension concerning worth (as immateriall as a spirit) the suggestion of your selfe by my phansy to conceive that abstract notion by, plainly shows that the Idea I have of you is above my words, since I am forced to make your Idea represent that to my intellect of which no words could fixe a conception in me! and that there be no reason left for a complement you your selfe I am confident will confesse all that I have said is true, for when wee frame our Ideas of any thing wee must take them from sense; and therefore we must render the highest immateriall, by the lest materiall, as wee conceive Gods mercy by thinking on a King pardoning a Trayter, his justice by executing one, his Majesty by thinking on the most Majestique things wee have seen or heard of.

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[1] An old French coin of trifling value—at one time equal to one-twelfth of a sou.

So I vow and professe, having never in my life seen or heard of any person in whose breast there dwelt so much of reall worth and goodnesse; it would be a crime against the law of my Understanding not to represent the notions of worth and goodness by calling to minde your own person, which none shall ever so unfeignedly love as my selfe.

But in thinking how to serve you, I had almost forgott that service you enjoyn'd me which was to give you an account of my Travels. Since my last, I have walked the streets of Paris, which are neither so wide nor so clean as those of London, though it be farr more populous, and I thinke a little larger. . . .[2] I cannot beleive that Paris can be a wholesome place to dwell in: Because the streets are so narrow that they abound much with filth in winter. Which dried in the Summer yields a most intollerable stincking vapour. Then the most part of the City stands very low so that its subject much to inundations from the River [Seine], which though it be not a quarter so broad as the Thames yet overflows the City very much by reason they have made such an innumerable company of Bridges that every shour of Rayn rayses the water above the banks, so that Cardinall Richelieu intended to have made a Course for the River to have fallen below the City: but his death preventing that they find the inconvenience of their Bridges for at this hour the water is come up into their market place called Place Maubert, and its violence hath so shaken one of their Bridges that above twenty houses are shattered to pieces and the Inhabitants some of them drown'd and carried away by the River, and the rest of the houses stand forsaken for fear of the like sad Misfortune. 30,000 will not repayr the Damage on that Bridge. . . .[3]

The Hotel Dieu, Gods House, next to the Church Nostre Dame is I beleive the best hospital in the world either in respect of the numbers of the sick persons which is above 2000 or there Accomodation, which is as good as any sick person requires, save that the multitude of the diseased makes them forced to lay 6 or 8 in one bed which hinders certainly the recovery of many and infects others fully that had but a little beginning of a disease in them.[4] Tis to me a strange thing to see how many persons of Quality come thither, their charitable dispositions making them dispence with that offensive smell which cannot but be very great where so many persons diseased infect the Ayr. There are besides them that dayly come some religious women who abandoning all the world give themselves wholy to attend the diseased in the most servile offices you can imagine. Theres scarce ever a night in the year but some dye out of this place. I went into the Kitchen belonging to this Hospitall, and I see at least twelve or 14 spits of meat, of fowl and other provision roasting which lasts from morning to night, so soon as any spitt is roasted a new one supplying its place. But besides for broth I think was meat enough in 3 cauldrons to supply an Army which yielded a perpetuall quantity of broth. I cannot with all the Enquiry find that the Revenues of this Hospitall is equall to that of Suttons at Charterhouse[5] but I believe theres 40,000 sterling spent here every year more then there; which is raysed out of the charity of the People which is very great in this kind, for though this Hospitall is so large yett they maintain out of meer charity as many little ones as will amount to as much more. . . .[6]

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[2] There follows a detailed description of the principal churches of Paris. Cf. the Preface, p. xi, on such omissions.

[3] There follows a long description of the Luxembourg and of the Carthusian monastery.

[4] More than a century later, Jacobus René Tenon, in his report, *Mémoires sur les Hospitaux de Paris* (Paris . . . 1788), pictured the same conditions. The Hôtel-Dieu, he declared, was a hotbed of disease. There were 486 single beds, but 1,200 beds were used by four to six persons each; in the halls 800 persons lay on pallets or heaps of rotten straw. Patients suffering from acute contagious diseases lay in the same bed with mild non-infectious cases. Vermin and filth abounded and the stench was so bad that the attendants could enter only by holding before their faces sponges dipped in vinegar. Finch in his *Journal*, written during this trip (*Burley Papers*, I, 65) notes: "The Charité is the best accommodated that can be, as well as any gentleman in his own house. I believe there's about 200, every man in a bed singly."

As I went by the Colledge Moyen built by Cardinal Moyen[7] I saw the house which Calvin liv'd in, it joyns close to the Colledge, but it is pull'd down to the ground and none suffer'd to build upon the place any more: which is a punishment inflicted upon none but the worst of malefactors as upon Rabilliac,[8] a scholar of the Jesuits who stab'd Henry the 4th. So that Calvins house is now made a Dunghill. I was on Saturday with Sir Kenelm Digby where I had some philosophicall discourse:[9] and he had heard of your marriage, but wondered with me at your story of Dr Harvey. I must confesse I have scarce faith enough to believe he would cutt himself but rather believe he voyded that stone you speake of then cutt it out; for I doe not see it was possible for him in two days to be able to goe abroad otherwise.[10] I have wrote to Mr More which I pray send him with what you think most remarkable I have sent you, now or before, for I was 8 hours in writing this and I suppose I cannot find time to give a particular account at that rate to any but yourself. I think it be much better to defer your Arithmetique to the spring then to sett upon it alone for that which you gett comes hard nor will your definitions be so good as an experienced master. Tis a proverb among the Italians, *He that teaches himselfe hath a foole for his master,* for unlesse he was a foole in what he taught himself, he need not to learn. Dearest, I know not how to give you better advice then for you to free you from trouble which this will doe, at least in my apprehension who am confident with a guide you will learn as much with halfe your paines in a moneth as you will otherwise in two. If I am mistaken pardon my errour because it proceeds from the affection of him who is

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[5] In 1611 the Charterhouse was bought for £13,000 by Thomas Sutton; here he founded the "hospital of King James in Charterhouse," including a hospital for eighty poor brethren and a school for forty poor boys.

[6] The omitted passage is a description of the statues of Henry IV and Louis XIII and of the Bastille.

[7] Jean Lemoine (d. 1313), cardinal and legate in France of Boniface VIII, founded in 1303 at Paris, in the Rue Saint-Victor, a college bearing his name.

[8] François Ravaillac. His application for admission to the Society of Jesus had been unsuccessful.

[9] In his *Journal* (*Burley Papers,* I, 61) Finch adds some details to those already known of Digby at this time: "I was acquainted with Sir K. D. who lodged in the Colledg of Bon Coeur. After the death of his lady V. S. whom the King caused to be open upon suspition of some poyson, he lived in Paris like an Anchorite, in a long gray coat accompanied with a great English masty and his beard down to his middle, till the Princesse of Germany came to visit him and told him 'twas not fitt for a man of so great parts to bury himselfe alive, after which time he began to leave of that old fashion and visited the Princesse of G. so often and gave her so many presents that the Prince sayd either he was a cuckold or Sir K. D. a foole. And after there was a report that he was married to Sir B. Gerbier's daughter, but it was not so."

[10] This extraordinary story of Harvey's self-operation seems to be told nowhere else.

Your most entirely and sincerely devoted brother to serve you,

John Finch.

Paris, Dec. 1/11 1651.

Remember me to Mrs Sarah.

24. *Anne Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 1.]

Sir:

Had I not beene hendered from writing the last weeke by my being in Phisicke, I should have told you then my brother had writt to me from Paris; but the newes of his health I know, will not be unwelcome to you now. They staid in expectation of a wind till the second of November at Rye; and then had not sailed above 4 leagues before it changed, by which meanes they were blowne back againe to Rye, but within 2 dayes after they had a wind more propitious to their designes, which brought them safe in 12 houres to Deipe: where they staid onely one day and alotted no longer time of continuance in Rouen; but hasted immediately to Paris; my brother tooke the first oppertunity of sending to me, and complained of the little time he had to write, which he desired I would make his excuse for not writing to you, when I presented his humble service to you; the next oppertunity you will be shure to heare from him. They have found out a messenger by which they can send once every month, and I thinke oftener they will not write.

I humble thanke you for your last letter, for the paines you take in affording me a perticuler Answere, to every one of my obiections. I professe seriously it is an infinite pleasure I take in reading of your letters; filled with a great deale of reason they are alwayes; but pray Sir what you terme courtship in my former letter, lett me intreat you to account of as a reall truth, for such in earnest are all the expressions, that I can make of any esteeme of your favours. The commendations you give the enclosed copy I sent you I must attribute to your great civility and yet I shall rest confident that you will both pardon the weaknesses of that paper, and alsoe beare with any other I shall send you of the like kind: which beleife your owne expressions hath both caused and confermed in me; but because my tediousnesse upon one subiect may weary you, I shall lay aside our old controversie. . . .[1] I have not time at the present to add any thing more to this. Pray pardon the hast this is ended in,

Your most faithfull Friend and servant,

Kensington, Dec. 3, 1651. ANNE CONWAY.

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25. *John Finch to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 5.]

Dearest Dear:

THE last I wrote to you[1] was from Lions April 2/12 but I know not well whether I wrote any thing satisfactory in regard I was very ill at the writing of that letter, though my disease could not make me be short to you to whom I had not written and from whom I had not heard so long; but that sicknesse increas'd with violence upon me so that on Sunday Aprill 4/14 being on horseback for Geneva, my old Asthma made me breathlesse and so I rode all that day and till Munday at noon without eating; and on Tuesday 16 I came to the much talked of Geneva, but so ill that I was resolv'd to think of some course of Physick. After one dayes rest I found my self Asthmatick and Feavourish, with a bitter pain of the Colick. Then I did verily beleive seeing my distemper thus high I might possibly finish my travaills here, though no thing was so bitter to me in that apprehension as to thinke on the sadnesse my misadventure would bring to you and the losse of your dear company. The French Doctours who never prescribe any thing, be the disease what it will but letting of bloud and a Phisian were contradicted by Mr Baines (who obiected that my Asthma being a cold distemper and my body no whit pletherick[2] to take away blood was to hinder the maturing of that distillation the concoction of which was my cure. That my feavourish distemper came from the want of free inspiration and the cholick which by riding and fasting was heightned, and thereupon he himself prescribed me a clyste[3] one night and a purge the Day following which after I had stopt made me in health to a miracle. I professe I never found so visible an effect in my life of a Medicine: and I am at this present in as good health if not better then ever I enjoyed. Just at the end of my recovery, Aprill 13/23 Mr Austin[4] came to me [with] the joyfull news of a letter from you being a perfect compleating of my health. Hee owes certainly his safe arrivall to your good wishes, for beleive me those both before and behind him have been spoyl'd and within two dayes after he came a garrison he passed was taken, and sentries sent around the country even to the walls of Geneve. Dearest I thank you for the pretty ingenious contrivance of the knife you sent to me, it being exceeding usefull to me, that have occasion for Schismes. I hope ere long (if I can receave one answer from you that may assure me of the safe arrivall of my letters) you your selfe shall receive some benefitt of it. Dearest, I am yett further bound to thee, and it is for thy kind token to Mr Baines, for what is placed upon him is a kindnesse so much done to my selfe that I think I doe not onely owe thankes but a requitall too. I professe I never saw such a knife before but I also professe the world never saw more affectionate Brother, nor a more zealous servant.

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[1] The long passage which follows is part of the series of Cartesian treatises which have been omitted. See Preface, p. xi.

[1] A digest of this very long letter is given in the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1651–52*, pp. 205–209.

[2] Plethoric.

[3] *Clyste*—clyster: an injection or enema.

[4] Since Finch later implies that More knew "Mr. Austin" and had warned him of his eccentricities, it would seem that he was a Cambridge man. Three persons of the name were at Cambridge contemporaneously with Finch: William Austin, Fellow-Commoner at Christ's, B.A., 1648–49, who was later enrolled at Gray's Inn, and was a minor poet of some note; William Austin of Peterhouse, who matriculated in 1645–46, migrated to Oxford where he was B.A., 1649, returned to Cambridge where he was M.B. in 1653; he practiced physic and was licentiate of the College of Physicians. The third was Robert Austen who matriculated at King's in 1647, the son of Robert Austen, Fellow of King's; he was B.A., 1650–51, Fellow, 1650–54, and died insane. Hartlib wrote to Boyle, February 28, 1653–54 (Worthington, *Diary and Correspondence*, II, 29 n): "Mr Austin I hear is gone to the Duke of Holstein."

I am exceeding sorry to heare that your Rheume is not quite vanquish'd yet. I am very fearfull you take cold and if my conjecture be true assuredly the warmth of the summer will cure you: and I am apt to thinke you drinke too much small beere which the summer will also manifest unless you either increase your quantity of drink or cool your stomach by fruits. Take heed of overcooling your selfe for your temper being naturally hott to take perpetuall cool thinges is to cure not your disease but to disturb your temper which to preserve in its first constitution is to restore you to your health but in regard you have been accustomed to an ill diet and custome is a second nature doe not alter your old course on a suddain but gently by degrees wean your selfe from too many cool things, for if you make a violent change I am afraid of some Feavour or disease. Let the meat you eat be little and of easy digestion and rather of good nourishment then *quelque chose,* such as Mutton, in the first place, Veal, Lamb, and all sorts of White Fowl. Other things I shall leave to your discretion, for I would not tye you to live by a Rule, but if you eat of any thing lesse convenient eat the lesse of it. Pray keep good houres of going to bed; in truth to make it twelve of the clock before you are in bed is such a thing that you will never be well whilst you breath and doe so. Have a care of a thing I have found inconvenience from. That is when you are very hott or sweat in your bed you doe not putt out your armes or throw off your cloaths or otherwise coole your selfe. I professe I cannot think but that Diet without Physick will end your griefe. If you will be carefull in following but these easy precepts besides my advice you shall have my constant prayer for your health and happiness, for I doe with as much earnestnesse (God is my witnesse) beg blessings for you as for myselfe, and assure your selfe it is impossible for me to be happy till you are free from complaints, for my sake therefore have a little patience to undergoe these directions and I am confident these added to the former will make you perfectly healthfull. Rise in the summer about 6 of the clock and walk abroad till seven, that houre of sweet being better in May and June then all the day after unlesse you rise halfe an houre sooner. By no meanes drink any water for it is such a deadly enemy to the spleen and hypochondries that it will spoyl you who are already troubled with those obstructions, and to tell you my

Judgment of your distemper, twas your drinking of Tunbridge waters last year layd up store for your distemper and your bad diet of fruit encreased it. Use but what I beg at your hands with Earnestnesse, and you cannot be but well by Gods blessing. As for wine you may drinke a little as your appetite stands to it but I believe if you drunke halfe beer, halfe wine when you intend to drink wine you would doe much better unlesse you love not the Tast. And I had rather you would drinke beere out of an indifferent glasse than a [Tankard?] for then you would know how much you drink and you had better drink much at severall draughts then at one. Your beer should not be so new as you ordinarily drinke it because it will not well passe when it is so, and if you drinke wine add it to the beere when its too new to sharpen it: but on the other side your beere must not be so stale as to be in the least degree soure. This with your usuall exercise is all the Physick I shall venture to wish you. And I know its better to worke your cure without Physick then with it if it can be done.

I shall stay at Geneve this five Moneths but am griev'd I cannot certainly direct you how to send to me. If you will send any person to enquire from the Exchange for Monsieur Pierre Dulivier, Merchand Francais, he will I suppose upon your request send your letter to Monsieur Dulivier a Merchant at Lions, and I have taken order with him to send all my letters to Geneve that are directed to him: you must know how to direct your letters from Monsieur Dulivier at London to Dulivier at Lions and you must pay for the carriage of your letters from London to Paris: as I do from Geneve to Paris. I know no other way. If you can find another wee will make use of it, that wee may have two strings to our Bow. I have many things concerning Geneve worth your notice to acquaint you with, but the things I am to write are long and I know not whether this will come to your hands. When I have received an answer I shall then write something of concernment. Till then I shall crave your pardon and rest,

Yours most entirely and everlastingly,

JOHN FINCH.

Geneve, Aprill 27/May 7 1652.

My humble service to my Lady, and kind remembrances for Mrs Sarah. Direct your letter to me

A Monsieur John Finch au Logis de Monsieur Perrott a la Rue de Chanoines.
A Geneve.

If you enquire for Mr Nathan Wright at the Exchange, he can send to me at Geneve, so long as I am here write me news.

26. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 7.]

Dearest Dear,

THIS gentleman Mr Windham[1] having promised me to deliver whatsoever I should send to you with his own hands, I am much troubled I have not finished Copernicus his Systeme of the World[2] having so happy an opportunity to have sent it. I hope so soone as I have accomplish'd that worke, I shall meet with a messenger though not so deserving as himself. I have receiv'd many Civilities from him: and I know him to be a good natur'd Gentleman, and that there's hopes he will make a gallant man, unlesse the bewitching charms of England keepe him from advantaging himself by forain Travell. He hath profess'd to me he will return within 3 or 4 Moneths, which for his own sake I could wish; for I should be glad a gentleman of so great a fortune should be answerable in the endowments of his mind. But I doubt he will scarce be able to quitt England after he is so happy as once more to see it.

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[1] Possibly a brother of the Elizabeth Windham whose secret marriage to Lord Maidstone, son of Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchilsea, is referred to in the *Burley Papers*, I, 461–464.

Dearest I thanke you for your last large letter, the infinite joy I have to read a line of yours obliges you in equity to write often, which cannot be often enough though you loose never an opportunity. I have receiv'd but one from you since March which is a long fast from so delightfull food, but I find so much of goodnesse in that I did receive of June 27 that like men after a famine I was ready to surfett comming to so plentifull a diet. So much of affection shews in that letter that it is impossible but that you have a great stock of it for me or you could not spend so much at one time upon one letter. I am sure the love I beare you is so great, that I should hate my selfe if you did not love me. I am so much concerned in every circumstance of any thing belongs to you that nothing can be either your happinesse or misfortune but it must be mine also, and therefore you need not desire me to be earnest in my prayers for you since I beg for my selfe those blessings I aske for you. I professe I find so much of sweetnesse and Religion in your writings, so much unaffected expressions of Innocence that I cannot doubt but that God Almighty will make you happy. When I represent to my selfe those happy hours I have passed in discourse with you, I then thinke there cannot be so much vertue in any other being nor so strong desires after it, and I am sure those things are seldom unattended with reall happinesse. I grieve much Dearest you are not yet out of Doctor Harveys hands, for though he [be] as able a person as any I know yet I had rather you had no reason for him to exercise his skill which I wonder hath beene so long with so little successe.

Dearest, for my advice it is so little in Physick that I dare not give it, though were it never so great I should tremble to pronounce it in order to your surcease of the best, which if ill would be the highest affliction (God knows I speake truth) could I thinke befall me. I shall pray God to blesse what meanes you use for your health, and desire you to shake of melancholy as much as possibly you can: for though in men it be hurtfull to themselves and diseasefull to others yet in your sexe all those inconveniences are improved and what in a man is unliked in a Lady is intollerable. I speake now more like a Politick Monsieur then a Physitian, but in order so that Melancholy will [not] hinder the good effect of whatsoever you use, for it streigtens all the passages which must be dilated before any medicine can take away those obstructions you have reason to believe the cause of your distemper. Be therefore a little merry, and if you cannot be so force a mirth, for I have known some men that from counterfeiting good actions have at last come to a habitt of being really good; so from forcing a mirth upon you you will come to have a reall mirth, which is a relaxation and a great improvement to your health. You will cry now Dearest, Physitian, cure yourself! but I thinke that which is too much in you may be allowed in a man for though it be no pleasant thing nor commendable to see a Lady merry with an unseasonable lightnesse, and absolutely impossible for one either of your witt or judgment to lose; yett to see a Woman strangely grave before shees fifty and hath yeares fitt for a Ma[dam] is as great a solacisme, as to see an old Madam of fourscore habited like a Virgin of fifteen. Dearest would I could take your headache from you, or could buy it of you: I would purchase it at high rate though it be not worth the desiring. The opening of an Artery is a thing praescribed by all Physitians. I thinke no man is able to administer the operation so well as Dr Harvey, though I had rather he might not stand in need to putt it in practise.[3] I am at so great a distance from you that I cannot say anything concerning your health for it requires a strict observance of the disease to speake knowingly of the cure, and I hope you will excuse me therefore that I say nothing for tis not Affection but knowledge must cure a disease, for if that could have done any thing you had long since been out of the Physitians hands. . . .[4]

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[2] It is possible that Finch here refers to Copernicus himself, but more probable that he had been reading some such work as that of Daniel Lipstorp, published during the year in which he was writing, *Copernicus redivivus, seu de vero mundi systemate liber* in *D. Lipstorpii Specimena philosophiae Cartesianiae.* He had written to his sister a few months before (*S.P. Dom.*, 1651–52, p. 209): "I sent you three of Des Carte's Principles by Mr. Ayres, and hope you have sent two to Cambridge and bound up the third for yourself. I would send Copernicus's system of the world but it may not be worth the price of the paper."

Dearest, I begin to find my paper draw to an end and therefore I must make a conclusion. I have one request to make to you. I know I need never [second?] any desire of mine to you with many intreaties. Mr Windhams Governour Mr [South?] is a gentleman that doth much desire to travel with some young Gentleman, if that Mr Windham does not returne he must find some other to goe with. If you know any person of quality that hath a desire to travell, pray re[commend] Mr South to him; he is a civill Gentleman, and Temp[erate] and a good scholar and a carefull man. Onely propound him and let him alone to give satisfaction to any Person shall require it. I promised him to doe what lay in my power for him and to speake to you in his behalfe because I know it is impossible for you to deceive any expectation of mine. If therefore you know of any person of honour will travell, pray let him have Notice of it for my sake who am

Dearest
Your most entirely affectionate Brother,
JOHN FINCH.

Geneve, August 1/10 1652.

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[3] Harvey had advised his patient to go into France in order to have the French physicians make use of the trepan.

[4] The omitted passage is a long and detailed topographical description of Geneva.

In your recommendations if you have opportunity engage not much, but onely referr him to give satisfaction after you have proposed him for I hate to have the ill consequence of any thing. Ask my Brother Heneage how to write to me to Venice, which if you doe he will tell you that I may suddainly heare of you. The Hollanders here in Geneve report the Admirales Blake and Aschough to be slain[5] but I beleive not a tittle till I hear from you. Pray return an answer to Mr Cliffords[6] letter and excuse my not writing with my service to them both and Mr More.

27. *Anne Conway to her husband.*

[*S.P. Dom., Interreg. XXV*, No. 59. "To Mr Edward Conway at Ragley."]

My deare,

You must impute it to the negligence of the carriour that you had not a letter from me laste weeke with the newes bookes, for I writt and sent them to the gravell pitts (a little before I received yours by Darby) but he did not call there, and so I had them returned hither againe. I have sent you the bookes of this weeke now, but forbeare the sending you of my last letter because I will not trouble you with the old newes bookes enclosed in it. I have very little time to writte now, and I imagine you can easily excuse my being short, in regard you entend to be here so suddenly. Your shirts are bought and are makeing. I thinke you have done well to free your selfe from a businesse of that trouble of perplexity which the reconciliation of those partyes you mention must needs prove to any that shall undertake to effect it. Pray present my humble duty to my Lady your mother, and my service to my Lady Vere[1] and my sister, I am

eternally yours

Anne Conway.

Nov. 13, 1652, Kensington.

28. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 52. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway these.
Leave these at Dr Gells in Bowlane."]

Madame,

I thank you for your own and the enclos'd. The thanks from your self and your brother, is a compensation beyond any service or desert of mine either to him or your Ladiship. I have of late been in very uncertaine health, but have been, God be thanked, better these two dayes, then of two moneths before. I commend your Ladiships diligence in perusing of the Scriptures, for though to the Hypocrite and disobedient that read them for to peep into knowledge, or to furnish themselves with learned and relligious partes, they are a snare to their understanding, and fill them with a very misshapen conceit and imagination, that neither true Divinity nor Nature will allow of, yet to the humble and sincere-hearted they are a sure guide of life, and a faythfull informer in the best things and such as most nearly concerne the interest of our soules.

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[5] Sir George Ayscue had been second in command to Blake since April, 1651. The rumor of their deaths was the result of a series of brief sea battles between English and Dutch, the most serious of which had occurred in July. On July 3, attacked by a much superior force, Ayscue managed, because of advantage of position, to drive back the Dutch, capturing seven, and sinking many more. The Dutch returned with more than a hundred men-of-war, against which Ayscue would have been powerless, had not a fortunate change of wind driven the Dutch back. (Cf. *Cal. S.P.* for July 11, 1652.)

[6] Finch's half-sister, Francis, had married Clifford Clifton (afterward Sir Clifford), son of Sir Gervase Clifton.

[1] Probably Anne, wife of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford.

As for the particular place your Ladiship has propounded to me, you will finde little difficulty of discovering the right sense of it, if you do but consyder, that the whole context is a perpetuall Metaphor, or Similitude. And that you are to understand *fire,* in such a sense as you are to understand *hay* and *stubble* there mentioned.[1] Which questionless is not to be understood properly but metaphorically. But if you demand of me what is meant by *Hay* and *Stubble* and such combustable stuff I conceive it is, any unwarrantable opinions and concernings that men would in a self-humouring way of Relligion and in them of greater holiness, or for an escape from the more indispensable points of [Religion?] add to the plaine and sincere fundamentals of Christianity, but the holding still a profession of the maine fundamentals, that their case is not so desperate but that they may be saved but so as by fire, that renderes us διὰ πυρός, and may signify as well *in fire* as *by fire,* the meaning will then be, that they may be saved but with a good deal of hazard and danger, but if we read it *by fire,* Fire as elsewhere often in Scripture, will signify the Spiritt. Which whyle it burns in our hearts with a sincere affection after the simplicity of the life of Christ, and unsophisticate truth of the Gospell, will purge away and burne up in us, all assumptitious follys, whether in opinion or precept. Whether they be of our inventing or others. But it does most naturally and properly respect those that are Teachers and Doctours in the Church, as you may plainly discover if you read from the beginning of the chapter, to that place you have propounded, which does yett further weaken the strength of their argument, that would from hence prove Purgatorie, as Calvin also well observes upon that place. I need not enlarge myself any further, to one that could not but prevent me in what I had already sayd upon that first intimation I gave, that *fire* here is as assuredly a Metaphor as *Stubble.* Committing you to Gods gracious keeping, and desiring to hear of your health in your next, I abruptly take leave and rest,

Your Ladiships humble and affectionate friend and servant,

H. MORE.

C.C.C. November. 28, [1652?]

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[1] Probably the reference is to Isa. 5. 24.

29. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 60. "To the honourable the Lady Ann Conway these."]

Madame

It is no small discontent to me that I have not been in a capacity of answering the desire of so civill and kinde letter. It is to no purpose to trouble your ears with a complaint of the crossness of my occasions and of the people I have had to deal with which has forced me to seeme uncivill to others as well as to yourself. I am to go towards Cambridge tomorrow, but I could not but write to your Ladiship before I went, though I could not wayt upon you at Kensington. I have sent you 2 copyes of my book,[1] one for Mr Conway, the other for Mr Clifton. These I had sent before now had not the printer so egregiously play'd the knave, but as I told you, I differ your own till I come to Cambridge that I may send it more handsomely bound when I shall send Mrs Clifton one also. It being my hap to finde you so ill of the headache as I did when I was last at Kensington, it left so strong impression in my minde, that I could not omitt any opportunity of enquiring after a Remedy. Wherefore young Dr Ridsley[2] being with me I asked him concerning the disease, if he had any speciall medicine and he told me he had. I take him to be a very modest and faythfull man, and to have very good skill, and was very carefull to enquire concerning that physick, whether it was not very gentle and safe, and he told me it was, and that he knew it used sundry times with extraordinary good successe. Thus much I thought fitt to impart to you, if you shall think fitt to make use of the Party and his Medicine. This is all for the present, that I have to communicate; wherefore commiting you to Gods gracious keeping, I take leave and rest,

Your Ladiships humble servant,

H. More.

St Clements Wall Lane, Jan. 6, [1652–53].

30. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 62. "To the honourable the Lady Ann Conway these."]

Madame,

When I left London, I gave order to Esler to carry to Mr Fr. Finch your brother two copies of my book, and a letter directed to yourself. The copys were for Mr

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[1] *An Antidote Against Atheism, or an Appeal to the Natural Faculties of the Minde of Man, whether there be not a God* (London, 1652).

[2] The Ridgleys, father and son, were two of the most popular London physicians of the day. The father, Thomas Ridgley (spelled also Rugeley) was matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, from Staffordshire about 1594; he was B.A., 1596/97; M.A., 1600; M.D., 1608; Fellow, 1622. He died June 21, 1656. The son Luke was admitted pensioner at St. Catharine's, May 14, 1631, migrated to Christ's, March 28, 1633, where he was B.A., 1634–35, M.A., 1638, M.D., 1646. He died in September, 1697. The son was a lifelong friend of both More and Worthington, who wrote to More June 25, 1668 (*Diary and Correspondence,* II, 294): "I suppose you saw that good man, Dr. Rugeley at London, and I should be

Conway and Mr Clifton. I have sent two now something handsomelyer bound up for you and Mrs Clifton: if you please to do me the favour as to present my service to her together with the book.

Madame, I must againe crave pardon for my boldnesse for making you so much as to seeme at all accessory to so weak performances as I have ventured to expose to public view. If you pardon me that and the rest of my rusticityes, you shall thereby further oblige,

Your humble servant and assured faythfull friend to his power,

H. MORE.

C.C.C. Jan. 17, [1652–53]

Within this day or two, I shall have leasure enough, I hope, to consyder of those questions you long since sent to me.

31. *Anne Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 2.]

Sir:

I RECEIVED the letter you writt to me before you went out of London with two of your bookes, one of which I delivered to my brother Clifton, according to your directions, and the other I gave to my husband who presents his humble service to you, he beginns his journy to Ireland from this place upon Fryday next. Last night I received two more of your bookes excellently well bound; my sister presents her service to you and her thankes for your booke, but the many and weighty obligations I receive from you continually renders me altogether unable of making any returne, by thankes, that is not very much beneath the meritt of those favours, you both have already and doe entend still to continue to oblige me with, but if so inconsiderable a friendship as mine Sir could at any time prove usefull to you, I can assure you I should be glad of any occassion to pleasure you in anything, for indeed there cannot be any thing in my power that you ought not fully to challenge, nor which you should not command from my affection. Sir, I have read over your booke which you did me the honour to make me patronesse of. I am infinitely pleased with the subiect you make choice to writte of, and with your well managing of it; the obstinate Atheist cannot but confesse, I thinke, if he carefully peruse your booke, that there are sufficient reasons to inforce him to a contrary beleive unlesse wilfully shutting his eyes against all light; resolving not to attend to reason, he runns blindly and perversly to his owne destruction, but I am sorry after this I am forced to taxe you with one fault which I cannot forbear to doe; and that is, that in this booke where you deliver nothing but serious truths, you have not made your dedicatory epistle shutable to the rest of the book, for really I could not read what you have published of me wth out blushing,

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glad to hear of his welfare." Again, speaking of the *Life of Jacob Boehme,* Worthington wrote in 1668–69 (II, 303): "Perhaps Dr. Rugeley hath it, if that with some other books was not burnt in the great conflagration."

which proceeded from my being conscious to my selfe of not deserving that commendatione you would seeme to give me there, and in this Sir I cannot but thinke you have done your selfe some injury (in regard I cannot make good what you mention of me), but I shall extreamly esteme and prize your booke (though you terme them weak performances) and think my selfe much honoured by being entitled to it. I am glad Sir you thinke now you shall have leisure to send me your answere to those quaeres I long since propounded to you, for I desire raither to have your opinion of them then any mans that I know; and I professe (excepting your communicating of your mind to me) these papers you send me shall be as much concealed from any one else, as they are now, before they come to my hands.

Sir I have been extreamly troubled with a violent fitt of the headache these 3 or 4 dayes, which now (I thanke God) indifferently well over. I thanke you for your [motion of] [. . .] disease of Dr Ridsley [when you are in London?][1] . . . try all of his fathers when I am out of Dr Harveys hands, for I have heard him much commended, and they say he knowes very many secrets in physicke unknowne to other physisians, if I should try him, he will make use I know of the assistance of his sonne whom now I shall have a good opinion of because you commend him; my frequent headaches continuing for all that Harvey hath hitherto done to me will discourage me from trying many more conclusions with him; and when I have left him a great [inclination?] to me of making choice of old Dr Ridsley will be the freindship you have for his sonn. Pray pardon the ill writting of this sheet for I am in great hast, fearing it should not come time enough to the carriour for I perceive by the state of yours it hath lagen a weeke in towne (though I sent to Dr Gells to enquire the last weeke), but received it this weeke. Sir I am

Your assured Freind and humble Servant,

A. C.

January 26: 1652/3, Kensington.

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32. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 66. "To the honourable the Lady Ann Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane over against Aldemary Church."]

Madam

I THANK you for your kinde acceptance of so meane a signification of that love and service I owe you. But as soon as you began to chide in your letter, really I have so many faults that I did not know which of them you would pitch upon to rebuke me for. I could not imagine it should be for my Epistle Dedicatory. I professe it was the furthest out of my minde. But your blushing modesty is a further confirmation to me that you deserved all the commendations I have bestowed upon you, and is either a vertue itself or a very gracefull varnish and tincture of the rest. You'll have more reason to chide me in that I could not be so good as my promisse, who intended forthwith to sett upon those questions you propounded to me long since. But I have shott my minde so far into some few other considerations, that I shall not be able, I fear, to fetch it back againe within less then a fortnight space. But about that time I hope I shall be free and fully at leasure, and shall make a quicker dispatch of it then you are aware of. I wish Mr Conway a prosperous journey and safe return from Ireland, and desire my humble service to Mrs Clifton. Dr Ridsley, I dare say both father and sonn, would be very willing to do you any service when you shall think good to employ them, but that I leave to your own discretion and leasure. I am very sorry that you have had so long and violent a fitt of the headache. What I was witness of before, made me so pragmaticall and enquisitive after a remedy where occasion offer'd it self to enquire. Madam, with my hearty desire for your health and happiness, I abruptly take leave and rest,

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[1] The paper here is torn and otherwise defaced.

Your Ladiships most affectionate friend and servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. Jan. 31, [1652–53]

33. *Anne Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS Bb. 6.7,* f. 3.]

Sir.

I see you are willing to have a good opinion of me, that can repute the plaine profession of my demeritt (which is a serious truth) to proceed from a principle of vertue: I confesse I cannot wonder when I consider the great humility that accompanies your knowledge, that you should, when you reflect upon your selfe, beleive that others might pertake of the same vertue, but when I consider my selfe, I know it ought not to be attributed to me, because I can say nothing in the dispraise of my selfe which would not be justified by other judgments if it were possible any could know me so well as my selfe: but Sir I wonder you should imagine it possible for me to taxe you with any fault except what I mentioned to you; for really I thinke not any body can do it, yet I suppose there is one will endeavour it; for I heare Eugenius Philalethes[1] is writting some observations upon your last discourse, an Antidote against Atheisme. Sir I shall not thinke that time long you have taken, for your owne private considerations: though it should be more than a fortnight before you begin to answere those questions I have propounded to you, for I doubt not but you will make your resolves to them so satisfactory when you send them, that I shall be glad you did me the favour to keep them by you till you had leisure to extend them; for I know you could never have wanted that time, which would have sufficed for a sleight Answere. Dr Ridsley is said to be one will trouble himselfe with very few patients. I have no acquaintance with him (nor his sonne) but I shall the willinger make tryall of him, for your interest in them; when once I have ended my tryalles of Dr Harvey which I thinke will be very shortly. He is very ill himselfe of the gowt almost continually, and that must needs indispose him to the minding of such things as relates not to his owne perticuler (yet he pretends very much to study and lay my case to heart). I shall trouble you with nothing more at this time but my desire that you would always esteeme me

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[1] In 1650 a group of mystico-magical writings, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica, Anima Magica Abscondita, Magica Adamica,* and *Coelum Terrae* appeared under the pseudonym, "Eugenius Philalethes." The first two happened to fall into More's hands; in their author he recognized a student of his own favorites, the mystical Plato, Plotinus, Iamblichus, Ficino, and Pico. Even more than the *mystical,* they indicated the disciple of the *magical* Neoplatonists, of Paracelsus and Hermes Trismegistus, with others less reputable. In them More discerned the grave danger of much contemporary "Platonism"—its tendency to "enthusiasm" and to "melancholy." He replied, informally and with a good deal of humor, in his *Observations upon Anthroposophia Theomagica . . .* (1650), under the name "Alazonomastix Philalethes." His adversary attacked him savagely in *The Man Mouse Taken in a Trap* (1650). It became known that the tracts were the work,

Sir

Your most entirely affectionate Freind, and Servant,

A. C.

Kensington, Feb. 9, 1652/3.

34. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 18.]

Venice 10/20 Feb. 1652/3.

Dearest Dear,

I HAVE received two most affectionate leters from you without returning an answer, but I can say without vanity I had not time to write, and therefore I deferr'd it till my Arrivall at Venice in regard the Opera's like our English masques, but that the King never had such good musick, brought me hither at this time when all the world is mad, for the people are all in vizards and women in mens apparell and men in womens, and both with drawn swords in their hands, and driving bulls through the streets of Venice, which the streets being narrow are occasion of much mischief often. Yesterday cal'd *Giovedi gras,* fatt Thursday, I saw in the presence of the Duke of Venice the head of an Oxe strok of at one blow, and many strange feats of Activity, and by and by, which makes me write in hast I am going to see a strange thing called *La force d'Hercules* where there some 7 men stand upon one the others shoulders and on the top of all a boy which climbs up without helpe of a Ladder. I wonder how the lower man is able to endure the weight and how the rest can stand steady enough to bear one the other. I thanke you dearest for your affection in desiring my picture. I doe not thinke I shall find any able hand to draw it unlesse in Florence or Rome. If I can at Venice I will

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not as More had supposed, of an Oxford undergraduate, but of the twin brother of Henry Vaughan the poet—Thomas Vaughan, formerly Fellow of Jesus College, a zealous Rosicrucian, and the inheritor of the mantle of Robert Fludd. More replied in *The Second Lash,* still without malice; but Vaughan's reply *The Moor scour'd again* (1651), was so scurrilous that, as will be seen, More refused to prolong the controversy.

send it you, and the price will be your own picture in exchange which I shall covet more earnestly in regard I have none of you but what is in my heart. I can assure you your garter and hair are reliques I enshrine as carefully as I can. You may thinke dearest I have fayled your expectation in that I have not sent you any discourse of consequence. Seriously I have severall on the Anvill, and I cannot finish any yet fitt for you to read, for I shall study for your satisfaction as much as my own; remember in all imaginable service and affection to Mr Conway, and my respects to my Lady, etc.

Eternally yours,
John Finch.

Pray present my service to Mr More and let me know what he insists on in his booke and his dedication to you.

35. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS. 23,216,* f. 20. "To the honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these."]

Madame

I must with thankfulness acknowledge the receit of no lesse then four letters since I returned you answer to any. I shall now briefly say something to every one of them, beginning with the last first. I am heartily sorry to hear you are so ill of the headache, but I am glad you are fallen into so good Physicions hands. I shall write to young Dr Ridsley to use all the care and skill possible for your ease and recovery and punctually to consult with his father in every thing that may at all require it, and I shall intimate also concerning the heat of your Medicine, which you conceave will not so well agree with your temper of body. As for my self, I am, God be thanked, in a tolerable condition of health, but I have buryed one of my brothers a matter of a month since,[1] and a Messenger came for me back againe to Cambridge, a few days after I returned hither, to bring me the sad perplexing newes of my other brothers dying, as they conceived, but God be thanked I found him on the recovering hand when I came into the Country. I have taken therefore two journeys to Grantham[2] since you wrote the first of those 4 letters to me, and thats the reason you have not heard of me all this time.

Now to your Ladiships long and learned letter,[3] I will say onely thus much to it, that it is penn'd with very good judgement, but I take it not to be fitt to trouble your Ladiship, now in your course of Physick, with any answer to the particular passages thereof. Onely I tell you, if you[4] intimated, which I suspected before, that you looked for an Allegory of Adam and Eve, it has injected such a peremptory purpose in me of interpreting the 3 first Chapters of Genesis with a continuall paraphrase verse by verse according to a triple sense, Literall, Philosophicall, and Morall, that I can not for my life sett my self about any thing but this till it be done, which will take me up some consyderable time to accomplish.[5] Your Ladiships civility to Dr Gell, which I thanked you for, and you aske me the meaning of it in your first letter but one, is this, that you so courteously by your servant invited him to Kensington.

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[1] Gabriel More, the fifth son of Alexander More, was buried February 27, 1652/3, at the age of forty-four. The "other brother" was evidently William More, who was next to Henry in age; he was buried November 5, 1657.

[2] Grantham in Lincolnshire, More's birthplace.

[3] This letter is not extant.

[4] He actually writes *your*.

What you tell me in your first concerning Eugenius his designe, saving that I do not suspect him of much judgement, I should scarce believe to be true. But he may do what he please. I shall take no notice of it, no more then I did of his last. If he gett anything by his rayling or any body els much good may it do them. I have no more to say to him then I have sayd already. I should not have thought him worth the saying any thing to had I not had the designe, though I directed my sport to him, to admonish others of their fanaticalness and folly.

I am heartily glad to hear your brother John is so well in health at Padua. And that your Ladiship may partake of the like happiness, I should desire you to be chearfull, and take the fresh ayr as oft as you can when the weather is convenient, and not to heat your spiritts to much with over much or too anxious thinking upon any thing, to be patient in any paine and affliction, and with humility and thankfulness to God to enjoy yourself when you are more at ease, to eat such kinde of meat as begetts the finest and coolest blood, and to abstain from all gross food, which many times is the most savoury, but breeds melancholy blood. These things I take upon me to counsell you out of a greater measure of affection then skill, which if you please to take in good part, you shall abundantly oblige.

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and humble servant

C.C.C. March 28, [1653] H. MORE.

Madame, I think it as materiall as anything to inquire of Dr Ridsley concerning your diet and exercise, as anything els, for those thinges though not of a suddain yett in time will wonderfully change the temper of the body. I have a great desire his Physick may take good effect with you, because you was so civill to me as to receive him the rather upon my commendation. I pray God bless his endeavours for a perfect recovery of your health.

36. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 10. "To the honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bowlane."]

Madame,

I HAVE wrote to Dr Ridsley and received a letter from him since, wherein he professeth that which I was well assured of before, that he will use all the skill and care that may be, to ease you of your Malady. But I perceive he suspects that, which I have been bold to charge upon your Ladiship heretofore, that you encrease your disease by over much meditation. And for my own part I know it by experience, that intension of thoughts, and anxious consyderations of thinges, will extremely heat a mans spiritts, and call them up into the head. From whence it must needs follow, that those that are lyable to the head-ache (as I thank God I never yett was) must needs encrease that maladie, by over much intending their braine. I remember when I intimated this unto you, your Ladiship made answer, that when you was ill, you did not trouble your self with the study of any thing, and when you was well, it was no prejudice to you. Which was an handsome answer indeed, but not so safe nor solid. For unless you favour your self when you are well, study and meditation will so heat your spiritts and increase melancholy, that you will necessarily bring the distemper upon you againe. Wherefore Madam, walk into the cool fresh ayr, mornings and evenings, play at any trifling and easy games, pass away the time merrily with your Associates and Companions, and give your minde abundance of ease from curious meditations. For besyde that you shall releive nature, you also do an act of reall vertue and Christianity. For assuredly the main end that Christ came into the world for, was to sett us free from the slavery and drudgery of our naturall complexions, be this complexion, worldly, sensuall, or Intellectuall. For it is without doubt, that the naturall complexion of some disposes them very much to meditation, which if a man by the power of his will, and reason, and assistance of an higher Light, does not gett the Mastery of, it will bring as certaine inconveniences, as any other uncurb'd complexion of the body whatsoever. Wherefore bind your thoughts within the compass of such things as are mainly profitable for your body and minde. And sett no price at all upon knowledge, but so far as it will make us vertuous, and obedient to God that made us. And lett our joy and pleasure be in this, that we are not servants to any thing but Him whose service is indeed perfect Freedome. And know assuredly there is no delight comparable to a Resigned minde in an healthfull body. And for my own part I know it by experience, that I found more true knowledge by not seeking after knowledge, then I have by seeking, and could never be at rest till I cared not whether I knew any thing or noe, but made it my whole businesse to attaine to that Rectitude of minde which my own conscience obliged me to, and to arrive to that measure of Simplicity that is competible to the nature of a man. And an Intellectuall complexion will gett more by this orderly processe, then by all the curious disquisition that it can buisy it self about afore-hand. I speake these thinges the more freely and heartily unto you, because I have a sensible experience of them; never man, I think, having been more pittifully rid and hackneyed with the witchery of speculation then myself. Thus far, Madam, I have presum'd to be a Physician. Now for Dr Ridsley's medicine, I could wish your Ladiship to trust the skill and faythfulness of his father and himself, and have no phansys against any thing. Whether there be Opium in his medicine or no, I know not, but I have heard of late very high commendations of the use of Opium from one that sent me some pilles, in my last sickness such as he us'd to take himself, which was mere opium, nothing els mingled with it. But the nature of my sickness was such, that I had no great need of them, so I made no tryall of them. As for the present Remedy you take, if it fayle of the expected good issue it was intended for: the Doctor writes his hopes are not confin'd to that alone, but that he has other thinges in designe, if this will not doe. And really I am persuaded that there is that integrity in both of them, that they will not trifle with you, but surcease as soone as they have tryde what is the most highly probable to work the cure. As for my Interpretation of Moses, I am going on in it, but I will not send you it, unless you will promiss me to live freely and chearfully, and take your pleasure, and be as much idle as the health of your body requires. A good man is mercifull to his beast, and so is a good woman to, I thinke. But when the health of your body will putt me in a capacity of serving you, the acceptance of such writings as I shall send you is sufficient recompense of

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[5] The result of this suggestion will be found in More's *Conjectura Cabbalistica: or a Conjectural Essay of Interpreting the Minde of Moses, according to a threefold Cabbala, viz., literal, philosophical, mystical, or divinely moral* (London, 1653).

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and servant

H. More.

C.C.C. April 4, [1653]

37. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 19.]

Venice, Aprill 9 stilo nuovo 1653.

My Dearest Dear:

I have received I believe every Letter you have written to me, though my Letters have not had the same fortune to come to your hands; but if they all had I confesse they would not have made that Number yours have done for I have wrote to you nor no living soule above one letter this 8 weekes; which bore date from Venice Feb: 23. I can not deny but that I might have found time possibly to tell you I was in health but to write to you and write nothing but what passes betwixt every pretender to Love is a thing I could not disgest[1] and I doe earnestly professe I never had time enough to recollect my thoughts from publique employment, and I doe not please my selfe in writing what I have not thought of more then once, nor certainly would any such writing be worthy of your reading. My Dearest if I thought that you could thinke the least imaginable part of my affection towards you diminished, and that it was neglect rather then true Love towards you made me silent, I should then begin to imagine the very heavens themselves were not onely corruptible, but there was a visible decay in them when that pure celestiall flame of Love which burnes in your brest should be obscured by such an apprehension. I am so passionate a Lover of you Dearest that I would not for all the good in the world you should thinke I did not love you better then you can doe your selfe. Some of your letters which related your sickness to me made me certainly very ill my selfe though Padova be a place where a man can want nothing that he can wish who knows how to spend his time: I like your resolution not to try many experiments on your own body in Physick, considering the small encouragment you have had by the [rest?]. I hope that Nature will give you more ease when she is at rest then when disturbed. For God sake, be careful of your health for otherwise you sinne very highly, in regard I am so neerly concerned in the consequence of it, and what ever miscarriage befalls you will certainly be likewise my unhappinesse, for I am but your echo and repeat the same things which passe at a distance. God Almighty blesse you in all your actions and thoughts and my Dear Brother Conway with you. I have changed my stile[2] Dear because you have done so too and mee thinkes it becomes the freedome and sincerity of my Love more as that other does the Innocence of yours. I pray God send him home to you in safety and remember me to him when you write in as much affection as you can contrive into words; and I know affection in your phrases will strike deeper into him then represented by all the world beside: Dearest your servant is so faithfully yours that I am perswaded you have gotten him in your party. He most humbly and I dare swear most affectionatly remembers himselfe to you and my Brother. Let me assure you my Dearest (though you mention you heard of me by my Brother Heneages letter a moneth before your last) that I never wrote into England but that I wrote to you, what ill fortune soever my letters have had. I pray send me what newes you hear Publique or Private. I wish you may have the luck to write me the acceptable News of another Victory against the Hollanders. Present my most humble respects to my Lady and my Uncle. I hope Sir Theo: Mayern hath done her good. How does my Uncles Amours goe on,[3] and how does my Brother and Sister Clifton. Mr Austin God be thanked is for England of Wednesday I having lent him the other 30 li to carry him home. God Almighty keep you in all your wayes and send me my earnest desires which is to see you again which is the greatest happinesse can befall

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[1] *Disgest:* alternative form of *digest.*

Your most entirely loving Brother,

John Finch.

Remember me to Mrs Sarah.

Pray send me word what Mr More writes in the dedication of his booke to you, and the heads of the Arguments he insists upon. I here send you a discourse which I made upon long thoughts, about 2 moneths since. I wrote it in Latine and have translated it because I thinke it to be very true and worthy your knowledge but if I could have divined that Austin would have had a Capricio taken him in the head to have returned into England I had sent you Copernicus his Systeme of the World and the Cause of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, with a confutation of Aristotle Fromondus[4] Des Cartes and Galileo on that subiect, but it will take me up a fortnight to finish it in Latin and at least 3 weeks to translate it in regard there are schemes,[5] but I shall meet many passing into England, and you shall not be long without. In the meantime take this and suddenly you shall have another concerning the Law of Nature. Pray my dear keep my writings from any eye but my Brother Conway for you two are one but I would not have my private thoughts made publique to any one else.

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[2] He means that he has hitherto spoken of his brother-in-law formally as "Mr Conway."

[3] Nothing in the family correspondence throws light on this. The "Uncle" was probably the elder Francis Finch.

[4] Libertus Fromondus. His two chief works on the subject were *L. Fromondii Ant-Aristarchus: sive, orbis-terrae immobilis; liber unicus, in quo decretum S. Congregationis S.R.E. Cardinal, an 1616, adversus Pythagorico-Copernicanos editum, defenditur. . . .* (Antverpiae, 1631); and *L. Fromondi . . . Vesta;*

I just now received one from you dated March 11, and am infinitely sorry to hear that after all your experiments you find your health worse then ever. That experiment of water falling upon your head,[6] since you found no good in it it was well desisted from. I suppose it was not violent at first but that by degrees its fall was augmented that they might perceive what effect it had upon you by the increase of its proportion in descent. My Dear I know not what to say to your headach at this distance for I protest I am so amazed that neither hott things nor cold encrease your distemper, so that I cannot guesse at any other cause then what I formerly told you, unlesse it should come from the closenesse of the sutures in your head which may hinder the perspiring of vapours;[7] but in regard few of your sex have that inconvenience, I do rather (considering likewise it use to ease you much to have your head rub'd and held hard which closes the suture) conclude that it is sprung from some what your sexe is onely incident unto which none living but your selfe can resolve me, though your inclination to vomitt in your grievous fitts of the headache makes me still inclin'd to my former opinion so much that I can scarce alter it. In the mean time I must advize you [not] onely to abstain from things or hot but rather very cold, for I am afraid you will overcoole your stomack which is when at best never hott enough. Certainly it were good against any putrefaction and to prohibit vapours to eat after your meales conserve of Rosesold about the bignesse of a Nutmeg or Walnutt. If you find any inconvenience in it, leave it. I protest I thinke you had best let Nature alone a little while and see how you are, if there be worse symptoms. Then you must use some meanes the best you can gett in London to helpe you. God Almighty restore your health to you that I may rejoyce in your happinesse for it is a misery to me to thinke of yours.

38. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 15. Appended to a paper "Of the Manner by which Trees, Plants and all Vegetables are Nourished." No date; but the letter must have been written in 1652–53, as it was in 1652 that Finch refused the consulship, yet in the postscript he refers to More's *Antidote Against Atheism*, which appeared early in 1653.]

My Dearest,

Mr Baines wrote thee word[1] I refused to be Consull of the English Nation at

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sive, Ant-Aristarchi vindex adversus J. Lansbergium . . . In quo decretum S. Congregationis S.R.E. Cardinalium anno 1616, et alterum 1633, adversus Copernicanos terrae motores editum, iterum defenditur. . . . (Antverpiae, 1634).

[5] Diagrams.

[6] This experiment is not elsewhere mentioned.

[7] Ward in his *Life of More*, p. 200, wrote: "And for her great Pains, etc., 'twas thought, That the Pores of her Body were too little."

[1] This letter is not extant.

Padova although I was so importuned to it that I was afraid of being forced unlesse I had prevented it by a design. I doe assure thee twas impossible for me to have had that office unlesse I would have been drunk at least 40 times in the year. I will my dearest still send you one discourse or other as fast as I can finish them. Your Picture[2] will be the most acceptable thing can come from England by a Messenger, and I shall return you my own for it if I can find any man that is eminent at drawing small pictures but as yet I cannot hear of any. You cannot prize mine so much as I yours, and therefore I shall get more by the change. I pray to God to make you happy in your health that so much of your Content may not be lost.

I am to thanke you Dearest for your kindnesse to Mr Baines though he upon the Receipt of your Letter will thanke you him selfe. My Dear ten thousand good wishes I have for you but the Post will not lett me write no more and indeed I am soundly weary and will therefore rest

Yours most eternally
JOHN FINCH.

I doe verily thinke Mr Mores booke is excellently well wrote, I have thanked him in this inclosed for his Civility to you.

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39. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 24. "To the honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bow-lane."]

Madame

I AM heartily sorry to hear that your head-ache increases so much upon you, and that your Physick has had no better success. I could wish your body was in as good a plight as your minde. For really you have answered so stoutly in your defense, that I know not what to say to you. The best is I took your Ladiships part when I wrote to Dr Ridsley and told him that your malady was, as I conceived, mainly complexionall, not contracted by meditation and over much study. I do not at all mislike your resolution in giving over Physick if there be no better effect of it. Ease of minde, fresh ayr and diet, may leasurely do that, which Physick could not effect so suddenly. And you must absteine not onely from reading but from thinking too intensely. This Interpretation of mine you desire too see I have not yett completed, but I shall doe what I can to make an end of it this week, because I am to goe into Lincolnshire within these 10 dayes. When I come back, God willing, I shall transcribe it by parts and send it you, but it will be something

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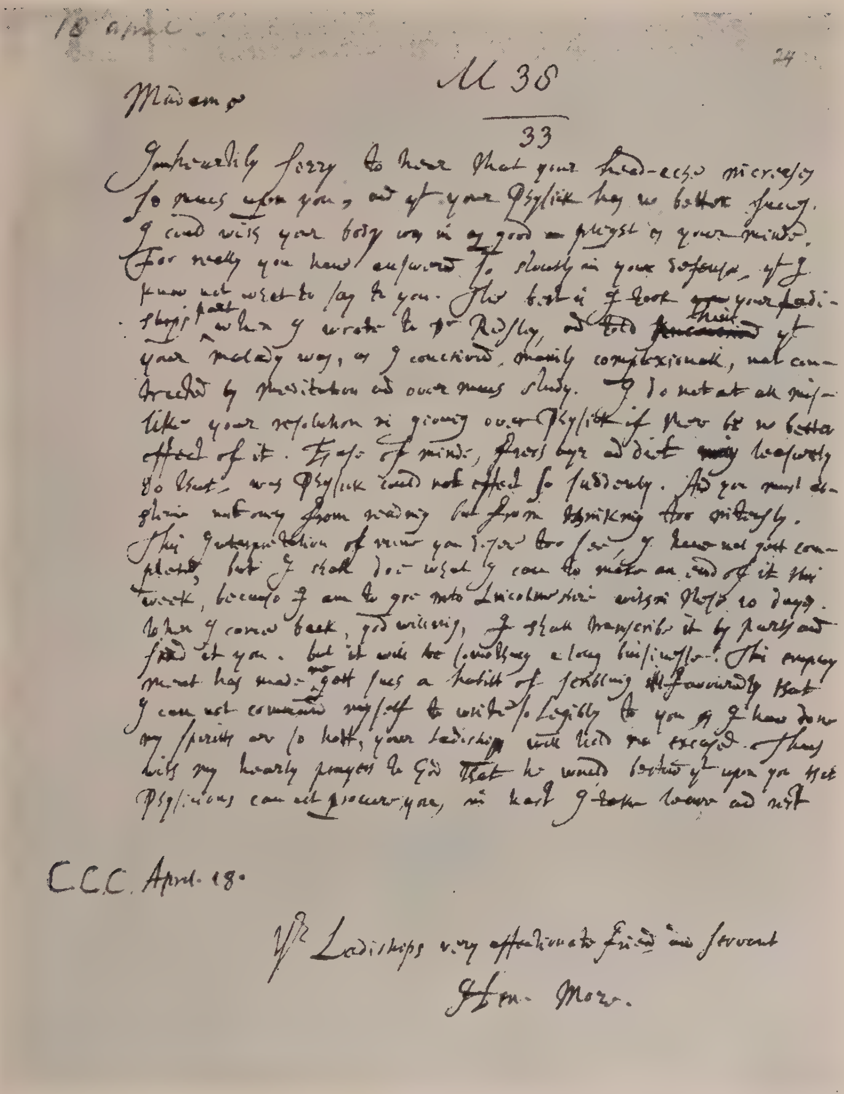
[2] Archibald Malloch in *Finch and Baines*, pp. 20–21, suggests that at this time Anne Conway sat for a miniature which she sent her brother; and that Van Hoogstraten from that miniature made a pendant portrait as a companion to Finch's portrait. He points out the striking similarity in the setting of the two portraits, and particularly the introduction into each of the same dog and cat. The portrait of Anne Conway is reproduced in the Frontispiece to this volume; John Finch's is on p. 44. Whether the picture of Anne Conway which More mentions in his will (Appendix, p. 482) was a copy of this same portrait can only be surmised. At no other period of her life does she speak of sitting to an artist.



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Madame

I am heartily sorry to heare that your head-ache increases
so much upon you, and that your Physick has no better successe.
I could wish your body was in as good a plight as your minde.
For really you have answered so stoutly in your defense, that I
know not what to say to you. The best is I took ~~upon~~ your Ladi-
ships part when I wrote to Dr Ridsley, and told them that
your malady was, as I conceived, mainly complexionall, not con-
tracted by meditation and over much study. I do not at all mis-
like your resolution in giving over Physick if there be no better
effect of it. Ease of minde, fresh ayre and diet ~~may~~ leasurely
do that, wch Physick could not effect so suddenly. And you must ab-
staine not only from reading but from thinking too intently.
The Interpretation of verses you desire too see, I have not yett com-
pleated, but I shall doe what I can to make an end of it this
week, because I am to goe into Lincolnshire within these 10 days.
When I come back, god willing, I shall transcribe it by parts and
send it you. but it will be something a long businesse. This employ-
ment has made me gott such a habitt of scribling illfavouredly that
I can not command myself to write so Legibly to you as I have done,
my spirits are so hott, your Ladiship will hold me excused. Thus
with my hearty prayers to God That he would bestow yt upon you that
Physicians can not procure you, in hast I take leave and rest

C.C.C. April. 18.

Yr Ladiships very affectionate Friend and servant
Hen. More.

HENRY MORE TO ANNE CONWAY

Add. MSS 23,216, f. 24.

a long buisinesse. This employment has made me gett such a habitt of scribbling ill favouredly that I can not command myself to write so legibly to you, as I have done, my spiritts are so hott, your Ladiship will hold me excused. Thus with my hearty prayers to God that he would bestow that upon you that Physicions can not procure you, in hast I take leave and rest,

Your Ladiships very affectionate friend and servant,

Hen. More.

C.C.C. Aprill 18, [1653].

40. *Anne Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 3. "Mr. Edward Conway [. . . W]oodcocks. At [ ] street house in Dublin." The letter has been badly damaged by water.]

Dearest Deare,

Now you are removed from Dublin I [feare you will not] have many oppertunitys of sending to me, or I receiving of my letters, yet in regard I want not the convenience of sending from hence weekly, I could not satisfy my selfe with writing seldome to you: Last week Robert Heming was with me and brought me 100 li from Ragley, that man went with you to the sea side was also here. I enquired of him after the horse you writt to me of, which he sayes is now recovered perfectly of its lamenesse, and my Lady Conway resolves to keep H. with her till you returne. Since your journy my Lady hath been very ill (relapsing it seemes into her former distemper) but now thankes be to God shee is perfectly recovered; a very ill accident hath hendered my mothers entended journy to Bechampton for my sister Benet hath had the ill fortune [. . .] was 8 or 10 dayes before. [. . .][1] Doctor Rids[ley] was able to procure [sever]all thinges for me, and doth yet continue both heartily [to] wish my recovery, and I dare say [to do] their utmost, though they as well endeavour I almost dispair of ever being able to go [. . .]. Further account of this busi[ness] I cannot give you, [being] very little acquainted [with] her (none in this place yett know aught of it) and therefore wishing you have all happinesse abundantly increased to you, I shall conclude that am

Most absolutely and eternally yours

Anne Conway.

May 10, 1653, Kensington.

41. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 58. "To the honourable the Lady Ann Conway these."]

Madame

I am heartily glad to hear of Mr Finchs happy recovery out of so dangerous a sickness. And there would be nothing more welcome to mine eares then the newes of your Ladiships health after so much paine and affliction. In reference to which, if I were in any capacity of serving you, your Ladiship might command me. Whether I wrote any thing in my last concerning my own health I know not. But I was never so weak in any Autumn and winter as I have been in these. I am troubled with a tough phlegm in my stomach and head, with the scurvy, the spleen, sinking of spiritts, weakness of my legs, wasting of my flesh, and heaviness in my head, and perpetuall sleepiness so that I suspect myself not far of from an Apoplexy which is an easy death. But I durst not take Physick yett by reason of the unseasonableness of the weather. I am not ambitious of living above a year or two longer, but if I dye before I am contented, being well persuaded of that Providence that governs all thinges. I have sent you a copy of my book the best I have by me, if you please to accept it from

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[1] This section of the manuscript has been almost destroyed. The only decipherable words are "doctours" and "paine."

Your Ladiships humble affectionate servant

C.C.C. Jun. 2, [1653] H. MORE.

I shall write to Mr Finch the next week, company having been so long with me now that they have hindred me.

42. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 36. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway these."]

Madame,

I HAVE according to my promise sent your Ladiship my 3 fold Cabbala.[1] I am sure I intended, and I think I did signify in my last, that I would send it to Dr Gells as I have heretofore done. I am very sensible how much this story of the Creation, by being insisted upon in the most literall sense, has furder'd Atheisme in the world, and made profane men secure that the whole businesse of Relligion is not better then an obvious fable. Wherefore to take of this prejudice I am not resolv'd against publishing of what I have wrote: Though I know Atheisme it self will seem more tolerable to the ignorant imperious priests then this Remedy against it. But how ever I have putt it in such a forme and readiness as if it were to come into publick light, but what I shall determine in that point I know not. You have here only the Cabbala, with the preface, a fortnight hence I hope I shall gett the Defense[2] transcrib'd, which will be at least as much more. You will not understand the Pythagorick mysteries of numbers without it. And whatever els is obscure, I shall entreat your Ladiship not to trouble your head with, till you receive my Defense, for that will make all very easy and plaine. In the interim, committing you to Gods gracious keeping, I take leave and rest,

Your Ladiships humbly devoted friend and servant,

C.C.C. Jul. 4, [1653] H. MORE.

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[1] A transcription, not the printed volume.

[2] Structurally, the *Conjectura Cabbalistica* consists of a "literal Cabbala," a "moral Cabbala," and a "philosophical Cabbala," each followed by its "defense" or interpretation.

The copy is not so handsomely and clearly wrote as I could wish, but I hope your Ladiship will be able to read it easily enough.

43. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 42. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bow-lane."]

Madame,

I HAVE received both your Ladiships letters and am very glad that my Writings I sent you have given you that satisfaction. They being entertained so civilly by yourself for whom they were primely intended, it is enough if they should gaine no further acceptance anywhere els. I am not yett fully resolved to try the judgement of the World by publishing of them, nor yett resolved against it. For the having no hope of common approbation is no argument to me of suppressing them. For they that write to gaine the present applause of the Age they live in, verily they have their reward. But I am well assured in my own minde whitherto my writings have hitherto tended, and shall tend so long as I write, and will in the conclusion and do already bring home a better reward then the ayry applause of ignorant and heedless people. Though the Conceptions in the Cabbala be most what my own, yett I do what I can in my Defense to gette Godfathers all along to these births of my own braine, and so to lessen the odium of these inventions by alledgeing the Authority of Auncient Philosophers and Fathers, and therefore the Defense is longer then otherwise it had needed to have been, besydes other Digressions I thought fitt to make which are not so speculative as practicall, which liberty I take, as haveing a designe so farre as I can to engage others to be good rather then Wise, or to ostentate my own skill and wisedome to the world. I am glad your Ladiship can so easily reade them and so readily understand my Cabbalas with the Defense. I hope you keep promisse and trouble your self neither with my writings nor any els, more then your Head-ache can very well bear, which Malady if I could but heare that it did abate, it would be the welcomest newes that could be to

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and humble servant

H. MORE.

C.C.C. Aug. 9, [1653]

My very kinde respects to your brother Frank. I wrote an answer to the last letter he wrote to me, and I suppose he has received it. It is likely those troubles at Sea make many letters of your brother John to miscarry. I should be very glad to heare of their welfare in Italy.

44. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 44. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bow-lane."]

Madame

I DIFERR'D my writing to your brother John till now, because I had a minde to write news of the processe of a business which then was pendent when I wrote before. I heartily wish your Ladiship be in good health, that I heard nothing from you this last weeke. I shall in all likelyhood continue in Cambridge this week, but the next I am for the country. I went againe yesterday to Mr Goodday's[1] chamber, but I could not finde him within. Tis not unlikely he may be in London, where your brother Frank will as soone finde his lodging as any, he being well acquainted with him. Your brother John in his letter from Padua gives me more thanks, in your Ladiships name then I can deserve. Verily, Madame, your own merits and obligements are so great, that upon your own score you may command any thing that lyes in the power of

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and servant

H. More.

C.C.C. Aug. 29, [1653]

My booke is likely to try the publick judgments of this criticall Age ere long, and your Ladiships acceptance of it and good liking is no small encouragement. But if others do not like it, be it at their own perill, for I shall be quitt with every one of them by censuring of their censures, and disliking their dislike, and so I shall finde myself upon even terms with them, by using my own right as they do theirs.

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45. *John Finch to Edward Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 25.]

My dearest Dear Brother

I received yours of the 23 Septemb. which hath occasion'd me much of sadnesse. I am infinitely troubled to see the issue of both Galen and Paracelsus terminated in a Resolution of seeking that abroad which after long expectations you cannot procure at home. I have ever since the receipt of yours been very diligent in pursuing your directions and shall tell you what at present things afford me. About two years since Van Helmont[1] was at Venice and lived with the Duke of Brunswick.[2] I enquired of Molinettus[3] our Anatomy Professor who is a Venetian whether he knew any thing concerning him, he told something he was acquainted with but the story he had from Moretus[4] our Mathematique Professor. I asked him if he could tell me where I might find Ottho Tackenius,[5] and he replied that he was lately dead. Immediately I repayred to Moretus and he told me that in his presence Young Helmont did cure a man of a Malignant feavour by three papers of Powders which he gave him, and that an Apothecary having his sonne very ill of a feavour he came to Helmont and desired his helpe who gave him three papers of powder. Two whereof he gave his sonne and kept the third for another occasion. The next day Van Helmont came to visit his Patient and finding him ill told the Apothecary he had not given him his Powders, the Apothecary affirmed he had, but Van Helmont confidently denying it he confessed he had given him but two of the Papers. Van Helmont gave him the third and in Moretus his sight cured the Patient. Moretus told me he did believe Van Helmont pretended to the Cure of no other diseases but Feavours, and that he never knew him cure any other. Since that I am told by two Gentlemen of Bruxelles that Young Helmont is not there, but that he is at this Present with the Elector of Lunenburgh[6] at Sarisburgh[7] some two dayes journey from Trent; and about five dayes Journey from Padova. So soone as I am assured of this which I expect this night or tomorrow Mr Baines and I will make a journey thither on purpose. . . .[8]

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[1] John Gooday was admitted pensioner at Christ's College, July 14, 1637; he was B.A., 1641–42; M.A., 1645. He was elected Fellow of Pembroke in 1644.

[1] Francis Mercury van Helmont, who becomes a familiar character in these letters, was the son of the great iatro-chemist, Jean Baptiste van Helmont, and a romantic figure around whom clustered legend and superstition. Cf. Chapter VI.

[2] Perhaps August, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, known as a patron of arts and sciences.

[3] Molinetti, who in 1649 succeeded Veslingius as Professor of Anatomy. He was the "first to operate on the antrum of Highmore through the cheek" (Malloch, p. 13). He is supposed to have discovered the seventh of the group of extrinsic muscles of the eye. (Antoine Bayle, *Biographie Médicale* [1855], T. ii, p. 20.) Malloch quotes (pp. 13–14) a long Latin poem written by Baines in honor of Molinetti, which concludes: "You do not dissect bodies, Molinetti, but adorn them. You bring them to the Theatre cleansed from all dirt and perfect in limb, and the obedient muscles are freed at your touch; thus you show your self not an anatomist, but, what is greater, a god!"

When I was at Paris Sir Kenelme Digby amongst other things I am to thanke him for, told me he cured Franciscus de Sancta Clara,[9] a great enemy of the Jesuites of a Quartane Ague after he had had it 3 years and had been under Van Helmont and that he cured the Arch Bishop of Liege of the stone who was so farr gone that he was brought to the spaw upon mens shoulders and had long time been under Van Helmont. And yet he brags not onely of a generall Medicine but of specificative ones against the Quartane Ague and the stone. Sir I have scarce time to write a sillable more. But till I can find a Man that in chirurgery can cure all those outward diseases which he can see and know by his senses, I will not beleive that he is able to cure those he does not see, there being the same causes of one as the other. And I am sure neither he nor any one else ever pretended to it as yet. . . . In the meantime I beseech almighty God to blesse all meanes you use for her health whom I love so highly that I reckon her affliction my own. Pray remember me to her in all the height of affection you can represent to be in a person: Sir I have more for her and your selfe then you will be able to relate. Mr Baines does ten thousand times over present his most affectionate humble service to you both: Excuse my not writing to my dear sister, for I have no more time then to beg her pardon, and my respects to be represented to my Lady, Uncle, etc., and to subscribe my self

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[4] Probably Gaetano Moretti, the Italian astronomer and mathematician, who died in 1697.

[5] Otto Tackenius, the editor of J. B. van Helmont's works. He also published a defense, entitled, *Ottonis Tackenii Echo Ad Vindicias Chirosophi. In qua, de liquore Alcaeist, Paracelsi, et Helmonti Veterum vestigia perquiruntur. . . .* (Venetiae, . . . MDCLVI).

[6] There seems to have been no Elector of Lüneburg at this time, the Dukes of Brunswick-Lüneburg not being made Electors until 1692. It is possible that Finch is referring to the Elector of Brandenburg who at this time was Friedrich Wilhelm, at whose court Van Helmont resided for some time.

[7] Possibly Saarburg in Rhenish Prussia, not far from Treves on the Saar.

[8] Finch here, at the request of Conway, enters upon a long excursus on the possibility of a "Universal Medicine"; he concludes that such a panacea is impossible, and declares that the elder Van Helmont himself did not assert that his so-called Universal Medicine would cure all diseases.

[9] Christopher Davenport (1598–1660). He was for a time at Merton College, Oxford, but left without a degree, and went to the continent. At Ypres he became a Franciscan, and entered the college of St. Bonaventura at Douai. He returned to England as Franciscus à Sancta Clara, a missionary, and was appointed one of the chaplains of Queen Henrietta Maria. He remained in high favor until the rebellion.

Dearest Brother,
Your most entirely and eternally loving Brother,
John Finch.

Padova, Octob., 20/30, 1653.

46. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 9.]

Padova. Nov. 6, [1653]

My [Dearest Dear]

I received yours last weeke, and the day before sent an answer to you in a returne to my Brother Conway's letter, but in regard letters are subject to miscarriage, I shall again to fulfill your desires tell you my thoughts on all the Particulars you mention. I told you that our Anatomy Professor a Venetian informed me that Otho Tackenius was dead, but upon further enquiry I was the day after I sent away my last inform'd he was alive: whereupon I wrote a long Latin letter to him to know whether he was the Person that sett out Van Helmonts workes, assuring him that then I would awayt on him to know, whether he knew any great Cures effected by young Helmont, and particularly in the headach, or whether that he knew young Helmont pretended to an Universall medicine. To all which he return'd me a civill reply in Latin, and told me he was the Man sett out that edition of Van Helmont, but as for cures effected by Helmont at Venice, he knew none though he was intimate with the young man, except a feavour after Nature had made the Crisis by Antimony fixed, which saith he, was owed rather to Nature then his Ars, nay sayth he, to speake as I ought, in a matter of so great importance: He is a very ignorant Person, and though I have diligently observ'd him I never knew him speake or doe any thing extraordinary. I told my Brother Conway in my last that young Helmont had done two Cures on feavours as Moretus the Mathematique professor told me, but Tackenius knowes but of one he tells me and that was done by Nature to the young mans hand. I enquired of a German concerning him and he told me that five of them Doctors in Physick made it their businesse to know what great matters had been effected by Helmont but that they found Nothing in all their [search] worth mentioning save that at Augusta, invited to dinner by a Margrave, [he and the Mar]grave both dranke themselves sicke, and that he then gave Physick to the Margrave which had like to have cost him his life, whereupon the friends of the Margrave had killed him but that the Margraves [confessour?] carry'd him out of the Citty upon his own

Horse, young Helmont riding behind him for his security.[1] I told you last weeke of two persons cured by Sir Ken. Digby whom the Father[2] had not cured, and therefore the Father himselfe had no such universall medicine he having describ'd five hundred besides that Universall which were it effectuall the rest were superfluous. I added that neither Helmont nor any man living ever pretended to cure all sorts of Tumours and Ulcers by the same medicine: but that that which heales one Gangrenes another: and inward diseases arising from the same Cause which outward doe, tis impossible to cure them by the same medicine, unlesse somebody can assure mee that he can cure a Cancer by the same remedies he does bring a Phlegman[3] to suppuration, or that Cold and hott distempers are both cur'd by the same things: which if any man thinkes he may reconcile all the Contrarieties in nature,[4] it being impossible to introduce a disease because the same thing that causes it would at the same time be its Cure. Van Helmont says that one Butler, an Irishman, had this Universall medicine. I am sure I never in all my life time heard one word of any such man, indeed there was one Butler at Cambridge a rare man but he had none of those secrets I am sure or else Crane his Apothecary had never gotten 1500 li per annum by his bills. Things returne in a Circle: wee admire them beyond seas and they us, and to speake freely my Dearest, I never yet found anything since my Travaill equall to the Report I have heard made of it, but all men have a levity of spirit upon them to extoll and increase what pleases them and diminish what they dislike. If you would have me speake plainly to you, Helmont shall alwayes be more prized where he is not then where he is: For he having a legacy of fame left him by his Fathers learning who pretended to feints, People to naturally conclude that the sonne must needs enjoy what the Father delivers in mists to others, and till experience makes good the Contrary, Fame encreases to such a height that twill be hard for experience to levell that fame which was raysed without meritt: and therefore to strike home the most part of Mankind being fooles and not able to judge, the knowledge of a few wise men will easily be outvoted by a Number of Talkers, and therefore here in Italy the Mountebankes are more numerous and more rich then in any part of the World, because the common country people are the most ignorant under heaven, though the Civill people are discreet, and by that multitude the Mountebanks are to be judg'd which are not able to discerne a cheat from a most Miraculous operation, nor to distinguish a confident lye from a Rationale truth. I speake all this that you may not believe any Relations from any Persons that have not knowne by experience what they say to be truth, and most that you beware if they have had experience that they be Persons able to judge of an experience. I am confident that I can bring an 100 men shall sweare [that one] drew a Tooth here at Padova by the end of a switch, and the point of a sword, whereas I know the Contrary, and Mr Baines and I made the Fellow confesse the cheat at his own house. The next thing in grounding your beliefe on other men after you know that they have had experience, and that you are satisfied they can judge of experience, is to be sure that interest does not extort their Opinion, that is in short neither honour, complacency to a misgrounded opinion of them praeconceived or lastly Proffitt, all which doe govern the Actions of most men. He ought therefore to be a Person of much candour whose Judgement should prevayl with me in a thing my own Reason could not make out. As for those Persons that have an high estimate of Van Helmont I presume they are better satisfied in his writings then I am, but to me the man appeares to be a man of much experience, much Witt, but little Judgement, nay sometimes he appeares to me onely not mad: but as for your [service?] by all the information I have of him: he is as little admired by me as he is much honour'd by those whose better information or Judgment makes them putt on him a high esteem: and therefore to advize you to a journey in order to take Physick from [him] were to dissemble my thoughts to you from whom I never conceal'd my most retired opinions. To others I may perhaps give as large encomiums as I heare given him by some and not thinke my selfe bound to mention any thing in his dishonor, but my Dear I shall never advize you whilst I breath to a Mountebank or at least to one I thinke so and shall not therefore encourage you in your design to Bruxels in order to him. However if you resolve otherwise though I expect no good, yet I shall pray to God to make those to me improbable meanes, the author of your health. Indeed my dearest, your Journey by sea will I verily believe doe you much good, and therefore I had intended when I came to Paris to have invited you thither and mett you at Caly; for your vomiting at sea, change of Ayr, drinke, and diet might with little helpe have worked strange alterations. And all this had been a most honourable and advantageous journey as to your interests: but Brussels will afford you worse Ayr and worse Drinke then England. I make no doubt but that Mr Frederick[5] will find some meanes of conveying your picture to me which I infinitely long to see. I am sorry to hear your payn increases and that nothing but desperate remedies are talked of. I beseech God to restore you to health when you thinke your selfe past helpe of Physick. My most true affection to my Brother Conway and my humble respects to my Lady, Uncle, etc.

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[1] This rumor was probably a popular version of a characteristic tale, the other side of which Van Helmont relates in his *Observations,* a manuscript fragment in the British Museum (*Sloane MSS 530,* f. 49b). The two stories are retold and discussed in Chapter VI.

[2] Jean Baptiste van Helmont.

[3] An inflammatory tumor. Cf. Wittie, *Primrose's Popular Errors* (1651): "It may also be a phlegman or erysipelas of some part."

[4] The elder Van Helmont would have replied that "nature is ignorant of contrarieties." He constantly denies in his works the idea which Finch here implies. Cf. particularly *Works,* pp. 161–165.

Your most entirely affectionate Brother,

John Finch.

47. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 27.]

Nov. 9/19, 1653. Padova.

My Dearest,

I have the last weeke wrote you a long letter concerning Helmont, and the weeke before to my Brother Conway, so that I shall repeat nothing concerning him now: Especially Mr Baines having likewise enlarged himselfe on that subject.[1] Onely thus much I cannot omitt that Ottho Tackenius writes me now he hath a medicine made up of volatile salt of vipers[2] and extract of [steel][3] which hath cured hundreds of headaches thought incurable of which he hath many witnesse in Venice as he writes me now. I shall not enquire after it unlesse it be your desire, though he adds that he is very confident that it will if not cure you wholely at least give you great ease. What kind of witnesse of his cures he can bring I have not enquired into nor will not but the medicine is very easy. What his extract of steel is I know not unlesse he had told me the preparation, but the volatile salt of vipers is infinitely commended by Severing[4] one of the learnedest men of this age. I hope to heare you are better by your next then you have as yet been. I heare no newes of your picture though many Dutch from Flanders and Holland are lately come hither. I am most infinitely full of employment, excuse me therefore this shortnesse for I have oftener sinned by me tediousnesse then after this manner. My most endear'd affection present to my Brother Conway. Mr Baines remembers his most humble respects to you both. God almighty make you both happy and me in seeing you so for that will be the greatest happinesse I can enioy who am Dearest Dear

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[5] Probably Frederick Clodius, by whom Anne Conway seems to have sent her portrait to her brother. See below, p. 94 n.

Your most entirely loving Brother

John Finch.

Present both our respects to my Lady, Uncle etc.

48. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 28.]

Nov. 30/Dec. 10 1653. Padova.

My Dearest Dear,

I did some dayes since never thinke to have been able to have written you word of my health, for on Nov. 18/28 it pleas'd God to visitt me with the bitterest fitt of sicknesse that I ever underwent. I was sett upon by a Squinancy[1] and its constant companion a Feavour, which in me was more violent then ordinary, and a violent distillation. The second day after I fell sick I was not able to swallow, I sent for Sybaticus[2] and Molinettus[3] the ablest Physitians in Padova, and they pronounced me a dead man (but it hath pleased God to bee mercifull to me). I was lett blood, used cupping glasses applied to my shoulders, Glisters[4] and Purges all within two dayes, when on a suddain they being all desperat it pleased God to afford me some abatement: though after it Molinett was of opinion I should miscarry, then being brought to that weaknesse after 5 dayes fasting that I could scarce discern any thing. Mr Baines, God reward him, 3 whole nights satt up with me, and indeed was the onely Comfort I had in my disease by his care and vigilancy. To be short after 14 dayes sicknesse this day I have been able to goe down staires, so that I hope I may now say that I am recovered. Lett me intreat thee my dearest to give thankes to the Lord for his mercy vouchsafed me. I hope that you find your selfe in a better condition as to your health than formerly. Be assured that my prayers are constant with almighty God for a blessing on thee. I should be loath to tell a lye but I call God to witness your health and happinesse is a thing I more earnestly desire then any thing I know. Remember me to my dear Brother Conway. I pray excuse my not writing to him after so much weaknesse. God almighty blesse you both with the choicest of his mercies and let me desire you both to thinke you have a brother will not thinke his life too dear a price to purchase your happinesse, so immensely doe I love you. I wrote both to you and him before I fell sick concerning young Helmont, and so did Mr Baines, therefore I hold it needlesse to say any thing more on that subject. Your picture which I so much desire is not come to my hands yett. I hope Mr Frederick convey it safe. Tis long since I heard from either you or my Brother. Let me heare often from one or both of you, for tis a great delight. Mr Baines presents a 1000 services to you both, but is not well enough after my disturbance I gave him to write. I pray God keepe him from sicknesse for I have not strength enough to undergoe such an affliction. I am

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[1] Baines' letter about Van Helmont is not extant.

[2] This was one of the remedies for which Sir Kenelm Digby was famous, and one which he used in his treatment of "Venetia."

[3] Cf. Bacon, "Of Friendship": "You may take sarza to open the liver; steel to open the spleen."

[4] Marcus Aurelius Severinus (1580–1656), the founder of the science of surgery in Italy. A pupil of Campanella, he first studied astronomy and mathematics. He established the chair of anatomy at Naples and was surgeon-in-chief to the Hospital for Incurables. Students came from all quarters of Europe to study with him. He died as the result of his devotion to the sufferers in the plague of 1656. He was the author of many works, among them *Historia anatomica* (1629); *De Recondita Abscessuum Natura* (1632); *Zootomia democritea* (1645). Finch wrote to Prince Leopold of Tuscany on November 24, 1663 (*Lettere di Uomini Illustri*, Florence [1773]. Quoted Malloch, p. 41): "All these collections, along with that part of the library of M. Aurelio Severino which we purchased from the Secretary of the Kingdom, we have dispatched to Leghorn."

[1] Another form of *quinsy* current in the seventeenth century.

Dearest Dear

Your most entirely and sincerly affectionate Brother,

JOHN FINCH.

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49. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 54. "To the honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane."]

Madame,

I AM very deeply obliged to your Ladiship for your friendship and respect that you are pleased to bestow in so great a measure upon one that never yett knew, nor can any way conceive, how he may deserve the lest part of it. Your letters are so far from creating any trouble to me, that they are the best refreshments that I can meet with, they appearing to me to be [fruits?] of what has ever been the most pleasant object of my minde, of the [ingenious] spiritt as deeply tinctured with benignity as adorned with true judgement and knowledge. I am heartily sorry to hear your Physick takes no better place for the removing of so tormenting a disease. I wish it lay within the compass of my power or skill, to work this so difficult cure. But if Mercury be so dangerous,[1] if I were worthy to advise your Ladiship, you should suffer no man to tamper with your body in the use of so desperate a Remedye, but to compose your minde as much as you can to all patience and expectancy on God: and use the most advantageous diet for the mitigating of the paine of the disease. I am glad if I have at all gratifyde you in the solution of the last question you sent me. But I profess Madame, I am not at all conscious to myself of any such service I have done your Ladiship, as that you should with so great and unexpected a measure of liberality and generous gratitude requite it as you have in the boxe you have sent me, where you have gone double above any imagination of mine, I being not able to conjecture what was in it till I open'd it. Truly I am much abash'd to receive so great courtesys and to finde my self in no capacity of making any proportionable returne. All that I can doe is to receive them with humble thankes, and keep them as monuments of your goodnesse and generosity, and to profess myself still and ever

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[2] The name is clearly "Sybaticus"; but no such name seems to appear either in medical histories or in Italian biographies.

[3] See p. 84 n.

[4] *Clysters;* cf. p. 62 n.

Your Ladiships faythfully devoted servant

H. More.

C.C.C. Decembr 10, [1653]

Since my last, partly by the spleen and partly by the scurvy, I was so weak that I thought I could live not passing one [quarter?] of a year longer, but I thank God I finde myself better, and intend to take Physick when the weather is open if God permitt.

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[1] Thomas Willis, writing of Anne Conway's case (*Two Discourses* in *The Remaining Medical Works of that Famous and Renowned Physician Dr. Thomas Willis* . . . [1683]) said (p. 134):

"We shall consider, whether Salivation for the Curing old and confirmed Headaches is to be administered. Indeed, if the pains of the Head arise from the Venereal Disease, no doubt but that evil Remedy ought to be applyed to that evil Distemper: But having tryed that kind of remedy in Headaches arising from other causes, I found not the harvest worth the pains, and I confess some examples in those kind of cases, have terrified me from that method. A certain noble Lady (whose sickness is below described) for the Curing of a cruel and continual Headach, underwent a plentiful Salivation three times, viz., the first by a Mercurial Oyntment, by the counsell of Sir Theodore Mayern, and afterwards twice by taking the lately famous Powder of Charles Huis, without any help, I wish not with some detriment: for afterwards for many years, even to this day, the disease being by degrees increased, she suffer'd under its heavy Tyranny. . . . (p. 122) She had endured from an oyntment of Quicksilver, a long and troublesome Salivation, so that she ran the hazard of her life. Afterwards twice a cure was attempted (though in vain) by a Flux at the Mouth from a Mercurial Powder, which the noted Empirick Charles Hues [*sic*] ordinarily gave." Although her name is not mentioned, there is no question that the long description which Willis gives in this chapter is of Anne Conway's case.

50. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 56. "To the honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane over against Aldemary Church."]

Madame,

I am much beholden to your Ladiship that you should have any sense of what befalls so inconsyderable a thing as myself, and am beholden to you for that hope you give me of success in Physick, that has hitherto been so unsuccessfull to your Ladiship. But I am scarce put of from my old sullen conceit that they can do nothing in any disease where nature would not repair itself with the help of due diet and exercise. I except onely in some way acute diseases wherein letting of blood or some such like safer Remedy is seasonable. But that I may not seem to have killed my self by my own private conceit I am resolv'd to take Physick when emergencyes require, that I may fall with creditt. Besydes, its not modesty for me to think the generality of men and the Physicions themselves into whose fancy I have not sufficiently look'd into are wiser then I, that do not so curiously minde such thinges. And therefore as for myself, so for your Ladiships farther triall in Physick, I must be constrained to submitt my judgement to them that have skill and experience in that Art, and desire a blessing of it from him who by his word healeth all thinges. The Box you sent it coming from the hand of one that I do so much honour, was a favour beyond my thankes. I wrote Mr John Finch in the letter I sent to make as much hast out of Italy as he could, that he might be assistant to your Ladiship and by his companie helpe to mitigate the ferocity of your disease. I never write any newes of state, and so am secure who ever opens my letters, but they will be pretty well punish'd to read them, if they be not better writt then this. But I am strayten'd a little in time, and am so indisposed in my body, that I do every thing scurvily which your Ladiship notwithstanding I hope will pardon in him who is to his power

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. Decembr. 26, [1653]

I forgott to write word that my Cabbala is printed. There is a preface more in it then in the copy I sent you. If you have not yett a printed copy, I'll send your Ladiship one, if you please from Cambridge.

51. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 181. No superscription.]

Madame,

I am heartily glad to heare Mr Finch is so well in health, but exceeding sorry that your Ladiship has so ill luck in your Physicions, your disease increasing still upon you. There is nothing in this world does more afflict me then this sad misfortune. Neither is there anything that can beare me up in so great affliction, but a full belief of Divine Providence, which faith I dare say I should not have deserted though I had fallen into the handes of the barbarous Dunkerker or Pretenders. It is not in our power to chuse our condition in this world, but the greater difficultyes we grapple with if we quitt our selves like Christians, therein assuredly our reward hereafter is the greater. I wonder whether any of my letters I wrote to Mr Finch be come to his hand, but more, if they have, that I have not a line or two from him, but I suppose the employments of his place may hinder him from writing, and that it would be more a trouble then a civility to interrupt him by writing to him; and therefore I shall onely desire your Ladiship to present my humble service and best affections to him in yours. I am very much obliged to your Ladiship for your kinde remembering of me in that so equable liquor you lately broached at Kensington; if it would cure your Ladiships headache, I should preferre it before the nectar of the Gods. I wrote to my Lord the last week, I would gladly have an answer of that Letter if his Lordship be at leasure to write. I have spoke with Mr Buck[1] about the Bible. He told me there was but three sorts of them, the first 32 in quires, the second 25, and the third 28, but he protests he knowes not how to gett any of the first and second part if his life lay on it, nor knowes he whither to direct me. I have not read the Book concerning Talsmans, as yett, but I shall, if I can possibly, before I go into the Countrey, and then I shall tell you my judgement of it. I have gott a very fine picture in black and white, which is not unlike your Ladiship; you shall see it when you come to Cambridge. With my humble service to my Lord and your self in much hast I take leave to subscribe myself

Madam,

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Febr. 2, [1653–54]

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52. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 22. "To the honourable the Lady of Conway at Kensington these."]

Madame,

THE great desire I have to hear of your welfare makes me write to your Ladiship, though I doe not hope to hear sooner from you then if I had been still silent, because I know you are a Lady of that honour that you will not [bee] lesse then your word: and you promissed me I should heare by this next Thursday. I do most earnestly long to hear how you doe, because I have a secret confidence, that you will do well, and recover, though I do not explicitly know by what meanes. And I beseech you have a strong fayth and trust in God, that he will restore you to the former enjoyment of your health, and to that purpose pray the more earnestly to him in your private devotions, by how much more hopeless you finde your condition in reference to men. I will not now tell you the reasons of my confidence, but I shall be deceived so as I never yett was to my best remembrance if my presages prove false. As for my own state of health, I thank God it is something better then before, which I impute partly to that little Physick I tooke, but mainly to the moistness of this Spring. I was deadly sick in the coache the first day, though I rode at the end, but sitting after in the booxe, the rainy weather and the fresh ayr did so palpably revive me, that if I could have been sure to [have] had the same weather back againe, I could scarce have absteined from returning the next week to London, that so I might againe be drawne through the moist fresh ayr. Thus with my thanks for your great civilityes when I was with you, wishing you good success in your Physick, and recommending you to Gods gracious keeping, I take leave and rest

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[1] The brothers John and Thomas Buck were printers and booksellers to the University of Cambridge from 1625 until 1668 or 1670. They were for some time in partnership with Roger Daniel.

Your Ladiships faythfull and affectionate servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. April 17, [1654]

My humble service to Mr Conway and the rest of your noble friends at Kensington.

53. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 26. "To the honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane over against the Church."]

Madame,

I wrote to your Ladiship the last week, and I suppose you will receive that letter together with this from Dr Gells. It is your Ladiships great civility that you putt so high an esteem upon my society which can be gratefull to none but very candid and favourable enjoyers of it. But thinges are as they are valued, and if I did your Ladiship any service or afforded you the lest convenience by my presence at London, I am sorry that my affaires are such that I can not be there still, especially your conversation being so delightfull to me that (were it not that I am impassion'd by too often being reminded of your peremptory and painful malady that so grievously tortures you and grows so much upon you) I should take no greater contentment or pleasure in any thing. But as I wrote in my last, I have a good hope that God will be at length so gracious to you, as to free you from this so unsupportable a misery and restore you to a good condition of health, though I cannot tell the particular meanes, whereby it will be effected.

This Clodius[1] has moved my indignation above all measure, of which there is no convenience but that it somewhat excuses a man for a whyle from that more sad and sluggish passion of griefe. He is so mainly like a cheat, that I utterly suspect his skill. For if he had any it were his advantage to be honest. The thinges in your letter you alledge against him are so foule and grosse that in my own judgment, I know not how to trust him in any thing, that makes no more conscience of what he speakes. The money he has couzen'd you of (for so he has if he has given you no Physick, or that which is not good) is not so consyderate to you, as that you should wayt on him a jott more, then consists with your own convenience. And it will be then worth the enquiring into whether the Law will not take hold upon no part of his dishonesty: That he may be made an example. For if thinges holds as ill as they represent themselves for the present, he is as accurs'd a Raskall as ever trod on English ground, and I am sorry Mr Hartlib should have such a wretch to his son-in-law. But vengeance will find him out and his end will be miserable if he hold on. I profess Madame till I heare better of him, the very remembrance of him will make me half sick, and as vomituriant at this knave Physicion as Alexander is reported to have been at the sight of a corrupt judge. If Sir Kenhelm Digby[2] can informe you any thing better, of this fals man, I shall be heartily glad if it be true.

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[1] Frederick Clodius, son-in-law of Samuel Hartlib, was a Dutch chemist, about whom his contemporaries sharply disagreed. Evelyn (*Diary and Correspondence* [1852], p. 391) calls him "a professed Adeptus who by the same *methodus mendicandi* and pretence of extraordinary arcana insinuated himself into the acquaintance of his father-in-law." Boyle's letters to Clodius (*The Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle*, ed. Birch, pp. 35, 54) suggest the friendliest relation and imply some foundation for the idea that Clodius was Boyle's master. Hartlib himself always writes with pride of "my son Clodius" who resided with him at Charing-Cross, where Hartlib's friends and correspondents came to consult

In the meantime, though I be something more tolerative in my health then at London, yett I can not enjoy myself till I heare that it is better with my noblest friend. For I am exceeding sorry that your fitts still visitt you with that extremity and violence, which great affliction that our gracious God would be pleas'd to remove, shall be ever the hearty and affectionate prayer of

Your Ladiships entire friend and servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. April 24, [1654]

Madam, you wrote a fair character and very good sense, but I have so scribl'd that you will be scarce able to discern whether it is sense or nonsense, if the confession of my fault may begg your Ladiships pardon. My humble service to Mr Conway and the rest of the friends with you.

54. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 28. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr. Gells house in Bow-lane."]

Madame,

I must confesse I never desired any thing in this World so ardently and vehe-

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him. Cf. also Robert Vaughan, *The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell* (1838), II, 454. The trouble between Clodius and Anne Conway we can merely surmise from More's references, since none of her letters on the subject are extant; it seems to have been of a double nature: evidently he deceived her in regard to some medicine which he prescribed for her; and for a time she seems to have suspected that he had failed in his trust of taking her portrait to her brother. Cf. p. 88, above.

[2] Hartlib, in a letter to Boyle, on May 15, 1654 (Boyle, *Works*, VI, 89), suggests the relationship between Digby and Clodius: "Sir K. D. being yesterday at my house, and pressing most earnestly the accepting of his gener-

mently as the recovery of your health. But I can not acknowledge that this Desire has so imposed upon me, as to bring me irrationally into so strong hopes as I reposed in my two letters, though I can not profess my selfe infallible in my presage. And I have the less reason for it, you haveing been so tediously handled since my writing to you. You'll excuse my boldness in reminding you of that, which I am sure your gracious inclinations to piety, and the present sense of your condition could not but cast you upon, it was my zealous affection to your welfare. I must needs take it as an argument of great affection and friendship, in that you do so earnestly dehort me from perplexing my self, with the thoughts of your tedious Malady. But the excesse of these passions I was obnoxious to, proceeded from that reall and burdensome disease of Melancholy that had so seiz'd on my body and spiritts, and made me unfitt to bear lesser evills, and therefore much more unfitt to undergo that greatest that I can for the present imagine as to my outward content. I am driven againe upon that which I have 5 thousand times thought upon, that the joyes of this present life, are but a Mockery, and to cleave to close to them, the grownd of the greatest misery conceivable. But a man may be alwayes chearfull, or make his passions tollerable, if he joyn his minde to nothing of this terrestriall world, but make all thinges an Object of those divine graces and peaces which God has putt into the soul of man, and alwayes to remember that if there be any thing pleasant or desirable here, it will be multiplyde upon the pious and vertuous in the state of the separation of the soul from this earthly body; and if there be any thing sad and painfull, that we have then an opportunity to show our humble submission to God our faythfull Creatour, and to remember the example of the Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who by the constant resignation of himself to the will of his Father in his greatest sufferings he underwent, left us an example how to behave our selves in all pressures and afflictions that our humility, fayth and dependence upon God being tryde, it may redound to our greater happiness here or hereafter.

As for the Physick I brought with me from London, I took it 3 pills a day for 4 dayes together, and was something weake after it and looked badly [for] it, as they tell me. But for ought I know it might do me some good, though I generally conceive that purging is inconvenient for my body. I think my so plentifully vomiting at London, and the moist spring has done their parts more than any thing els toward my recovery. As for Clodius, he is a very ungratefull Object of my Memory, till his actions will testify that he is better. I am very much troubled that I was so unlucky as to bring you acquainted with him, but it seemed at first so rationall, consydering all circumstances, that it was impossible for me to do otherwise. I pray God direct you to some or other, that may make amends for this

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ous offers towards my son (for a plentiful provisioning of himself and family for two years, with the furnishing of a complete laboratory) I would give him no other answer, but that I would acquaint Mr. Clodius with his resolves, leaving him to the freedom of his own determination. He hath not yet been with Sir K. but when I related the matter to him, before I could pass my opinion upon it, he replied, *Timeo Danaos sua dona ferentes*—I will determine nothing before Mr. Boyle be arrived!"

mans miscarriage. I have wrote to Mr. Newbury[1] according to your Ladiships intimations, so that you may satisfy yourself by conferring with him. That Almighty God would prosper you in your endeavours for your recovery is the earnest and constant prayer of

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and servant,

H. MORE.

C.C.C. May 1, [1654]

55. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 32. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bow-lane."]

Madame

You may use your discretion in diferring your conference with Mr. Newbury, for I remember he told me, that he was in all likelyhood to stay in town all the summer or at lest till Mid-summer. Clodius has delt so perpetually basely that I do very much suspect that himself is conscious that his Physick can do nothing or that it is more then he knowes that it can. This fellow deserves to be made an example, and if you can without any inconvenience to yourself, gett your money againe, I would have it every farthing, though I gave it to the poor that are honest, but cheating impudent Poverty is no object of charity, as I conceive. He look'd as pale as ashes, as I told you, heretofore, when he receiv'd the sixteen peeces of gold of me from you, which makes me suspect that he did never think in his own confidence that he could ever deserve any such reward. And therefore your Ladiship is to consult whether you had best take his Physick or noe, there being so small hope of doing you good and it may be some danger of doing you a mischiefe. What a trouble it is to deal with men dishonest. I pray God send you good success in your playster[1] if you make use of it. Madame, it is your Ladiships piety and affection that entertaines my boldness and rusticity so candidly, in my free advertizement of what I conceive may help you to bear this affliction it has pleased God to exercize you with. I am heartily sorry your fitts lye so sorely upon you still as they doe. I pray God give you patience and a timely recovery. As for the health of my own body, I hope it grows better and better, but nothing would so accelerate my cure, as the good newes of your Ladiships being in the way of an hopefull Recovery. I am for Grantham Wednesday come sennight, when I hope to recreate myself more then I had the opportunity here to doe. I shall lye at Mr Joseph Clarkes[2] next doore to the Angel. Major Roydon[3] was telling a story of the maner of the generation of the Tree-geese or Barnacles,[4] when he was with you at your chamber. I would gladly have a perfect narration of it, it being as he professed of his own knowledge, if it would be no trouble to your Ladiship to procure it. The Cabbala, if you please, you may bestow upon Mr Francis Finch, your brother. For I profess I know not whether Mr Worthington sent him one or not. Madame your letters, then which nothing is more pleasant to me, except the presence of the party that wrote them, can not at all tire me, if they were never so long, but that my rude lines are not offensive to yourself, I can impute to nothing but to your candour and undeserved favour to,

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[1] Possibly the J. Newburgh who is mentioned by Worthington in his *Diary and Correspondence*, II, 180, 184, 231. In a letter about the plague, addressed to Newburgh, on October 31, 1665, Worthington may be referring to Anne Conway, when he says: "It pleased a noble lady in Warwickshire (one whom I had heard much good of, but never was acquainted with) to send me and my family seven amulets. They were prepared and brought to me by a chemist near London, commended to me for a knowing and honest person (and he seemed to me to answer his character). His father and family in Germany were more than once preserved by these under Gods blessing as he said."

[1] Cf. Willis, *Two Discourses*, p. 118: "Plasters are of most profitable use, and oftentimes give the greatest benefit. Let not these be very hot, which may rather draw the humors to the distemper'd place, but moderately discussing and strengthening. I was wont to prescribe Plasters of Red-lead, and of Sope, with double of the proportion of the Plaster of Paracelsus to be applied to the part, it being first shaven, and to be let remain there for some time. . . . It is a daily practice to apply sometimes to all the hinder part of the Head, and sometimes to the former, Vesicatories, or blistering Plasters, against most cruel Headaches."

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. May 8, [1654].

56. *Robert Gell[1] to Anne Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Interreg. LXXI.* No. 106.]

Madam!

I have received your letters, and sorry I am, that my absence from home hath occasioned your longer expectation of my answer than otherwise had been fit. There are 2 things questionable, and really questioned by some at this tyme. The one whether there be any such gifts of healing in the Church at this day, as were in the Apostles tymes. The other, whether Mr Coker[2] have those gifts (for the Apostle names them in the plurall) or onely pretend unto them, as the Wiseman speaks of some who boast a false gift. Your Ladiship seemed not to question the former, nor indeed is there reason for that loud cry, That miracles and gifts of healing are ceased in the Church, Since the arm of the Lord is not shorten'd, nor doth he anywhear in His word say, that they shall cease. And the necessities of mankinde are the same. And greater glory is promised to the Church in these later dayes, than in the former. And our Lord hath left a speciall promise to believers of that kinde. Job 14. 12.

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[2] See a letter from Doctor Stukeley to Doctor Mead, 26 June, 1727, in Turnor, *Collections for the History of the Town and Soke of Grantham,* p. 176: "Sir Isaac (Newton) whilst he went to Grantham School, boarded at Mr. Clark's house, an apothecary, grandfather to Mr. Clark, now an apothecary here. 'Twas the next house to the George Inn, northward in High Street. . . . Dr. Clark, M.D., brother to Mr. Clark, was usher of the school at this time: he was a pupil of the famous Henry Moore of Christ College, born in Mr. Bellamy's house over against me. Dr. Clark, when he left the school, practised physic in this town with success and emolument."

[3] Major George Rawdon, Conway's brother-in-law.

[4] Cf. Charles Homer Haskins, *Studies in the History of Mediaeval Science* (1924), p. 263: "The fable that barnacle geese were hatched from barnacles he (Frederick II) exploded by sending north for such barnacles, concluding that the story arose from ignorance of the actual nesting-places of the geese." Haskins on p. 321 n. suggests by means of a bibliography the prevalence of this belief.

[1] See above, p. 54 n.

[2] See pp. 100, 115.

But Your Ladiships doubt is rather touching the person, whether he have that gift. Touching my knowledge of Mr Coker, truly till of late, I knew him not, though my auditor some yeares. And he gave me fair occasion to know him by his book, which he sent me; also by 2 short visits which he gave me about 6 weeks since. And this day I went with him to a friend of his and myne, who, I fear, will die at Islington. Whence returning I saw what confirmes myne opinion, that he hath that gift. Diverse persons came to him, lame who received present ease. One wounded very sore, who could not endure any part of his arme to be touched or moved from the posture, wherein he brought it, he upon Mr Cokers touching him, had his pain abated, and could move his arme. A woman whom diverse thear had known 10 years to have had hir right hand bended downward and the sinews of hir arm shrunk she was present and hir hand and arme were loosed and rendred serviceable. The Earl of Pembroke[3] told me before, and again this day in presence at Mr Cokers chamber professed he had received much good by him, he having caused him to voyd a bladder of bloud out of his stomach by laying on his hand. These cures or the most of them I saw. In the company it was testified by many that a man of 80 yeares brought to him lame went away on his feet. Two whom I dare trust told me they saw him touch a womans arms which almost 3 years had hung by her liveless, senseless and altogether useless, which had been cut in diverse places and bled not; which might be turn'd like hir sleeve without any sense of pain, which the Chirurgeon perswaded hir to cut off. In a short tyme, less than half an hour, upon his handling of it, bone came in joynt to its bone, and bloud came into the veynes, and ran out at the places of hir fingers which had been cutt. Many were to see this woman about Shorditch on Wednesday last, who had known hir long tyme of lamenesse. I hear also of a man raging mad, and blaspheming brought violently by porters who after he had touched him, went away alone very sober and ashamed of his distemper. I could tell your Ladiship of many more; the last of these the Earl of Pembroke told me, he saw cured. I have I believe wearyed you with these relations. But I must consider the bearers journey home.

I present these to your Ladiships judgment, and humbly desire you seriously to consider from what principle these works can proceed. It is one of the great Gods elogies: That He alone does wonderous things. To His care, with my prayers for your Ladiships health, and craving pardon for these long, hasty, rude lines, I desire to rest

Madame
Your humble servant
Robt. Gell

Bow-lane, May 26, 1654.

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[3] Philip, fifth Earl of Pembroke, succeeded in 1650.

57. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 12. No superscription.]

Madame,

This is not the first time, that your Ladiship is aforehand with me in this civility of writing, though I intended to prevent you so soone as I returned out of Holland, which was but last Saturday. I am very sorry to heare that your old paine does still so unmercifully afflict you. The best advice that I can give you, is that which I endeavour after myself as much as I can, that your phansy add nothing to the torture of your sense, and to resigne yourself wholy to the will of God, useing the best meanes you can for the removall of your present affliction, but not be over solicitous what effect it will take, being secure of this truth, that death itself which seemes the most terrible thing in the world is but a returne to greater freedome and happiness in those that are vertuously and piously dispos'd. For my own part I am so off and on in my health, that I am resolved obstinately and sullenly to disregard it, little caring what becomes of me as concerning this present world, though I do not neglect to do something in reference to it, but without any great care what the event will prove. In a word I am enforc'd for my present case to add Stoicisme to Christianity, as men commonly take medicine as well as say their prayers for the recovery of their health. And I finde it reaches far in way of remedy to unfortunate afflictions, not to trouble a mans self about such thinges as are not in the power to amend. And verily Madam, the best office of friendship that I can do your Ladiship is to recommend the same endeavour to you, to rest yourself contented as much as possibly you can, in doing what God has putt in your power for your good, and what He has placed out of your reach for the present, not to vex your self with an over eager desire after it, but willingly to give up to the power of another which is not all in your own, especially the doing all thinges wisely and better then we ourselves can do possibly.

I have perused the two papyrs you sent me, and have also consydered those storyes in your letter concerning Mr Cokers[1] healing men, and because you desire my judgement so seriously concerning the whole matter, I must not refuse to tell you my conjecture thereof, which must be upon this supposition that those narrations as well in the printed papyrs as in your letter are true. Which if they be, I must confesse that he has done much more for the gaining of a beleife, that he is inspired indeed, or that he is a prophet, then any of the Enthusiasts of this present Age, severall whereof, though they have imposed even upon them that are deservedly reputed both learned and pious, yett, I thank God, I was never entrap'd by any of them, but did very timely discover that they were but fanaticks or Melancholists as they were in the issue prov'd, unless it was one, who I think was more knave then foole. But he was an Impostor, though no Enthusiast, and though he did not happily think so, yett gave out he was a Prophett. But none of these men could do any thing, and therefore Mr Coker has the preeminence far before them. And I must confess what he does I do not at all suspect to be by the power of the Devill, but by a power partly naturall and partly devotionall, and that it does not at all amount to a miracle, as I conceive, properly so called, which methinks the maner of his healing does intimate. For they recover their strength by degrees, as in the taking of a medicine, as I observe in all these stories. Wherefore I have this odd conceit concerning this matter, that the blood and spiritts of this party is become sanative and healing, by long temperance and devotion, as I suppose, nature being so hugely advanced and perfectly concocted, that his blood and spiritts are a true elixir, and therefore he laying his hand upon diseased persons, his spiritts run out of his own body into the party diseased, and actuate and purify the blood and spiritts of the diseased party, which I conceive they do with more efficacy, if he add devotion to his laying on of his hands, for that setts his spiritts afloat the more copiously and animates them the more strongly, and they being no spiritts of a melancholy man but thus refin'd and sublimated, they are the more feirce and strong in their motions, and more effectuall for the kindling of life and spiritt in such dead and diseased limbs as he is said to have healed. But for my own part I do not think, that the great Elixir they talk of can it self cure all diseased, and it may be that the sanative vertue of this mans body, is not in so high a degree healing as it. I could wish, if he could be persuaded to it, that he would continue his hand upon the Temples of your head or your forehead, or if he could come to the place where your paine most resydes, to lett it rest there a good whyle, when you are in a fitt, for I conceive the vertue will be then perceptible, if at all and I wonder that he will not be brought to it, unless he be afrayd to be too plainly confronted by your disease, and that it would be too palpably discovered that he can do nothing. But if this gift of healing were absolutely miraculous, he would be able to heale any disease whatsoever, and that by the mere word of his mouth. But so far as I can discover by anything that is yett recorded of him, it is thus with him, that as some mens bodys are infectiously diseased even to the diseasing of others, so this partys body is infectiously healthfull, even to the healing of others, and as some mens constitution of health is so strong that they will not be infected by conversing with or touching them that have the plague, so some diseases may be so stubborn that they will not yield to Mr Cokers healing infection, as I may so call it. As for the particularityes of his prophecy the event will best show it. But for the generall, that there will be at last such a time, as names of division will cease and that there will be no higher nor more gratefull style then that of Christian, I must confess I look upon it as a truth as assured as that the Scripture is true. But I do not conceive that there needes any speciall gift of prophecy to make a man beleive this, but a regenerate man upon the reading of the Scriptures will be very hardly kept of from beleiving the contrary. But to speake the sense of my own minde I can not hope that so great happiness will overtake us so suddenly as he prophesyes, or that he has an infallible gift of prophecy at all, but that he is unawares driven upon it by the power of his Melancholy, and the confidence of his gift of healing, and if he were awakened into a rationall consyderation of his present ability, it might happily dissipate and undo the whole vertue thereof, and therefore I earnestly desire you, that you would not communicate any thing that I have wrote to any body, least it come to his knowledge, to the disturbance of him in his way, and the weakening of him in his present facility. But you will do well to take the opportunity, if you can, of having him lay his hand on your head whyle you are in a fitt, a good whyle together, whyle he has this present vertue in him. For I do not see but that it may goe away from him in time though how soone I know not. I read over the two papyrs you sent me twice, and there is something methinks in the style, that makes me suspect that there is no such extraordinary spiritt of prophecy in him. But as I sayd the event will best discover it. But if he can do any thing in healing diseases and you partake of it, the praise is due to God, and I am confident that there is no ill at all in it. I can not think of Clodius without some nauseating. I did diverse times think with my self, that he has cheated you of the picture you trusted him with. The world is wicked and base, above all imagination, it seemes to me that have but very lately had a little occasion to cast my eye upon it, to be a wood of Robbers, and a field of wilde beasts, every one hunting his prey, and dragging the spoile into his own den. Madame, I have half tired my self and if I should write any farther I should more then tire you too, wherefore committing you to Gods gracious keeping in hast I take leave and rest

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[1] Among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum (E 734, No. 8) is *A short and plain Narrative of Mat. Coker, in reference to his gift of healing.*

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and servant

H. More.

Grantham, Jun. 7, 1654.

58. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 64. "To the honourable the Lady Ann Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane over against Aldemary Church."]

Madame,

It is sad newes to me that your fitts continue on you so long and leave you ill so long after, with such an universall weakening of your body. But yet you are much bound to praise God that you are in so good a frame of spiritt to bear so intolerable an affliction. And it is some satisfaction to my minde that these poor offers of mine to suggest reasonable counsell to you for your better undergoing so grievous a triall afford you any ease or contentment in so great distress. All that I can say of my advise it is the very same that I would counsell my own heart, and do as often recurr to it, as I am assaulted with the mischievous stormes of this pittifull terrestrial karcas of mine. Such whyle it is in tolerable case, is but an house made of clay walls and a little thatch to cover it, a very homely cottage, but when it is out of temper, a mere dampish dungeon and the soul is fallen then from the condition of a poor cottager to a miserable prisoner, which makes me look on that terrible scar-crow of the ignorant, Death, as a rude friend that breaks the prison doore open to lett me out. Assuredly, Madame, it can be nothing but want of fayth and the knowledge of God, that will carry away our imaginations captive to a greater disturbance, then the mere sense of present paine does employ necessarily upon us. For it is impossible, the nature of God being such as it is, that any thing should happen to those that with singleness of heart serve him and seek after him, which themselves, when they understand the bottom of it, will not wish that it had been done, had it not prevented their wishes by being done already, as youself has well intimated in your last. And now for assuageing of present smart, what an opportunity have we in our greatest paines to exercise that most lovely and most divine virtue of all virtues, patient Humility, that most eminent accomplishment of our blessed Lord and Master Christ Jesus. For how near is our behaviour to his, when through fayth and patience we decently undergoe those great trialls God layes upon us, not repining against, nor at all distrusting his Providence in the World, we haveing so ample testimonies of it every where, both in the affairs of men and universally in the whole Creation. And the serious remembrance of those dreadfull agonies Christ underwent on the crosse which certainly transcended any that any one does ever bear in this life, methinkes the sense of his love in those great sufferings may something sweeten and mitigate our present torments, we endeavouring to conform ourselves to his patience, whyle we are under the rod of our heavenly Father as he then was. Thus I conceive a serious and fixt consyderation of that direfull passion of our dear Saviour on the crosse may be usefully enlarged even to the slaking of bodily paine, as the brasen serpent[1] his type was to the Israelites. But I know your own thoughts are so fruictfull of such like contemplations, that lesser hints are more then enough, to a person so well and piously disposed.

As for Mr Cokers curing the absent, and children by mere speaking unto them, it is to be enquired, whether they are immediately cured, at the very hour he first prayes for them, or speakes to them, or in some compass of time and then whether all or but some though most. For it there be any consyderable space of time required, and besyde that, he does not cure universally, it seemes to me to be a fallacy, or a mistake of his. For lett any man pray for or speak to all the sicke persons of any one town, his prayers or speaking will seeme oftener to take effect then be frustrate, because there is no man can dye more then once but he may and usually has severall fitts of sickness, before he dyes. Wherefore whosoever prayes for, or speakes to by way of cure, all the sick persons of a town, he oftener seeing his endeavours take place, then be frustrate, he may deceive himself and others too, as if it were done by the virtue of his Devotion or Words, and not by strength of Nature. Which Imposture is also upon the Physicions though not so fully. For I think they very seldome cure, but where nature by ordinary country meanes and abstinence would cure itself.

I can not be of Mr Cokers opinion neither, that our Saviour ever attempted to cure any, which he could not cure, there being no such thing (as you have well observed) recorded in the Scripture, and then againe, it had much eclips'd his autority, and made him half ridiculous. But he knew aforehand whom it was not meet for him to meddle withall, and is sayd to decline working of miracles in some places by reason of the peoples unbeleife.

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[1] Num. 21. 9; II Kings 18. 4.

I hope it is no sin in me, but I profess I can not think of that misshapen monster Clodius, but I am still ready to vomitt at his gross foul villany, and pitty many a poor soul, that I think on my conscience, our lawes have knitt up at Tiburne for less then the twentith part of that wickedness this wretch stands gilty of. I thank you for the enclosed papyr. I shall stay here at Grantham I think these six weekes. Since my last to you I have been in very untoward fitts (for we have wanted raine here ever since I came out of Holland) but I am (God be praysed) in a tolerable tune for the present, but in a course of Physick, and intend to vomitt tomorrow, with possett drink, and the fulsome remembrances of that foul wretch Clodius, it will serve me instead of oxymel of squilles,[2] to move my Stomack. With my hearty desires for your health, in hast I take leave and rest

Your affectionate friend and servant,

H. More.

Granth. Jun. 18, [1654]

59. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 40. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane over against Aldemary Church."]

Madame,

I have received yours, and am very much obliged to your Ladiship for so great a measure of your love and friendship as your solicitude concerning my health is so ample a testimonie of. I am in a tolerable condition for the present, and as I hope grow better, but am sure it would add much to a fuller recovery of my health if I could once heare better newes concerning your Ladiships. I am heartily sorry so little success has as yett accompanyed your last Doctors endeavours. I pray God send better, and give you patience till the happy issue and end of all your sufferings. One told me today that he read in the newes book, that Mr Coker was had to Bridewell[1] by his friends. I told him I thought it was to Bedlam.[2] For there might be some probability of this, but I conceived none at all of the other. I wonder whether either be true, and what then may be the occasion thereof. Madame, committing you to the gracious care and keeping of the great Physician of soul and body desiring he would be pleased to comfort you and strengthen you in both, I humbly take leave and rest,

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and servant,

H. More.

Jul 31, [1654]

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[2] A medicinal drink of honey and vinegar of squills.

[1] Bridewell, in More's day, was still the "stately and beautiful house" built by Henry VIII for the reception of Charles V and his suite in 1525; in 1553 Edward VI had made it over to the city as a penitentiary and house of correction. The greater part was destroyed by the fire in 1666.

[2] Bedlam at this time was still the original building in Bishopsgate Street, which since 1547 had been devoted entirely to lunatics—the second asylum for the insane in Europe. In 1675 the establishment was moved to Moorfields.

60. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 46. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these."]

Madame,

I RECEIVED your Ladiships long before now, whyle I was in the Countrey, but being presently, as I purposed, to returne to Cambridge, I thought I would rather salute you by letters from this place, but some distemper of body intervening differr'd both my designes till now. But as I could never in any degree answer the worth of your Ladiships affection, so I must confesse my self now more then ordinarily at a losse to imitate the civility and kindness of your expressions in this your last. Onely I can say, were it as easy a matter for me to doe you good as it is to wish you well, there could nothing retardate our mutuall happiness which would arise from the sense of one anothers health and welfare. But I have been so unsuccessfull in recommending any to your Ladiship that should endeavour the recovery of your health hitherto, that I have no courage at all left in me any way to intermeddle in that matter, els I should advize you to enquire of your brother, Mr Francis Finch, concerning one in Wales that makes a red powder, of an admirable sovereigne virtue for curing, as it is told me, all maner of diseases. There is onely one party or Family that knowes how to make it, and that party will communicate the secret to none, (I mean of making it) but they sell the medicine and live by it alone. One in a desperate sickness had a little of it (to the quantity of a pins head as I remember) administerd to her, which stood her in four pounds, and beyond all expectation recovered her. It's likely Mr Finch may learn out, where the party lives, and how to procure it, and what fame there goes of it, from his Uncles acquaintance in London, if you think it worth the whyle to inquire after it. I am sorry your present Physick has no better effect. If it might but once please God to guide some Physicion or other so as to bring you into a hopefull way of recovery and deliverance from so tedious paines, no welcomer newes could arrive to the cognoscence of

Your entirely affectionate friend and humble servant

H. MORE.

C.C.C. Sept. 5, [1654]

I came Tuesday last to Cambridge. This ayr, especially it having been lately well moystened with raine agrees better with me, I think, then that dry subtill ayre in the Countrey. I have a conceit that these 3 or four yeares of drought has had also a finger in your headache, if not a greater stroke, and that if the temper of the yeares would change, that it might prove some releif to you, but this is but my conjecture. For myself I am better now at this present I thank God, then I have felt my self all this sumer, and should recover more chearfully, if your Ladiships health would but be so [accommodating?] as to accompany it.

61. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 48. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bow-lane over against Aldemary Church."]

Madame,

I THANK you for your kinde letter, and for the enclos'd from Padua. I am by direction from your brother John to send certaine writings which he committed to my trust, to your brother Heneage or els to your brother Frank, who as I understand being absent, if it were no trouble to you to receive the writings and receive an acquittance of Mr Heneage[1] and send me it hither, I would send you those writings to be delivered to Mr Heneage Finch as I am desired according to your brothers letter. I am sorry your brother Frank is so unluckily out of the way if you shall think it worth the whyle to make enquiry after the powder. Dr Shelden of Oxford[2] knowes that businesse thoroughly who makes it and how it may be come by, if you know how to send to him. I am sorry you are forced to try so desperate a remedie as the Trepan.[3] I pray God direct you and strengthen you in all your attempts, This powder methinks should be known, though not the making of it, yett the use of it, to the Doctors in London as well as to some in the Country, but I must confess I am very heartless in suggesting any of these thinges unto you, notwithstanding your candid acceptance, the buisiness of Clodius lying so raw still and unconcocted on my stomack. You have delt wisely this last time with that Snap[4] whom you have truly characterized as one whom it is impossible ever to prove honest. He will finde his due reward at the long runne. And for my own part I shall not intercede for him, if you find him false and most uncivilly unjust, in couzening you of your picture, as well as he has been barbarously cruel as far as in him lay, in defeating or hindering you of your health. It is seldom but such hopefull youths as he at last arrive to their height of preferment.

It is some contentement unto me, that you are able to goe about the house, and that though your disease is not gone, yett that your naturall strength returnes after so long and harsh a course of Physick. My good wishes attend you though my person is absent, but I shall endeavour to follow my resolution of wayting upon you in Michaelmas terme, though it be impossible for me to stay long at London, I having entrench'd so far already upon our Colledge Statutes, by my so long stay in the Country. With my hearty prayers to God for your recovery in hast I take leave and rest.

Your affectionate friend and servant,
H. More.

C.C.C. Sept. 19, [1654]

62. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 50. "To the honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at the Crown betwixt the two Temple-gates at Mr Leaks a stationer. Fleet street."]

Madame,

I am glad my letter was to wayt upon your Ladiship at Kensington though I could not tender my service there in my own person. What your Ladiship has observed at Kensington myself has elswhere. Which makes me not reckon upon one mans life before another, and the incertainty in all should enforce us to bethink what is to be done whyles we stay, that we may passe with more peace of minde and lay a more sure Foundation of our future Happiness. I am sorry you are returned from the Bath with so bad success, but lett not the passions of your own minde add any thing to your continuall Malady. I am glad the ill effects of your much use of Mercury[1] do abate, and hope that they that say it will not quitt you so easily will prove false Prophets, or at least wish so, my self having so little skill in their Faculty. As for my Physick my self being both Physician and Patient, I tooke the boldness to breake of the course of it before I had gone the half way thorough. Madame, your disease not permitting you to think very anxiously of any thing, you would do well to forebeare wholy from any the lest labour of the braine, and passe away the time with the greatest ease and content you can contrive. I have a great desire to heare the good newes of some measure of your recovery which is the dayly prayer of

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[1] Heneage Finch was at this time engaged in private legal practice.

[2] Possibly Gilbert Sheldon, later Archbishop of Canterbury. Although several persons of the surname matriculated at Oxford during the century, Gilbert Sheldon alone was "Dr" in 1654. He had been B.D. in 1628, D.D. in 1634, and was Warden of all Souls' College 1635–48. Yet More's reference seems rather to be to a Doctor of Medicine.

[3] See p. 116 f.

[4] *Snap*, "a sharper or swindler; a sly or treacherous fellow. Obs. Frequent in seventeenth century in *cunning* or *subtle* snap." *NED*.

Your Ladiships humble and affectionate servant,

H. MORE.

C.C.C. Octobr 7, [1654]

63. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 14. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bow-lane over against the Church. London."]

Madame,

I WAS a fortnight in Holland which made me till now misse of an opportunity of answering your kinde letter, though it were directed to the right place. I am exceeding sorry your Physick has had such ill success with you, but glad that you begin to grow better. Tis a wretched thing that none of those Chymists will prove honest. I profess I know not what to advise in so difficult a buisinesse, more then what is in your own power with the divine assistance, to make a vertue of a necessity, and to beare what it pleases Providence to lay upon you with as much Christian patience as you may. Which I profess I think you do far better then I could if I were in your case, for which you are to thanke God. I am glad to hear your brother John is well, though he be not at leasure to salute me with a letter. As for my own health it is so off and on, that I am resolv'd it shall mock me no longer. For I intend, God assisting me, to content myself with this one thing, to do upon every occasion what I conceive is most reasonable, and not to trouble myself whether I shall live or dye, but yett I phansy though I be tost backwards and forwards, yett I gett a little more ground every year then other towards a more healthfull condition, but it is so little that I do not much reckon on it. I should be glad to hear that you were grown so well againe that you would send me word when you intend to give Cambridge a visitt. I suppose Mr Conway is or will be return'd very shortly out of Warwickshire and I intend God willing to be at Cambridge by Saturday come sennight. Thus with my best wishes for your health and happinesse in much hast I take leave and rest

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[1] See p. 91 n.

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and servant,

HENRY MORE.

Grantham, April 18, 1655.

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64. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 16. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane."]

Madame,

THIS is onely to inform your Ladiship that according as I wrote you word in my last, I am returned to Cambridge where I should be very glad to heare of some amendment in your health. I should have been a good deal better for my journey into the Country but that I had the luck to ride in overmuch raine as I came back, which wett me to the very skin, but I am pretty well, God be thanked, and grow, as I think, better by degrees. I received, whyle I was in the Country, letters out of France from the French Embassadours brother, Monsieur Clerselier[1] concerning Des Cartes. They were dated above 5 moneths agoe. I would glady know the safest and speediest way to convey my letters to him. He has in his letter wrote me a complete superscription that there may be no mistake. This of his was directed to Christ College, if it had been to some place in London or near about, I think, it might not have thus long miscarry'd. I suppose your Ladiship may know perfectly, the best way of conveyance of letters and in what time there may be an answer, you having sent so often to Paris. If you please to informe me of the best way, you will much oblige,

Your Ladiships affectionate friend and humble servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. April the last
1655

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65. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 30. "To the Honour[able the Lady] Conway at Kens[ington]. Leave these at Dr Gells house in Bow-lane."]

Madame,

IT is a very great affliction of minde to me to hear that you are in so bad and weak a condition after your many courses of Physick, as I perceive you are. I pray God strengthen you and recover you if it be his blessed will. But what ever his pleasure be, I know your Ladiship is so wise and so vertuous that you will not let goe the proper use and advantage that is to be made of what ever condition it shall please divine Providence to cast us into, and you are well assured that nothing happens to those that fear God, let it seem never so harsh, but is for their good at the long run if they strike in with such opportunityes as are offered unto them by what God pleases to lay upon them. For his eye is upon us all, and he stands hard by us, and it is as easy a thing for him to heal the body of a man as to make it, if he thought good, who is yett more wise and more kinde and loveing then we can be to our selves or to one another. But his benignity is regulated by so profound wisedome and counsell as we must be content sometimes not so fully to understand it, though I be as sure as I live, that it is exceeding right and good at the bottom, and there is nothing so truly Christian as to believe so, and to receive all things that God sendes or suffers to befall us, with all humility and submission, imitating Christ our head in this, who gave us an example of patiently bearing what ever it was his Fathers pleasure to inflict upon him. Whose life is so lively and fully sett out, in a little booke, called *Theologia Germanica*[1] that I do not know, but if Mr Conway would read now and then a little of that book it may happily give you more ease then any other Physick. But I am glad you are in so safe hands as in the old and young Doctour Ridseleys. For I do verily think they have at least as much skill as any other Doctours, and I think very few have so much honesty and fidelity as they. I am infinitely beholden to your Ladiship, for your kinde offer of getting my letters conveyed into France, but I am loath now I perceive you so ill, to trouble you with that care, and there is a gentleman in London my pupill, that has begun to act for me in that affaire already. Thus with my hearty prayers to God for your recovery in hast I take leave and rest

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[1] Claude Clerselier, the French editor of Descartes.

Your Ladiships entirely affectionate friend and servant

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. May 7, [1655].

My very humble service to Mr Conway. I will not despaire yett, but that I may see you at Cambridge this summer for all this.

66. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 34. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells house over against the Church."]

Madame,

IT was no small satisfaction and ease of minde to me when I see but the outside of your letter, for I began to be very solicitous what was become of you, and how you were able to beare against the unmercifull assaults of your disease, to which it seemes is added the mischeif of unskilfull, and which is worse, fals-tongued

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[1] In More's autobiographical account of his youth, in his *Praefatio Generalissima* (see above, p. 41) he speaks of the effect upon his mind at a period of doubt and pessimism, of "that golden little book, with which Luther was so prodigiously pleased." The little book of German mysticism, long attributed to Tauler, was immensely popular during the seventeenth century.

Physicians. I will never beleive a Chymist so long as I live, for Hues[1] his sake. Its an hard case that single Robbery shall hang for it, and Robbery with Murder shall not. For such are those Chymists that not onely take mens mony away but their lives. Verily Madame I can not but be very sorry to see you thus unsuccessfull in all your attempts for the removing the pain of your head, but we must submitt our selves to the will of God and possess our selves in patience, extinguish in our selves the desire of all things but of being of one will with him who has a complete power over us to deal with us as he pleases, but will do nothing but what is for our greater proficiency in the Christian Schoole, and the accumulation of greater happiness at last if we behave ourselves as we ought in the houre of Temptation. The newes of the safety of your picture had pleased me not a little, did not the solicitude for the substance sitt so sadly on my spiritt, that I can take no content at all from the recovering of the shadow. As for my own health that your Ladiship is pleased so kindly to enquire after, it is much what in the same uncertainty as it has been a good whyle, yett I seeme to myself, something to make some progress toward a more comfortable and healthfull condition. I am glad you are pleased with the book I commended to you, but be sure to be as chearfull as you can, and take the Chrisitianity of it, but leave the Melancholy of it, to those that want it. I am very much importuned to take a journey into Lancashire, 3 or 4 of us together, I have made onely a conditionall promisse if you free me from my engagement into Warwickshire, if I do not goe, I beleive the rest will not, and so our Lancashire friend will be disappointed of his hopes. I earnestly desire to heare this week from you, for we are to goe this next Munday, and nothing will stay me I know of, but my word to your Ladiship, and I am very ambitious to approve my self alwayes

Your Ladiships faythfull and affectionate friend and servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Jul. 2, [1655].

67. *Henry More to Anne Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 38. "To the Honourable the Lady Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Dr Gells in Bow-lane over against the Church."]

Madame,

SINCE the receipt of your letter, I have quite layd asyde all thoughts of going into Lancashire. I had rather also wayt upon you in London then in Warwickshire, because I have naturally an averseness from being in strange places and conversing with such as I am not acquainted with, especially great persons. I am sorry that the extremity of your disease should drive you to so hard experiments upon your body. But for my own part, I am so confounded in this matter, that I know not what to persuade or dissuade you from. But I hope in God he will, as he has done hitherto, support your spiritts so, that if the intended attempt[1] do not do you that ease you wish for, yett it will not prove so deadly and pernicious as others feare. I hope Mr Conway and you have not layd asyde your resolution of seeing my Lady Veres,[2] but that you will, so soone as you are a little better, take a journey thither, and then remember your promisse of seeing Cambridge and I hope Mr Francis Finch will come along with you, or meet you there. What you speak of the disparity of our friendship, really Madame, it plainly amazes me, there being no merit at all in me but a sincere desire of approving myself

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[1] Charles Hues, who had prescribed mercury for Anne Conway. Cf. Willis' note, p. 41.

Your Ladiships faythfull and affectionate servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. Jul. 9, [1655].

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[1] It seems likely that Anne Conway at this time planned the trip to France which she afterwards undertook for the purpose of having the trepan used. The sudden death of her father-in-law would naturally have changed her plans.

[2] Cf. p. 67. The Earl of Oxford owned estates in Cambridgeshire.

CHAPTER THREE

Interludes

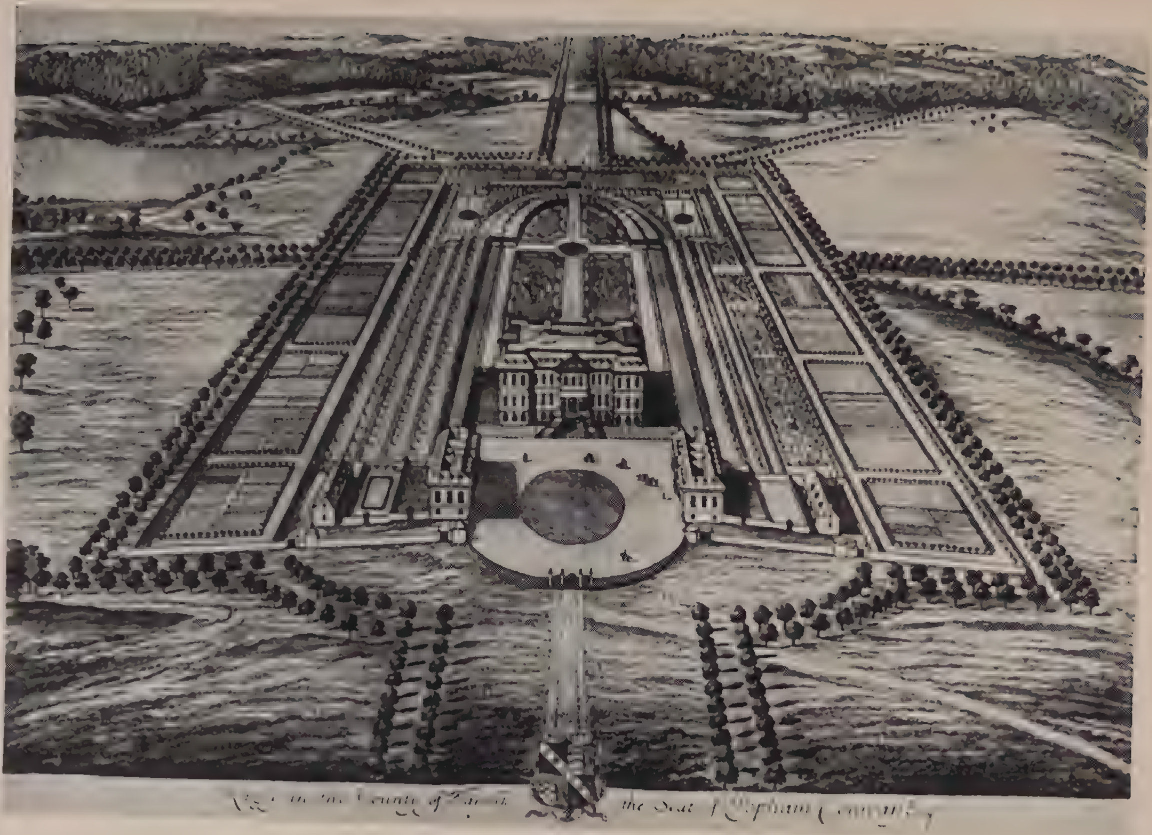
1655–60.

I.

THE second Viscount Conway never returned to England from his last visit to his beloved France. He died suddenly in June, 1655, at Lyons, where his body still lies; and though he had lived a full and rounded life, his death brought sincere grief to a great circle of friends, most of all to his son and the young daughter-in-law for whom he had such deep affection. The change in station caused no break in the simple daily life of the new Lady Conway. She continued with her quiet tasks of study and correspondence, broken only by more and more frequent sieges of pain. A series of letters to her husband, written during the first few months after her father-in-law's death, still lies among her papers, sealed in black. The matters she discusses are the homely details of family life: a "blacke boxe of writings" left by his father; a temperamental sister-in-law; the illness of her mother, and a sudden illness of Conway's; her mother-in-law's sage cheese. There is little enough here of romance; yet through the letters runs like a motif the note of pain.

With More also her correspondence continued, interrupted only by the silences forced on her by illness, or his occasional welcome visits to Kensington or Ragley. Occupied as usual, More was engaged upon another treatise, a sequel to his *Antidote Against Atheism*. Yet the discussion of philosophical matters occupies little space in the letters which More wrote the Viscountess in 1656. The correspondence had grown and deepened to an intimacy, fostered by More's visits to Kensington. What had been formal calls became protracted visits, until, in the middle years, Ragley Hall was More's true home, to which he hastened on the first day of his release from academic duties. Even a suggestion that his presence could assist her became a royal command. The acquaintance which had begun in a mere altruistic desire to satisfy the intellectual hunger of this unusual girl, had deepened first into friendship; during the visits to Kensington when, often in intense pain, she had talked with him vividly and eagerly, he had fallen more and more completely under the spell of her appeal, and the friendship deepened again into love as reverent as Dante's for the Beatrice who "in hue of living flame" appeared to guide his steps through the confused ways of Purgatory:

> And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
> Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
> Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there moved
> A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
> The power of ancient love was strong within me.



RAGLEY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From an engraving in the British Museum.

Cambridge, once the center of his life, seemed now to More barren, lacking a gracious something he had not known to miss. Despair at the dread silence caused by what he believed her desperate illness forced him at least once to break down his customary reserve, and show himself for a moment at his sad task of sorting her letters, as he thought, for the last time.

Yet it is only occasionally we find such a letter as that. For the most part, the charm of the epistles of this period lies in their homely concrete details of every day, their reflection of the intimate life and thought of a bygone age. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of all to modern readers is the light which the letters of Anne Conway and Henry More throw upon various kinds of medical treatment which were attempted by leading physicians of the seventeenth century, men in many cases of international reputation. Here we may see how tentative and experimental in their methods were the best of them, how credulous even the geniuses of that day. Powders of all kinds are mentioned: a "blew powder" of which Lady Conway had heard, though she had not yet been able to find it; a "red powder" of which More wrote excitedly, declaring that the secret of its composition was known only to one family who lived upon the proceeds—and a lucrative business they must have done, for that red powder seems even to our age to have been worth almost its weight in radium! Later Lady Conway tried, both in sack and in canary, the famous *Ens veneris* of Robert Boyle,[1] which he himself prepared for her, since she feared that in less skilful hands its efficacy might be impaired. "Plaisters of Red Lead and of Sope," designed to be applied as blisters to the back of the head, were a commonplace of the treatment. Of a far more barbarous experiment, the dropping of water continuously upon the head, John Finch has made mention, but no details remain. Every possible combination of diet of which the medical profession had heard—one usually in direct opposition to another—was tried without avail. Once at least her physicians had recourse to opium—or probably laudanum, at that time still almost a novelty in England.[2] Between More's first and second references to the drug, his knowledge of its dangers had evidently increased, for in the first instance, he refers in a mood of mere interest to the supposed efficacy of opium, and to the fact that an acquaintance has sent him a box of opium pills; whereas in a later letter, upon hearing that Lady Conway was about to make use of opium, he exclaims fearfully, "I like not such remedies!" Equally dangerous was mercury, which was used upon Lady Conway twice, with almost fatal results. In his discussion of the treatment of her case, Willis denounces this error with vigor, insisting that while mercury had justified its use in syphilitic conditions, there could be no reason for its employment in such a case as hers.

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[1] Cf. Boyle, *Philosophical Works* (1725), III, 589.

[2] Charles LaWall in *Four Thousand Years of Pharmacy*, pp. 280–282, points out that laudanum owed its origin to Thomas Sydenham, whose preparation was made from opium and saffron, extracted with Canary wine. Sydenham described it in 1669 as good for the plague. It was, however, known before that time; the word itself is attributed to Paracelsus, though it is doubtful whether his compound was identical with the later *laudanum* used in England. References to it may be found during the reign of James I; but it hardly became a familiar treatment until the time of Sydenham.

Of equal interest to the modern reader were two less dangerous drugs, not so familiar then as now—coffee and tobacco. Half-heartedly, when many remedies had failed, More suggested the former, though there is no indication that Lady Conway ever made use of it. Within a few years it was to be the drink of every fop and dandy in London; but when More wrote, coffee was still considered primarily a drug. Like coffee, tobacco was thought for the most part, even in the middle seventeenth century, a drug rather than a mere stimulant. Its use in the treatment of headache was no unusual thing. The popularity of the herb had grown in Europe since its introduction, primarily because of a belief in its healing powers. It had mysterious, almost magical properties; it was a panacea for many ills; its names, indeed, were *Herba Panacea* and *Herba Sancta,* even *Sana sancta Indorum.* But the magic herb which cured the lovers and ladies of Lyly and Spenser, and brought money to the purse of Sir Walter Raleigh, was powerless in the disease of the young Viscountess, who in the next letter after the mention of the "tryall" says of her illness that she has had "no respite from the extremity of it perpetually."

Lack of knowledge was a limitation from which Lady Conway suffered in her medical advisors, though they formed a distinguished group—the great Harvey, the almost equally great Mayerne, the Ridgeleys, father and son, Sir Francis Prujean, Thomas Willis, and Robert Boyle—each was as incapable as the others of curing her, or even of giving her relief. But these were at least men of scrupulous integrity and honest effort; and if that could not be said of all the physicians of the day, still less could it be said of the surgeons and chemists in whose hands so often lay the power of life and death. In spite of real advances made during the seventeenth century by the publication of the first British pharmacopoeia, and by the gradual recognition of the new social status of the physician, surgery was still too often in the hands of barbers and of men little above the status of barbers. Yet the fees of both surgeons and apothecaries—particularly after 1665, when during the plague all but the most courageous physicians fled from London, leaving their patients dependent upon apothecaries alone—were so exorbitant[3] that the satirists of the day more than once turned their artillery upon them.

Twice at least Lady Conway suffered not only extortion but actual danger at the hands of chemists. One such instance seems to have been the occasion on which she submitted with almost fatal results to a salivation of mercury at the hands of the well-known chemist, Charles Hues. The other instance has introduced into the story a chemist of great fame in that day—Frederick Clodius, son-in-law of Samuel Hartlib, the friend and correspondent of nearly all the great men of the day.[4] What the offense of Clodius was, we can only surmise from More's invective against him; but even two months after its occurrence More was still moved to unusual eloquence by the memory of the "gross foul villany" of "that misshapen monster Clodius."

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[3] Cf. Fielding Garrison, *Introduction to the History of Medicine* (1924), pp. 293–294: "Apothecaries' bills were exceptionally high in the seventeenth century, and the cost of medicines was often exploited by physicians and surgeons as an excuse for running up their charges. . . . High as these charges were for a time, they are as nothing to the mulcting practised in 1633 by George Butler, who charged 30s apiece for pills, and £37 10s the boxful. In the reign of James I, the College of Physicians prosecuted Dr. Tenant for charging £6 each for a pill and an apozeme (decoction) and Pitt, in 1703, stated that apothecaries had been known to make between £150 and £320 out of a single case, and that their prescription charges were at least 90 per cent more than the shop prices. At this time the average London physician's fee was about half a sovereign, while the apothecaries in ordinary to Charles I and Charles II got £40 and £72 per annum respectively. . . ."

There were other remedies less material, though not less interesting than pills, powders, and plasters. We of this generation, who most scoff at what we call the "superstition" of the seventeenth century, should most easily comprehend the basis of that superstition. In a period when the miracles of one day have become the commonplace of the next, it is inevitable that credulity should flourish. The eyes of sense may persuade us tomorrow of realities which the most advanced reason denies today. We of all people should read with sympathetic understanding the accounts, in an age so much like our own, of mental and physical cures performed by seventeenth-century miracle men, sometimes fanatics, sometimes impostors, sometimes sincere believers, whose operations such men as Robert Boyle and Henry More watched with sympathetic belief. The most remarkable miracle man of the generation we shall see later in Valentine Greatrakes, whose name became a household word, and who astonished the Royal Society; but before the fame of Greatrakes had reached England, another lesser man was causing talk among clergy and scientists. Little more is known of Matthew Coker than appears in More's letters and in a rare treatise in the British Museum;[5] but the Earl of Pembroke was persuaded of his powers and submitted to his cures, with satisfactory results. In spite of encouragement to do so, it does not appear that Lady Conway ever tried the ministrations of Coker. Possibly, as More shrewdly suggests, the man refused to undertake a case which had already become famous among physicians; but that either Coker was proved an impostor, or that his powers failed, is clear from More's later contemptuous references to him.

The succession of discouragements in the treatment of the Viscountess produced a psychological effect upon More no less marked than on his suffering friend. Sadness echoes through the letters of the period. Powerless to aid, ironically forced by chance more than once to add to her difficulties, he passed from placid optimism and comfortable belief to despondency. In his early letters he had found it easy to give advice; himself untouched by physical suffering, he had had recourse to wise words, and had not hesitated to speak, often in phrases which savored of the clergyman's visitation of the sick. Yet if during those early years More was still conscious that he was in holy orders and a Fellow of Christ's College, and if on occasion he spoke in pulpit tones to his "fellow Christian," most of his later speech is rather the simple language of what Sir Thomas Browne used to call "deludable man" to his "stoicall friend." He realized only too well the irony of her appeals to him for "reasonable counsell." More than once, though he himself was perhaps not conscious of it, his pondering upon her case gave direction to his theological and philosophical thought. As with Milton, preoccupation with the "ways of God to man" rings through all More's work; and again, as with Milton, personal circumstances were perhaps as influential as were national. Lady Conway was responsible to a great degree for More's change from the dogmatic and unquestioning pronouncements of youth to the tolerance and understanding of his middle years. It was no simple thing to reduce to nonsense the arguments of one's adversaries, to demolish with satire or with reason those "Hobbians" who denied the eternal and immutable goodness of God, when across the page there fell the shadow of his "innocent, suffering friend"—a Cordelia summoned by the great Dramatist for some inscrutable reason of his own to bear the weight of unmerited affliction. The time was to come when the mature philosopher humbly acknowledged that all his learning and all his knowledge could offer nothing to this woman who had gained wisdom "experimentally."

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[4] William Wotton, writing to Evelyn in 1703, suggests that Clodius was Boyle's master. (Evelyn, *Diary and Correspondence* [1852], III, 389.) Boyle's remarks suggest the friendliest possible relationship. (Cf. *Works* [1772], VI, 35, 54.) Sir Kenelm Digby was so impressed with Clodius as a chemist that he offered to furnish a laboratory and to give him an income for two years that he might experiment at leisure. (Boyle, *Works*, VI, 89.)

[5] *A short and plain Narrative of Mat. Coker, in reference to his gift of healing* (n.d.).

II.

All the cures which the English physicians could propose having alike proved unavailing, the excruciating pain in April, 1656, forced Lady Conway to attempt a most "desperate remedy," the trepan. According to Willis, as we have seen, the suggestion came originally from William Harvey, who however would not attempt it, but transferred the responsibility to specialists "abroad."[6] The idea of a voyage to the continent was no new thing to the Viscountess,[7] as her brother's letters indicate; but having made up her mind to the ordeal—a fearful one in a day when anesthetics were unknown and surgical methods of the crudest—nothing hindered but the need of making arrangements for passes and a ship. Her decision was evidently a sudden one, forced on her by pain; she did not even await the return of her husband, whose own recent illness might make it a matter of weeks before he could accompany her. Hence she determined courageously upon a course which few ladies of her day would have attempted—to go to France accompanied only by her servants, and to face alone the terrors of the French surgeons. When she communicated her intention to More, however, he evidently refused to accept the idea of her undergoing the ordeal alone, and at once made plans to join her.[8]

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[6] Willis, *Two Discourses,* etc., p. 119: "There is yet another Chirurgicall operation cry'd up by many for a pertinacious headache, but by none (that I know of) yet attempted, to wit, an opening of the Skull, near the grieved place, with a Trepaning Iron. This our most ingenious Harvey endeavoured to persuade a noble Lady, labouring with a most grievous and inveterate Headache, promising a Cure from thence; but neither she nor any other would admit that administration." But cf. Pepys, February 3, 1666–67, where he discusses the trepanning of the Prince.

[7] On November 30, 1653, a pass had been issued for "Edward Conway and Anne his wife, Francis Finch, Dr Ridgeley, and three servants, Sarah Bennet, Fred Houpert, and Nich. Bally, beyond seas." (*Cal. S.P. Dom., 1653–54,* p. 445.) No place is specified; nor is there any indication in either the *State Papers* or the domestic correspondence that the journey was undertaken. It is possible that Anne Conway at that time made the trip to Brussels which her brother speaks of, *Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 9 (see p. 88) or that she met him at Calais as he suggested she might. It is more likely, from the inclusion of the name of her physician, that she had at this time decided upon the experiment of the trepan, but was forced to change her plans.

Since More accompanied Lady Conway, and since her husband left to join them before later letters could reach him, there is no further mention in the *Conway Letters* of the journey. An occasional reminiscent sentence in later letters fills in some gaps. More had reason to remember John Finch's account of his crossing to Dieppe, for he remarked years later: "I was never so sick, not even when I went to France with your Ladiship." What they thought of the Paris John Finch had described, with its narrow streets—not so broad nor clean as London streets—they never say. Perhaps they met in Paris that friend of both the Conway and Finch families, Sir Kenelm Digby, who after his short period of favor at the English court, had returned once more to the continent. Perhaps Finch and the ubiquitous Baines came to Paris to meet them. Of the actual treatment to which the Viscountess submitted, we know little. Willis' statement would seem to imply that she finally refused to submit to the operation, while More suggests rather that the refusal was on the part of the surgeons.[9] It seems certain, however, that the French physicians did open the jugular arteries.

Early in June, Viscount Conway, accompanied by one attendant, set out from England to join his wife. The voyage lacked for him any anticipatory terrors it may well have had for her. It was indeed in a sense a return home, for had he not been a schoolboy in Paris? He had sent word to his wife of the probable time of his arrival. In Paris, Lady Conway, convalescent though uncured, waited, spending quiet hours doubtless with More discussing Descartes, whose spirit seemed here even closer than before. The middle of the month came, and still Lord Conway had not arrived. Day succeeded day, the Cartesian discourses gave way to anxiety, then to dread, until finally the astounding news was brought to them that the Viscount had been captured by the Dutch. No gallant prisoner of war, treated with the respect due an officer and a gentleman, but a prisoner seized like any common seaman, the meticulous Lord Conway, stripped of everything he owned, had been thrown naked into one of the filthy prisons which abounded in that day. The news was carried first to England and reached the elder Francis Finch[10] at Kensington. All that is known of the story is told in Finch's petition to the Council of State,[11] where he reports that Lord Conway has been "not only robb'd of his Necessaries but barbarously cast stark naked into a noysome Prison with out any covering save such poor raggs as a Seaman in scorn bestow'd upon him, in which extreme sad condition he hath lyen since the 13th of July last." The petition for relief was granted; a week later a bond was proffered in payment of Conway's ransom; the release was effected, and Conway, hurt more in dignity than in body—though the dangers and discomforts of a seventeenth-century prison are not to be lightly dismissed—proceeded on his interrupted journey to France. Only one other glimpse remains of this period, and that in calm and peaceful contrast: Conway, himself again, composed and urbane as usual, sitting placidly in the Luxembourg Gardens, reading Descartes with More.[12]

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[8] Her physician is not named on the pass which was issued May 7, 1656. (*Cal. S.P. Dom., 1655–56,* p. 581.) No pass for More remains, and his biographers have not been aware that he ever was in France. He himself, however, refers to the trip both in later letters and in the dedication to Viscount Conway of his *Immortality of the Soul* (1659).

[9] Ward, *Life,* p. 206: "Her pains . . . defeated all the attempts of all Physicians whatsoever; for she went into France on purpose to have her Cranium open'd (but none durst adventure on it, though they open'd her Jugular Arteries)."

Toward the end of September, Lord and Lady Conway, with More and their company, started again for home;[13] the return journey was uneventful, and the expedition, though for a time so dramatic, had not been without its charms. But Lady Conway's headache still continued.

III.

Ever since his acquaintance with the Conways, More seems to have recommended to them their chaplains, and more than one of his letters is filled with discussions of the merits of young candidates. It is natural, then, that when Conway sought a man for Ireland, he should have turned to More for advice. In the postscript of one of his letters,[14] More remarks that he is looking about him for a man "fit for Ireland." Such is, so far as we can tell, the introduction into the Conway circle of one of the most appealing of seventeenth-century divines, Jeremy Taylor. "Had he lived among the ancient pagans," said his friend and associate George Rust in his memorable funeral sermon,[15] "he had been ushered into the world with a

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[10] This was the Francis Finch who was a member of the "Society of Friendship" which Mrs. Katherine Philips, "the matchless Orinda," gathered about her. According to her policy of calling all members by pseudonyms, she dubbed Finch "the excellent Palaemon," but absent-mindedly gave the same title to Jeremy Taylor, so that the long poem which she addressed "to Palaemon on his incomparable Discourse of Friendship" was in reality addressed to Taylor, though it was long supposed to be meant for Finch. In the *Fasti Oxoniensis* (II, 59) he is confused with his nephew and namesake, Francis Finch, brother of John and Anne Finch, as the author of verses contributed to Cartwright's poems.

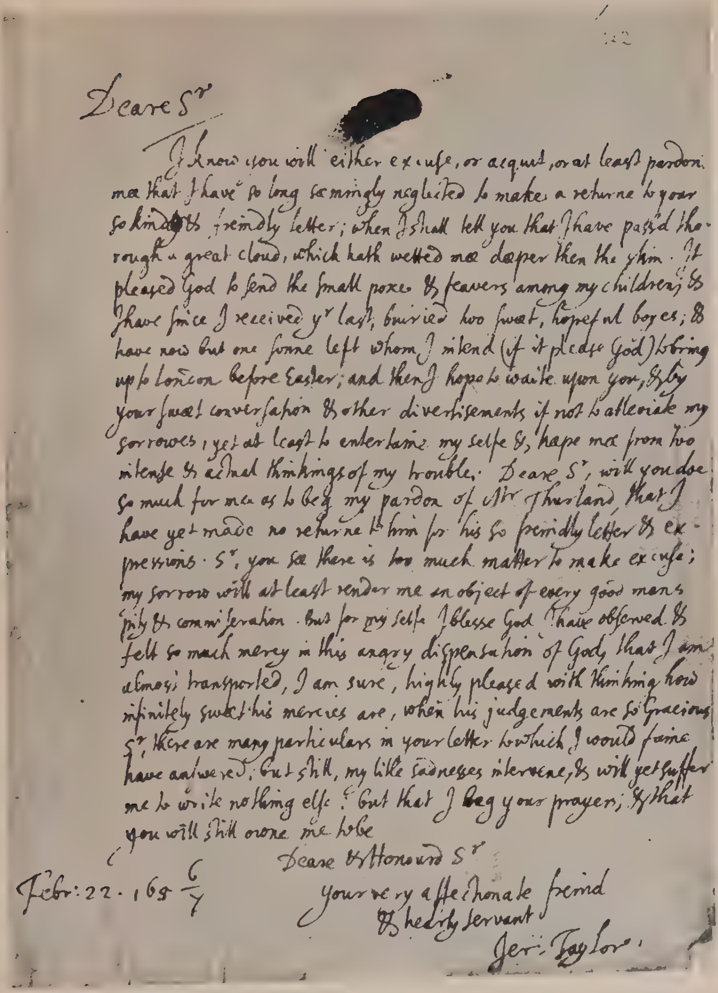
[11] See below, p. 136.

[12] More's dedication to his *Immortality of the Soul.*

[13] The pass was issued September 17.

[14] I have discussed this subject in more detail in an article, "New Material on Jeremy Taylor," in the *Philological Quarterly,* VIII (1929), 321–334.

[15] *A Funeral Sermon Preached at the Obsequies of the Right Reverend Father in God, Jeremy, Lord Bishop of Down, by George Rust* (London, 1668), p. 16. The sermon has also been reprinted by Heber in his *Whole Works* of Taylor (1839), I, 24 ff.



Deare Sr

I know you will either excuſe, or acquit, or at least pardon mee that I have ſo long ſeemingly neglected to make a returne to your ſo kind & friendly letter; when I shall tell you that I have paſs'd thorough a great cloud, which hath wetted mee deeper then the ſkin. It pleaſed God to ſend the ſmall poxe & feavers among my children; & I have ſince I received yr laſt, buried two ſweet, hopeful boyes; & have now but one ſonne left whom I intend (if it pleaſe God) to bring up to London before Eaſter; and then I hope to waite upon you, & by your ſweet converſation & other divertiſements if not to alleviate my ſorrowes, yet at leaſt to entertaine my ſelfe &, keepe mee from too intenſe & actual thinkings of my trouble. Deare Sr, will you doe ſo much for mee as to beg my pardon of Mr Thurland that I have yet made no returne to him for his ſo friendly letter & expreſſions. Sr, you ſee there is too much matter to make excuſe; my ſorrow will at leaſt render me an object of every good mans pity & commiſeration. But for my ſelfe I bleſſe God I have obſerved & felt ſo much mercy in this angry diſpenſation of God, that I am almoſt transported, I am ſure, highly pleaſed with thinking how infinitely ſweet his mercies are, when his judgements are ſo Gracious. Sr, there are many particulars in your letter to which I would faine have anſwered; but ſtill, my little ſadneſſes intervene, & will yet ſuffer me to write nothing elſe but that I beg your prayers; & that you will ſtill owne me to be

Deare & Honourd Sr

Febr: 22. 165$\frac{6}{7}$

Your very affectionate friend
& hearty servant
Jer: Taylor.

JEREMY TAYLOR TO JOHN EVELYN (?)

Sloane MSS 4274, f. 142.

miracle, and swans must have danced and sung at his birth; and he must have been a great hero, and no less than the son of Apollo, the god of wisdom and eloquence."

During the years which had just passed, Taylor had suffered deeply. Twice in one year, during the Commonwealth, he had found himself in prison, once at least because, like Alexander Pope, in troubled times he was one who could not be silent and who would not lie. He was for a long period in want and poverty; he was broken by the sickness and death, first of one, then of two of his sons, a "cloud which had wetted him deeper than the skin," as he wrote in the most poignant of his letters. "Though he had learned a quiet submission unto the Divine Will," wrote Rust,[16] "yet the affliction touch'd him so sensibly, that it made him desirous to leave the Country." During the year 1657 Conway had been looking about for someone who should do for the small English group about his Irish estate exactly what Taylor at this time was doing in London. His earlier vague idea had been to find a young man of promise; but he concluded instead to persuade some leading churchman of the day, to whom in the future he could promise advancement, who by his personality and power might keep alive the slowly perishing Church in Ireland. He had more than once, as a later letter shows,[17] endeavored to persuade both More and Cudworth to change England for Ireland, holding out promises of preferment which were actually proven true in the cases of Taylor and George Rust; but neither More nor Cudworth was ever moved by the idea of personal advancement. In Jeremy Taylor, Conway was sure he perceived the ideal person. How the Conways first became acquainted with Taylor—whether through More who had been for four years at Cambridge with him, or through the London group over whose services Taylor presided—must remain a matter of surmise. Contrary to the belief of Taylor's biographers, Conway knew him before Evelyn approached Taylor with Conway's offer on April 9, 1658. Lady Conway mentions him in two earlier letters to her husband[18] as if he were at that time a visitor in her home.

A visit of Taylor's to Ragley, which Lady Conway mentions, was undoubtedly the occasion for Conway's proposal to him, which was to have such influence upon his life. On the surface it was not an offer to tempt any man; the post which Conway had at his disposal was merely that of associate lecturer at Lisburn; the stipend was small, the tenure dubious, the conditions in Ireland so unfavorable that as Conway himself declared, "It was sufficient to have discouraged him and all his friends from any further thought of that country."[19] All that could possibly have attracted Taylor was the opportunity for escape from England, with the vague possibility that when the troubled times should be calmed, opportunities of preferment in Ireland would be great. The disadvantages, however, seemed at first so completely to outweigh the advantages that Taylor concluded to refuse the offer. He developed in detail his reasons in a familiar letter to Evelyn.[20] Conway, however, was so impressed with the peculiar fitness of Taylor for his purposes, that he refused to be convinced, and determinedly set about removing the grounds of Taylor's objections, as he suggests in a long letter to Sir George Rawdon. At length, persuaded that the situation was not so hopeless as he had believed, Jeremy Taylor set off for Ireland.

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[16] *Ibid.*, p. 30.

[17] See pp. 298–299, below.

[18] Cf. pp. 147–148.

[19] *Rawdon Papers*, edited by the Reverend Edward Berwick (London, 1819), p. 188.

[20] Heber, *Whole Works*, I, lxxxi.

Since the period immediately following is one about which Taylor's biographers have known little, the details in the letters of the Conway family are particularly welcome. Rawdon suggests as early as May, 1658, that preparations were already being made for his comfort. "I have had the ill way paved from the mill in Ballinderry to the house," he wrote to Conway,[21] "that Dr. Taylor may pass in winter." But there are also suggestions that Taylor's coming was not equally welcome to all, for in June Rawdon wrote again to his brother-in-law:[22] "The idea of Dr. Taylor coming over is much disliked by all the ministers in their assembly here lately. At dinner on Saturday at Challelisard, Dr. Harrison, who sat next me, told me what offence it would give. There is great crossness among the ministers, but they are all agreed in this." The following October, Rawdon remarks:[23] "Dr. Taylor preached excellently this morning," but in the same letter introduces a reference to the "Mr Tandy," who, Taylor's biographers agree, was his chief adversary. The name continues to appear in the Rawdon-Conway correspondence, until in June, 1659, as the letters which follow indicate, the situation came to a head. The trouble was clearly far more than a personal quarrel between Taylor and Tandy, for the Presbyterians in counties Down and Antrim bent all their efforts to making the position of royalist Anglicans even more difficult than they had been. "I feare my peace in Ireland is likely to be short," Taylor wrote to Evelyn on June 4, 1659.[24] In spite of the efforts of Rawdon and Conway, Taylor was arrested on August 11, and although his release was procured, was summoned to Dublin during the winter, as a result of which he suffered a severe illness. When, early in the spring of 1660, he set out for England, it was no wonder that he hoped never to return. But as Rust remarks,[25] "By this time the wheel of Providence brought about the King's happy Restoration, and there began a new World."

Returned to Ireland, Taylor found himself named Bishop-Elect of Down; for a few weeks it seemed that the King's Restoration had been for him happy indeed. But peace was not yet attained; not so easily was a new Bishop to be consecrated among these stout Presbyterians. A letter to Taylor from a nameless agent[26] indicates that his appointment was not ratified without vigorous protest. Sick at heart, Taylor would have withdrawn from his appointment, but his superiors refused to permit it. On January 18, 1661, Jeremy Taylor was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, as Bishop of Down and Connor. So he set out on the last stage of his career. As we shall see, the twilight of his life was marked by no such quiet glow as some of his biographers have fancied. Once the inevitable was accepted, the fighter in Taylor came to the fore, and for the last half-dozen years, he fought valiantly in the service of "his Majesty and the Church." The life of the real Jeremy Taylor could not have ended in peace and calmness. He was no quiet churchman, living out a pleasant life among his books and in his garden, no placid saint whose halo gleamed in the somber dusk of a quiet cathedral. He was a warring soldier of the great church militant, a very mighty hunter before the Lord.

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[21] *Cal. S.P. Ireland, Addenda, 1625–1660,* p. 667.

[22] *Ibid.*

[23] *Ibid.*, p. 673.

[24] *Whole Works,* I, lxxxviii.

[25] *Funeral Sermon,* p. 18.

[26] See below, p. 167.

IV.

"Your brother John in Italy," More wrote to Lady Conway about this time, "has found such acquaintance there, that he willingly forgets to return to England." So indeed it seemed, for the three years had already lengthened into five, and still Finch showed no sign of returning. His letters, once frequent and voluminous, had almost ceased. More, seeing his sister's wistfulness, used to shake his head. "I do not understand the Italian genius," he remarked regretfully. Occasionally a returned traveler told of meeting the prodigals;[27] once in a while a brief letter broke the silence. For the most part, however, Finch's life flowed in different channels. By the charm of his personality, as well as by his admitted talents, Finch had made himself a leader at Padua. He had enthusiastically thrown his energies into the new life. In 1656 he was made Pro-Rector and Syndic of the University. With his natural love of trapping and pageantry, he delighted in the ceremonies—and the robes!—of his office, no less than in its power and privileges. Not only had he attained these social dignities, but he was, about this time, made professor of his favorite subject, anatomy. Among his pupils, he numbered Domenico de Merchettis, son of the great surgeon of that name, the "Merchett" who a few years later was himself the teacher of Sir Thomas Browne's son Edward.[28] More than once during these years Finch was made the subject of complimentary verses, lauding his skill in anatomy, and his personal charm and talents. Valerio Chimentelli celebrated him in such epigrams as these:

> Lo! Finch shines victor in the anatomizing art.
> Thus beauteous Apollo splits the skin of the goat-born.
>
> . . . .
>
> While the Spaniard cleaves the remote ocean with audacious prow,
> Let the great world and the greater move toward the sunset;
> You by describing the inner secrets of the little world
> Cause it to swerve further from its sunset.[29]

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[27] Robert Bargrave in his *Relation of Sundry Voyages and Journeys Made by one Robert Bargrave* (*Rawlinson MSS* Bodleian Library, *C.799,* f. 163b) tells of meeting Finch and Baines during his stay at Padua in 1654–55.

[28] Cf. Norman Moore, *Medicine in the British Isles* (1908), p. 79: "Browne went to Venice, and then spent some weeks in Padua studying Anatomy. The dissection was admirably done by a demonstrator named Marchetti, who had been instructed by Sir John Finch, 'one who in Anatomy hath taken as much pains as most now living.'"

[29] The originals are in the Biblioteca Magliabechiana Nazionale in Florence. I quote from Doctor Malloch's translation in *Finch and Baines,* p. 26.

With all this novelty and flood of business, it is small wonder that England seemed very far away, and that Finch's letters, even to his sister, grew brief and infrequent.

When John Finch in 1660 turned again toward the sunset, he looked back with pardonable complacency upon nine years spent to the fullest advantage; he had seen the world—or at least those portions of it which *were* the world to his generation; he had made great strides in the profession which he loved; he was coming home laden with dignities and honors remarkable in a man still so young, to new dignities and honors which he had every reason to expect. He would not have been the man he was, had his mind not lingered again and again on imaginings of his triumphal return, and most of all upon the greeting of her who was still his "Dearest Dear." What had the years, so kind to him, offered to her? He had left his sister an unformed girl, eager, breathless before the approach of life. He was to find a woman, matured by pain, deepened and softened by other experiences of which he was not yet aware. For much had happened in the lives of the Conways before John Finch set out upon his return to England.

V.

In 1658, as the family correspondence shows, the course of life at Ragley and Kensington had been abruptly broken. The fairly even temper of Lady Conway's disease had been interrupted by a "fitt" of such severity as she had never before experienced. She grew rapidly and alarmingly worse; her sufferings became so dreadful that it seemed impossible to physicians and relatives that she should live. Her family and friends resigned themselves to the long-expected inevitable. Then, almost without warning, the house of sorrow became a house of rejoicing, for the physicians informed Lord Conway that his wife was to become a mother. Yet the happiness was still tempered with foreboding, as her husband's letter to his brother-in-law proves.[30] Anxiously he sought information in regard to a certain eaglestone which was reputed to have marvelous efficacy.[31] The stone was ultimately secured, though there was grave suspicion in the Conway family that it was not a true one, but a counterfeit. Lady Conway made trial of it, but found its virtue less than she had hoped. The optimistic belief expressed by all her family, that now at last her constant headache would cease, proved to be without foundation.

During the days of waiting, More's letters and visits continued to be the chief refreshment of the Viscountess. Much of his time during that summer was spent at Ragley, where he was engaged upon a treatise over which he and Lady Conway spent hours of discussion, his *Immortality of the Soul.* "Your book of the Soul's Immortality had its birth or growth at Ragley," John Worthington wrote to More a few years later,[32] "and so may your Ethics too, which may conduce to a happy immortality. And then we may have cause to salute Ragley woods, with that in Pastor Fido, *Care selve beate, e voi solinghi e taciturni orrori.*" Returned to Cambridge after the long summer holiday, More settled down once more to the academic routine of his days. The quiet ponderings on death and immortality were interrupted by happy news from London. On February 6, 1658, Lady Conway's only child was born. Appropriately enough, he was given the name which had been borne by so many members of his mother's family, and to which his uncle was even then adding new luster—Heneage. There was rejoicing now at London and at Cambridge; surely at last—they all insisted—Lady Conway would be free from her insistent pain.

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[30] See p. 152.

[31] See p. 153.

[32] Worthington, *Diary and Correspondence,* II, 153.

Though there was no immediate improvement in her health, she gradually took up again the customary duties of her life. Illness had become with her a matter of course. If she was not better than she had been before the birth of the child, at least she was not noticeably worse. The "fitts" though frequent, were not constant. "Lamprey-pyes" and anchovies, servants and miscarried letters are the subjects of her correspondence with her husband at this time, and there was, of course, the added interest of the child, though to a woman of her rank and period, that was hardly the engrossing matter it might be today. The early years of a child's life belonged almost exclusively to the nurse, and more than one Renaissance mother, like Juliet's, found herself asking a nurse her daughter's age. Much of the infant mortality of the period is directly traceable to the carelessness of nurses who "overlaid" their charges, or neglected them through ignorance, stupidity, or carelessness. For a lady of quality to nurse her child was a proceeding so unusual that when Lady Essex Finch, Daniel Finch's wife, did so, she caused widespread comment and criticism. Thomas Baines was one of the few who defended this radical departure from convention; as a physician somewhat in advance of his age, he was moved to applause.[33] But others were not so sure; and when the little girl died in infancy, more than one head was wagged, and more than one self-righteous acquaintance looked, if she did not speak, her virtuous satisfaction.

Lady Conway was from the first beset by all the problems which confronted the seventeenth-century mother, which are reflected rather in Conway's letters than in her own, since, as Conway wrote her cousin Lord Winchilsea on March 17, 1658–59:[34] "My wife . . . hath not set her pen to paper these nine months." He reports at various times his concern over the health of his child, first because of some disease of the nurse, then because of her carelessness: "This having injured the child three times," he declares, "we cannot think it possible to be borne any longer."[35] In one of the Viscountess' rare letters from this period,[36] we may hear her writing to her husband of domestic details. It might be the letter of any woman of the middle class. She acknowledges the receipt of the lamprey pies which her husband has sent, debates the question whether the enlarging of one of the rooms is worth the expense, reports the hiring of a new maid and the progress of the romance of another, tells him that she has sent him a barrel of anchovies, and with housewifely caution, warns him that he must direct the servants to put them "in a gally pott with fresh liquor made of water and salt and so they will keep a long time." Finally she speaks of little Heneage, mentioning homely details familiar to mothers from immemorial times.

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[33] His remarks on the subject are quoted in the *Burley Papers*, II, 33.

[34] *Burley Papers*, I, 77.

[35] See p. 161.

[36] See p. 156.

In spite of new problems and interests, however, Lady Conway maintained her philosophical reading. The correspondence with More went on as before, with the one difference that More's letters now contained affectionate references to "my little Pupill," together with an occasional sentence amusing in the academic bachelor, as when he wrote: "I hope he is not enclin'd to the Ricketts!" In the spring of 1660 came rumors of Finch's possible return to England, vague and tantalizing at first, and followed by long and irritating silences. The gentle melancholy of More's letters of this period reflects a period of more than usual depression and disturbance: in the great world, the Restoration, though on the whole welcome both to More and to the Conways, was not without its serious problems. In the little world of Ragley and Kensington, political troubles were overshadowed by domestic, for little Heneage Conway lay seriously ill for many weeks. Only children of unusual vitality could hope to escape the many ills to which the seventeenth-century baby was heir, and Anne Conway's son had inherited her frail constitution. But like his mother, he fought his way back from death; life once more settled into routine. Yet the strain of the illness had left its effect not only upon the little boy, but also upon his mother. Her letters clearly reflected her depression, as More's, which alone are extant, imply.

For the present at least, the fears which he suggested in his letters were groundless. His "little pupill" had recovered; Lord Conway returned safely from Ireland; Lady Conway was at least not worse. All was serene at Kensington. Indeed, the summer of 1660 was one of the happiest periods in these often-troubled lives, a merry interlude with no real cloud save Lady Conway's constant headache, and even that seemed not so intense as usual. Her "intermissions," she herself said, were "not so intollerable." There was laughter and gaiety at Ragley, at Kensington, and in the house which Conway had taken in "Shandos-street"; for John Finch was at home again, the same fascinating, lovable, brilliant youth, a little older, a great deal more important, filled to the brim with tales of wonder. "Keen in mind," Valerio Chimentelli had written in one of his epigrams,[37] "a lynx with the knife, you cut everything, you see everything—and you are silent about nothing!" There they sat in the arbor, as More was later to picture some of them in his *Divine Dialogues,* or, when the family had returned to London, in the gardens at Kensington, the "great laver of water" in the middle, while John Finch talked vividly, eagerly, often extravagantly, his brother-in-law occasionally interpolating a question of political import; Heneage Finch, now Solicitor-General and "Sir

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[37] Malloch, p. 27.

Heneage," occasionally joining them to hold forth with that fluency which had already made him famous as an orator; Anne Conway, more strikingly like her brother John than ever, with parted lips, dark eyes shining with excitement, for the moment oblivious to the never ceasing pain; John Finch's tutor, all rancor lost, looking from one to another of those glowing faces, grateful to John Finch for himself, but most for this respite of his beloved lady, interrupting the travelers' tales doubtless to beg for more details of petrified cities, speaking images, apparitions—to all of which Finch replied without hesitation, his eager and excited voice going on and on. Only at one interruption was he ever silent long—a voice from the outer edge of the circle, where the faithful shadow sat, a little withdrawn as befitted one, who, like a less worthy successor, prided himself on being " 'umble." At his occasional measured, judicial tones, the miracle was wrought, the rushing waters stilled. All turned attentively to listen to the pronouncement of the oracle, Finch hanging upon his words with the deference due to Olympian Jove. A pause —respect to divinity—and the waters flowed and chattered in their stream.

They were brilliant, glowing, happy days. Finch and Baines at least had no presage of gathering clouds. Perhaps less sensitive, and certainly less apprehensive than More and the Viscountess, who had come to dread the calm, they looked forward to days of triumph. All was well with them. On their arrival, thanks to the influence of Finch, Baines had been chosen professor of music at Gresham College —a chair for which his only apparent qualification was that his application coincided with its vacancy. In March 1660–61 both Finch and Baines were made fellows extraordinary of the Royal College of Physicians, "ob praeclara Doctoris Harvei"; and in June Finch was knighted by his Majesty as "a person who abroad had in a high degree honoured his Country."[38] For once he left behind his faithful shadow; but his generosity, boundless as the sea, could not be content until his friend also bore a title, which consummation Finch was able to bring about several years later.

More was the first to break the charmed circle at the end of the happy summer. Nothing less than necessity could have torn him away; but he was at last to receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and was required to appear in person. His departure from Ragley or from Kensington was always with regret; perhaps it had never been more so than when he looked back at the group gathered in farewell—at Finch and Baines and Conway, at the Lady Conway with his "little Pupill." It was a picture he did not forget, for he never saw it again. Cambridge seemed more desolate than ever, when on his return he sat down to write his lady; yet on the whole he was contented, for the "two learned Italian doctours" after weighty deliberation, had agreed upon a course of treatment which they were sanguine would restore Lady Conway's health.

It would appear, however, that the only lasting result of Finch's treatment was to weaken his sister's already frail physique. Then unexpectedly and with terrible suddenness came the most tragic experience of her life. Little Heneage Conway, less immune from the scourge than a peasant's child, contracted smallpox. His constitution, none too robust from birth, had been weakened by the long illness of the preceding spring. Frantic efforts of Finch and Baines, together with other physicians, were powerless to save him. He died on October 14, 1660. Conway went alone to Warwickshire with the small leaden coffin. At the house in Chandos-Street, Lady Conway, who had refused to be separated from her sick child, herself lay desperately ill of the disease. The shock of the child's death, and the violence of her grief so augmented her condition that for nearly six weeks it seemed inevitable that Lord Conway should once more stand beside the vault in the little Arrow Church where he had laid his only child. Stubborn nature—no will of Lady Conway's now—fought against death; slowly her mind returned to consciousness of physical and mental suffering. She struggled gradually back to a life of pain which was never again to cease.

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[38] Wood, *Fasti Oxoniensis* (1817), II, 102.

For weeks she had been too ill to read the letters that her friends had written; when at last she was able to turn weakly for consolation to her faithful correspondent, it must have been with mingled feelings. Powerless to comfort, More's one thought was to aid; though he knew the barrenness of words, his stubborn conscience forced him to utter them. If his own surpassing faith in the justice and righteousness of God to man had been sometimes perplexed by the inability of his "poor Reason" to comprehend the justice and righteousness of God to Anne Conway, yet in all his letters the measure of his doubt is his dogged refusal to admit its existence. The more his heart suffered in her sorrow, the more he struggled to satisfy his own understanding. Under trials which his own life laid upon him, he was capable of crying gloriously and stubbornly with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" But as he compared his petty trials to hers, his own profound humility forced upon him the realization of his powerlessness to demand of one who had suffered as she had, "Though he slay *thee,* yet do *thou* trust in him!" Nevertheless he doggedly wrote to her, words which the occasion demanded, but which rang hollowly in his own ears. More's fundamental humanity, and the exalted hedonism which in his generation distinguished his philosophy from many cold and rational systems round about him, breaks through in that characteristic cry: "Really, Madame, I think it is lawfull for us to aspire not only to be innocent, but *happy!"* Lawful indeed; and the weary Lady Conway had asked nothing more of life. But More's method of securing happiness could not at this time be hers—to devote herself to "Reason, Philosophy, and Relligion," "to enter into the Sanctuary of safety and tranquillity of mind . . . to become Humanity clear'd up into a more pure, active, and aeternall benignity."

Anne Conway, creeping back slowly from death to a life she had not asked, as she read these words, may well have echoed in her heart, though no syllable ever passed her loyal lips, the instinctive cry of Macduff to the reasoned comfort of Malcolm: *"He* has no children!"

68. *Edward, third Viscount Conway to his brother-in-law Major George Rawdon.*[1]

[*The Rawdon Papers*, pp. 185–187.]

Dear Brother,

I BELIEVE it will be sad news to you, as it was full of sorrow and affliction to me, to understand by letters out of France that my father died there the 26th of the last month. I was advertised of this on Wednesday was se'nnight by letters from his servant and merchants, and by other letters on Wednesday last. He had had a long distemper upon him of cold and rheum which was much amended by his being at Paris, and he writ to me that he did believe the heat of the climate in Languedocke would perfectly recover his flesh. The 12th of June he had been as well as at any time of his coming there: the same day he swooned, and was struck with a palsy in his tongue. He recovered of that, and was well almost a week, but afterwards the palsy changed its course, and fell upon his lungs the 22d day, that all the skill the physicians had could not make him spit so much as once. The 26th he died with that calmness and quietness as one would fall asleep, having his memory and senses perfect to the last. This is the account given to me, and a great grief it is to me; for I do not love my friends with an ordinary affection, and his kindness to me was extraordinary great. I daily pray for your health and ever remain,

Your truly affectionate brother,

E. CONWAY.

Kensington, 24 July, 1655.

If it be no inconvenience to you, I pray lay out to provide me a good footman.

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69. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 5. "To Lord Viscount Conway at Ragley, hast these. Leave these with Mr Walker at the Signe of the Talbot in Sidbury at Worcester." The letter is sealed in black.]

My Deare,

MAKING some stay at Sir James Haringtons,[1] it was late last night before I came home, where I found Mr Gee[2] from my Lord of Northumberland[3] staying to di-liver me this letter, having been before informed by Sir Orlando Bridgman[4] that your businesse at Ragley would detaine you in the country long enough to returne an answer to this before you proceeded on your journey to Ireland: that blacke boxe of writings left by your father with my Lord of Nor[thumberland] which your letter mentions, Mr Gee brought up with him from Petworth being ordered to have it opened, when you were present and Sir Or[lando] Bridgman: which being not to be done now, they have agreed (Mr Gee being this day to returne to his Lord) that the box shall be left untouched in the hands of Mr Champion[5] till they receive your order for the opening of it, which Mr Gee sayes shall be done, if you like of it, before me, by Sir Orl[ando] and Mr Champion. I think where Sir Or[lando] is present, you will have little need of any body else; I perceive my Lord desires to have the businesse dispattched, beleiving he may be concerned in the writings in some matter of Trust or other thing. I promised, I would make no delay in sending to you this first post and told him I beleived you would make as little in answering my lords letter, and in giving directions what you would have done in it; pray present my humble duty to my Lady and my service to all the rest of your good company, which is all the trouble I will give you at this time that am:

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[1] George Rawdon, later first Baronet of Moira, was the son of Francis Rawdon, of Rawdon Hall near Leeds. He had been secretary to the first Viscount Conway during his term of service as Secretary of State, and after his death was attached to the second Viscount. In 1642 he served under Monck, whose intimate friend he was. He was active in preparing for the Restoration after the death of the Protector. On September 4, 1654, he married, as his second wife, Dorothy Conway, daughter of the second Viscount Conway.

[1] Sir James Harington, cousin of James Harington, author of *Oceana*. He was a member of the commission for trying the King, and afterward a member of the Council of State. He was the author of *Noah's Dove* and *Holy Oyle*, sometimes attributed to his cousin.

[2] Orlando Gee, brother of John Gee, the anti-Catholic writer, was for several years in the service of the Earl of Northumberland, through whose interest he became in 1660 registrar of the Court of Admiralty.

[3] Cf. p. 22.

entirely and eternally yours,

Anne Conway.

July 28, 1655, Kensington.

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70. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 260. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington. Leave these with Mr Leake at the Crown betwixt the two Temple gates. Fleet Street."]

Madame,

I am, God be thanked, gott well to Cambridge, saveing that thereby I am so farr distant from Kensington, that I am depriv'd of the greatest enjoyment this World ever afforded me which is the pleasure of your Ladiships company from which I reape so great satisfaction, that it makes that Life, which used to give me the greatest content very dead and heartless to me. When I first came into my chamber, methought it look'd very sad and desolate, and I found it no complement, that after my converse with so noble a friend, my retirement to Cambridge would be like the coming into an obscure cottage. After a long walk in the sunshine and snow all thinges afterwards looke darke. I profess, Madame, I never knew what

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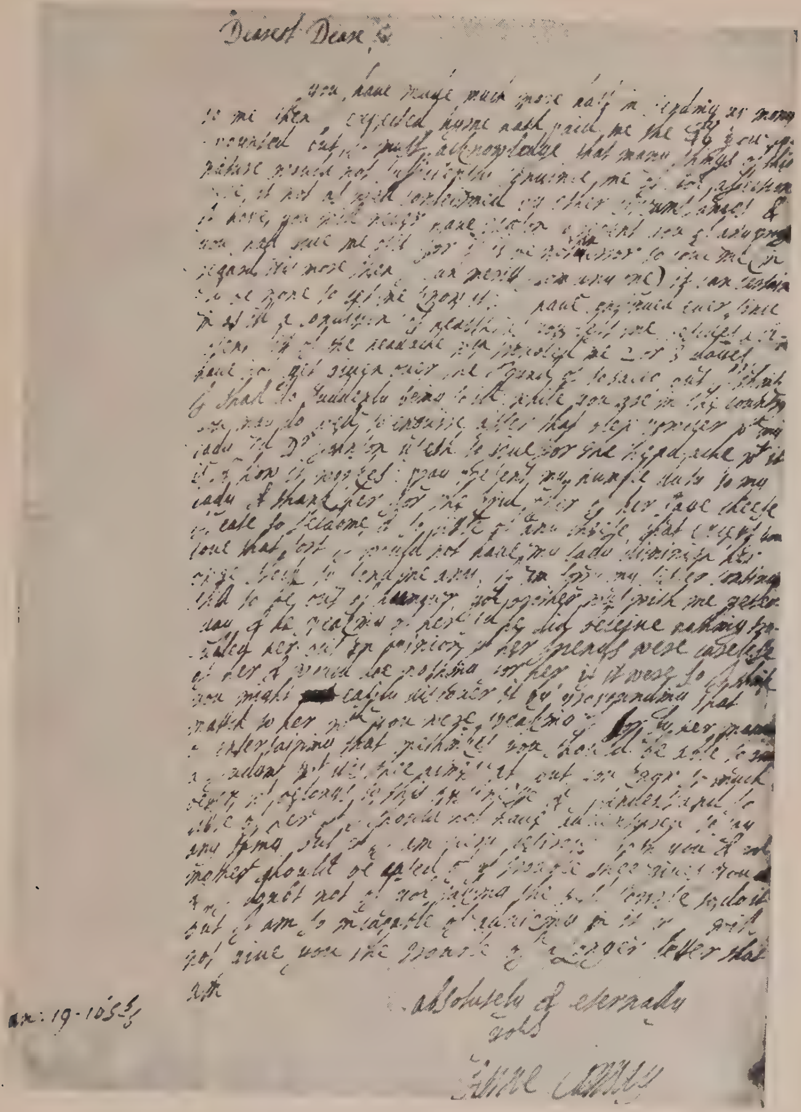
[4] Sir Orlando Bridgman had been chief justice of Chester in 1638, attorney of the Court of Wards and solicitor-general to the Prince of Wales in 1640. In the same year he was returned to the Long Parliament and also knighted. After the Restoration he was successively sergeant-at-law and chief baron of the exchequer. In 1660 he presided at the trial of the regicides. On August 30, 1667, he received the Great Seal as Lord Keeper, but lost it on November 17, 1672. He seems to have been at this time the Conway family solicitor.

[5] Mr. Champion is not elsewhere mentioned.



Dearest Dear,

absolutely & eternally
yours

Anne Conway

ar: 19 - 165

LADY CONWAY TO HER HUSBAND

Add. MSS 23,214, f. 7.

belonged to the sweetness of friendship before I mett with so eminent an example of that virtue, though I be asham'd to use so familiar a phrase, there being that great inequality of our persons that there is, but I can not command my self from most affectionately loving her, whom it is my duty a lief[1] of to honour and adore. Nor is love itself, as it is a testimonie of an honourable respect, and arises out of an opinion of eminency of worth in the party we love, incompetible to the highest Objects. But discretion bids me temper myself, and absteine from venturing too farr into so delicious a theme. Madame, I am very deeply engag'd to your Honour for that noble favour you promissed me at our parting, it will be some compensation for the great losse I have by my absence from you. If your Ladiship will be pleased to take care that my Souls Picture be as like as that of my body, it will still be the greater obligement upon

Your Honours humbly and affectionately devoted servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Jan. 7, [1655–56].

My humble service to my Lord your noble Husband. I am not unmindfull of what he gave me in charge, when I am sufficiently informed, I shall take the boldnes to write to him. I shall think long till I see you both at Cambridge.

71. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 7. "To the Lord Viscount Conway at Ragley. Leave this with Mr Walker at the Signe of the Talbot in Sidbury at Worcester."]

Dearest Deare,

You have made much more hast in sending up mony to me, then I expected. Hyrne[1] hath paid me the 46 li you appoynted; but I must acknowledge that many things of this nature would not sufficiently convince me of your affection were it not as well confeirmed by other circumstances and I hope you will never have reason to repent you of any proofs you shall give me of it: for if it be not an error to love me (in regard it is more then I can meritt from any one) it can certainly be none to lett me know it. I have continued ever since in as ill a condition of health as you left me, besides a violent fitt of the headache which troubled me 2 or 3 dayes, I have not yet given over the Tryall of tobacco,[2] but I think I shall do suddenly being so ill: While you are in the country you may do well to enquire after that blew powder which my lady said Dr Johnson[3] useth to give for the head-ache what it is and how it workes: pray present my humble duty to my Lady. I thank her for the kind offer of her sage cheese. I eate so seldome and so little of any cheese that except you love that sort, I would not have my Lady diminish her owne stock to send me any. I am sorry my sister[4] continues still to be out of humour, your brother was with me yesterday and he speaking of her saide he did beleive nothing troubled her but an opinion that her friends were carelesse of her and would doe nothing for her, if it were so I think you might easily discover it by propounding that matter to her which you were speaking of, for by her manner of entertaining that, methinkes you should be able to give a Judgment what it is shee aimes at, but you know so much better what belongs to this businesse, and I understand so little of her that I should not have adventured to say anything, but that I am very desirous both you and your mother should be eased of that trouble shee gives you, and I doubt not of your taking the best course to do it, but I am so incapable of advizing in it that I will not give you the trouble of a longer letter that am

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[1] *Lief,* friend, lover. A favorite word of Spenser and other earlier poets.

[1] Harry Hyrne, mentioned frequently in these letters, as well as in others of the "Conway Papers," was evidently Conway's confidential agent.

[2] See p. 114 above.

[3] No further information is available about Doctor Johnson, who was probably a Warwickshire physician, since the Dowager Lady Conway was living at this time at Ragley.

absolutely and eternally yours:

ANNE CONWAY

Jan. 19, 1655/6.

72. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 68. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Ann Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Mr Leaks at the Crown in Fleet Street betwixt the two Temple-gates."]

Madame,

YOUR Ladiship never sent me a more seasonable letter in your life. For I was never in so sad a pickle and so confounded with sorrow as that very afternoon the letter came. The clouds had been gathering from Fryday in the afternoon that I mist of your expected letter, but discharg'd themselves then, when in my study I sorted my letters and bound up your Ladiships in a bundle by themselves, despairing ever to hear from you againe. So that this last letter was an infinite relief to my passion and melancholy. Which because it is a trouble to your Ladiship, I shall hereafter resist as well as I can, or at least conceal it from you. And yett I cannot but confess that I am sorry to hear that your sickness weakens you so much and assaults you so often more then heretofore, which yett I bear the better in that it is not so ill as my melancholy suggested. But the greatest comfort of all to me is the assurance of your Christian resolution and patience in bearing the present torture of your disease, and your willingness to enter into that condition that is so dreadfull to Infidels and Idiots, for no better titles do they deserve (lett them be otherwise as wise, politick and [hon]ourable in the world as they will) who have not so much of either Christianity or Philosophy as will assure them, that that scarcrow death is, to the holy and vertuous, but a dark entry into the most beautiful mansions and the best company that is to be found. Madame, I pray God, advance this divine sense and relish in you more and more. For it is the greatest comfort of life, whether a man be in sickness or in health, to dye or to live. I should have wrote to you this day, whether I had received your Ladiships or noe, to have fortifyed your minde, against that which seemes so terrible to all that are not Christians. But those that are so indeed, there is nothing that can make them unwilling to dye, unlesse it be the leaving of their friends. But if your brother John in Italy has found such acquaintance there, that he willingly forgetts to returne to England, what high satisfaction shall a man finde in his new acquaintance in the other world, besides that I am not assur'd but that they that depart this life are not deprived of the sight of their old friends here, and so can take pleasure in them so long as they live vertuously and well.[1] Madame, it is a great demonstration of your reall affection to me in that you do so earnestly desire me not to take your affliction so much to heart. And I profess I have two very consyderable reasons to endeavour to follow your counsell. The one is that, though there is some kinde of pleasure in the passion it self whyle a man is driven into it, yett it does no small execution on a mans health afterwards. The other is that it is so offensive to your Ladiship and addes to your affliction and sorrow, which is far worse then the other. I may add a third. The belief of divine Providence and that all things are carry'd on for the best at the long view which I profess I am as fully persuaded of as I am of any thing in Mathematicks, and yett I think I am one of the most passionate men alive. So that in effect I suffer contradictions to lodge in me. But if I could reduce my self to a *μεταφοβαθεία*, to a moderation of passion, I conceive my beliefs and practise would be reconcilable enough. Which I shall endeavour to doe so well as I can, as well in obedience to your Ladiships commands as to the dictates of Reason.

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[4] Evidently a sister-in-law. Conway's only brother died unmarried, and the one sister of whom he speaks, Dorothy, was the wife of George Rawdon in Ireland. Two other sisters are mentioned in some of the family genealogies; one of them certainly died young; the other is not mentioned elsewhere.

Madame, you may be assured that I shall continue my prayers to God for you, as sure as my sincere affection will continue to you both as my fellow Christian and my choicest friend. Which I cannot do in the sense of any worthinesse in my own person, but onely upon his account, that has so infinitely merited for us. And as for communicating counsell to you, though God has blessed you with so good an understanding and seconded it with such a measure of grace that it may seeme needless for any body to suggest anything to you, you being so well able to furnish your self, yett discourse and advice being one of the cheifest enjoyments of friendship, I have never yett been backward nor ever shall be, to communicate my thoughts upon occasions whenever it seems likley that they may pleasure you. And for the present I shall onely repeate what I have heretofore intimated, that the cheifest advantage of your present affliction is a perpetuall endeavour in the profoundest humility to submit yourself to God and to endeavour to say heartily those words of Job: *It is the Lord; lett him do what it pleaseth him.* For besydes that your present paine is better borne by this profound humility and submission to His Will, you also acquire that state of Spiritt, that is the most substantiall and unshaken foundation of happiness and the surest pledge of the accumulation of all divine graces either in this world or in the world to come.

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[1] This idea More developed in 1659 in the third book of his *Immortality of the Soul,* in which his speculation upon the after life was carried to such extent that Doctor Johnson remarked to Boswell (*Boswell's Johnson,* ed. Hill, II, 186): "Dr. Henry More has carried it as far as philosophy can."

Madame, I am exceeding obliged to your Ladiship in that you have wrote so soon as you did, and I must desire you, that though nothing can be more welcome to me then your Ladiships letters, yett that you would not write but when you may with the least inconvenience, when you are the freest from your fitts. I suspected this last doctor would prove most eminent for slimness and phantasticalness. All astrological consyderations, saving what respects those two great luminaries, the Sunne and the Moone, are mere superstitions, and he's either a fool or a knave that makes profession of them. I humbly thank your Ladiship for the renewall of your kinde promisse to me. I pray God restore you to such a condition of health, that I may have the happiness to see you here and that we may compare the pictures. I wish his Lordship good success in the Countrey and an happy returne. I shall tell Mr Wilson[2] before I goe into the Countrey, which will be this day fortnight. I shall not stay there passing a moneth, but I hope I may hear from you before I goe. In the mean time committing you to the gracious keeping of the Almighty, I take leave in hast, and rest,

Madame,

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Feb. 16, 1656.

73. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 9. No superscription.]

My Dearest Deare,

IT was matter of no smalle amazement, as well as trouble to me, to find you should be so suddenly and violently surpriz'd with sicknesse, and though I cannot certainly conjecture the cause of it, yet I doe much suspect that it may proceed from what you tooke of Dr Pridian to apply outwardly to your fester, for I never knew it held safe to use any such thing to repell a humour that appeared upon the flesh with out first preparing the body for it by purging and other Physicke which you did not, I should be glad therefore if you would discontinue the use of it now till you further acquaint him of your late distemper and have his better advice upon it, which if you think good I will doe and send you his directions. I hope by the next post you will be able to assure me your former health is againe confeirmed to you, but pray doe not adventure (for the cure of so inconsiderable a trifle) to bring your selfe to greater inconveniencyes: the time which the mony you appoynted me to receive here is delayed, is so small a matter, that it ought not to have caused you the least trouble, but I am very sensible of your care of me, in your diligence of procuring it so soone to send, as you intend. I carryed those writings that came out of Ireland, according to your directions this day to Sir Or[lando] Bridgman and told him you desired his opinion of them with his directions how the suit is to be followed there, which he sayes you shall not faile to have at your returne, if you desire to have it sooner you must lett me know it, that I may acquaint him with it. In one of these letters was enclosed a papyr related to that businesse which I also delivered: with the other there came a lease which because it is of some Bulke, I forbeare sending of it by the Post till I know you desire it. I was with my Sister this day but find her much in the condition you left her: desires no company and complaines very much of her restraint. I pray God bring her to the use of better reason then at the present she is mistresse of. I shall very impatiently waite the hearing of your perfect recovery from those ill accidents that hath afflicted you and freedome from that paine of which I am to much exercised with to be insensible of, having no respite from the extremity of it perpetually: pray present my humble duty to my Lady, that am

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[2] Three Wilsons were registered at Cambridge at this time, two of whom were associated with Christ's, Robert Wilson admitted at Christ's in 1649, B.A. Peterhouse, 1633–34, M.A. 1657; and Samuel Wilson, matriculated at Christ's in 1643, B.A., 1646–67, who was for a short time Fellow of Christ's.

entirely and eternally yours,
ANNE CONWAY.

March 31, 1656, Kensington.

74. *Heneage Finch to his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Dering.*[1]

[*Stowe MSS 744*, f. 30. Endorsed: "The death of Sir H. Vane."]

My Dear Brother,

I HAVE a very great share in the Joy of your Triumphs and Victoryes. Not because the Event answers my Expectations, who pretended to foretell it. But because the success is such as the Justice of your cause, and the Insolence of your Adversaryes, did deserve to find: Yet since they please themselves still, and can pick out some advantage from this very Nonsuit, I wish them much joy of it, and as many more such advantages as they desire. In the mean time I am mightily pleased to see that there are no more References in the case, Especially that you have scaped the Greatest Snare which was possible to be layd for you, a Totall Reference to your selfe. It is much for your Honour to have been so sollicited in the Face of the Country, and it will be as much for their Shame and loss too in the End, who have refused to accept you upon your own Termes. That which now Remaynes, is to look carefully after the Taxing of the Costs, which I conceive is to be done by the Prothonotary, in the Presence of the Attorneys on both sides, and if a due Consideration be had of the Quality of your person which is alwayes presumed to Encrease the Expense, the Costs will be Taxed to such a height as will trouble Mr Everard and his Landlord both.[2]

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[1] Sir Edward Dering, son of the antiquarian of the same name, married Mary, daughter of Daniel Harvey. He was one of the Lords Commissioners for the Navy.

[2] Finch was at this time engaged in private legal practice; no record of this particular case remains in the family papers, except for this letter.

I begin my Journy to Burton,[3] if God so please, upon the Monday in Easter week, and hope to bee there on Wednesday following, though the Case come not to hearing till Friday, my lord chief baron not being expected there till Thursday night. On Saturday I hope to return and reach Dantry,[4] if it may bee, from whence upon Monday following, I purpose to goe to Ranston where if I ly one night, that will bee the most. If I do not, I shall then, God willing, be at home upon Tuesday night, at farthest upon Wednesday. Which is the very day upon which you give mee Hopes of seeing you and my sister here, the highest refreshment that I know how to wish for at my returne.

Mr Collins[5] yesterday took his leave of me, and is gone to Breadstreet, where he falls out to succeed an Attorny newly Dead, and by possessing himself of his Papers as well as his Chamber hath gotten an employment from most of the old Clients, who must of necessity come to him for their writings. But I shall take some care however about your Subpoena, though I have yet no other servant in his Roome, so that for ought I yet know, I think I must be forced to take James along with mee, my Journy.

My wife desires earnestly to be remembred to my sister and you, and hopes to see my Cosin Ned here when she comes, and therefore she doth specially invite him. But I hope there need no Invitations hither, where there is no Interest greater then your Own, nor any use of the House so pleaseing as by your Company. And I pray let my Cosin Betty come a Maying to Hide park too.

I doubt not when you come you will find my wife hard at worke for shee hath bought the Cloth for her Bedd, and cutt it out, and means to Lay the Flowers so thick that there want 6 Flowers to the finishing of the Bedd, which she is going about, But as for the Carpet and Chayr and stoole, I should despayre of seeing an end of them, if John Best had not found out a way to ease her. But now John takes those borders which my mother wrought, and cutts out every single Flower and Leafe, and when these are so voyded, He draws some Turning Stalks for my Wife to work, upon which he will so place the Flowers and the Leaves, that it shall seem as if all had been wrought together, and be perfectly sutable to the Pattern on the Bedd. So in Time wee hope to Erect an Handsome Furniture to the Honor of my mother.

The Archbishop of Armagh[6] sickned Thursday last being the 20th of March, and dyed on Friday the 21st. Hee is to be Interred in Westminster Abby, at the charges of my Lord Protectour who likewise builds his Sepulcher.

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[3] Evidently Burton-on-Trent.

[4] Daventry.

[5] Perhaps the same person of whom Pepys wrote on January 31, 1667–68, in connection with his visit to the Commissioners for Accounts: "I observe a fellow, one Collins, is there, who is employed by these Commissioners particularly to hold an office in Bishopsgate Street, or somewhat thereabouts, to receive complaints of all people about tickets; and I believe he will have work enough."

[6] James Ussher. He was to have been buried in the Peterborough vault at Reigate, but Cromwell ordered a public funeral, making a treasury grant of two hundred pounds—a quarter of the cost.

Sir Henry Vane is dead too, and by his own hands,[7] as my Aunt Mellish told me on Tuesday last, to whom her sonn Hampton[8] brought the news from the Exchange, and that the Protectour had seized the Estate; and I have since Heard it confirmed that he is dead, But the manner of his death not so confidently affirmed, as most men seem to beleive. Mr Raynton hath taken a Journy for 3 weeks or a month into the Country, of Staffordshire or Lincolnshire, I know not which, about some earnest buisinesse: Before he went He presented Her nobly with Pearl, Furrs and many other Jewels as pendants and the like.

My Cosin Betty Harvey hath had a very sad Fall from the Top of a pair of Stayers to the Bottome. Shee took the Fall at Harrow on the hill, and is miserably bruised by it, and bled very much. It is much wonder how she scaped with her life, Though God be praysed she is likely to Scape without a Scarr too.

I pray present my service to my Sister, and Salute all my little Cosins from me. I am

Your most affectionat brother and faytifull servant,

HENEAGE FINCH.

March 27, 1656,
Thursday.
Lambeth.

My Sister Bulkly is with child. Cosin Ann is a little broken out in the Forehead, but she looks very wholsomely and well, and was very chearfull on Saturday last. I went to Comb to see her.

75. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 10. "To the Lord Viscount Conway at Ragley."]

My Dearest Deare,

I AM just now ready to beginn my Journy,[1] and doe hope it will not be very long before you have thoughts of seeing France, now your Ague hath left you and the paine in your head abated but I pray adventure not to soone upon a Journy to London lest your Ague returne, as my cozen Harvy sayes his did severall times upon the like occassion. The merchant you are to pay the mony to, with much willingness will stay your leisure for it, though it be some weekes deferred, which methinkes might save you the trouble of a second journy to Ragley (by staying now till your businesse is ended) and hasten your coming to me, which though I shall be very impatient of, yet you would much iniure the affection I beare you should you believe I considered any thing so much in persuading you to this, as your owne convenience and health. Mr Gale[2] will not lett me have a bill of creditt, if you send me one when you come to towne, I think that will doe as well. However you have so well accommodated me for my journy, that I think I cannot want it. I have borrowed of my mother 40 li, 10 li of which I have paid to Mrs Franke. I doe still ow her 7 li which if you can give her in my absence I shall be glad of. I am refused an order for a man of warr, and must be enforced to adventure with out one, which is very perilous, I am told, but I hope I shall not find it so. The man you writt your letter to cannot yett he sayes returne an answere to it but will this week and I have given Con order to call for it and to deliver it to Mr Leak to send you. My mother hath been so extreamly ill these 3 or 4 dayes that I thought it would have put a stopp to my journy, but I thanke God shee is better now. Dr Pridian conceives there is no danger. Pray present my humble duty to my lady. The Doctor sayes my sister is yet as shee was, but when her issues beginns to runn, and her viscuatoryes[3] are aplyde, if there be no considerable alteration he shall conclude shee is not to be recovered, which will be seene with in this month. I hope I shall have Mr Mores company along with me, which if I have none here will know of (excepting Unkle[4] accompanyes me part of the way which he talkes of) and therefore I would not have you take any notice of it. I am told your butler returned Alisbury road, if he did I feare he hath not delivered my letter at Beconsfield,[5] which I would entreat you to enquire after, and take care to send it if he hath not, for it doth very much concerne me. I pray God send you health and us a happy meeting. I am

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[7] Sir Henry Vane, the elder, Secretary of State, was reported by royalists to have committed suicide because of remorse for his part in Strafford's death. Finch's letter indicates an earlier date than that usually given in the biographies.

[8] An "H. Mellish" is mentioned twice in the *Burley Papers,* I, 251 and 384.

[1] To France, for consultation with the French physicians. Cf. pp. 116–117.

[2] Possibly the same person mentioned on p. 202.

entirely yours
ANNE CONWAY.

Fryday morning [April], 1656.

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76. *Petition of Francis Finch to the Council of State.*

[*S.P. Dom., Interreg. CXXIX,* No. 109. August 7, 1656.]

THE humble Petition of Francis Finch of Kensington, Esq., sheweth: That the Lord Viscount Conway going into France to his Lady (the Petitioners neice who haveing tryed all meanes and Physitians for her health at home went thither) the said Lord was taken by the Ostenders and not only robb'd of his Necessaries but barbarously cast stark naked into a noysome Prison with out any covering save such poor raggs as a Seaman in scorn bestow'd upon him, in which extreame sad condition he hath lyen since the 13th of July last, and no person suffered to see or speak with him, or hee with any, which till now kept his friends from the least notice of his sad estate, wherein he still continues nor can hope for release with out your Honours assistance by reason of his bearing Armes and publick known affection for the present Government.

May it please your honours (in communication of the same Lords most lamentable condition) to grant some Exchange for him (and in the interim to grant a Pass for a messenger to go to him with some Releife who may have leave to sollicit any persons there in power or favour, lest he forthwith perish by unexpressible bad usage for his service and affection to this Commonwealth.[1]

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[3] *Vesicatory,* a blistering appliance or plaster.

[4] Probably the elder Francis Finch.

[5] Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire.

77. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 204. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these."]

Madame,

I AM, God be thanked, gott well to Cambridge, and have little more time then to tell you so, and to thank your Ladiship for your many civilityes when I was at London. The waters were very much out when we came in so much that we were thrice constrained for a good space together to sitt with our legges lyeing over the boot of the coache. But we found ourselves alwayes worse scared then hurt, and the moistness of the ayr did me much more good then the menaces of the water did any way incommodate me. If your Ladiship should have the curiosity to be informed how I quitt the Sider-house,[1] I must confesse something to my disadvantage. St Jerom and I stay'd there till six of the clock. Which time I was more beholden to the reverend Father for his good companie. Then we both left the place, in hope that my youngster[2] was returned to his chamber, but we found it quite otherwise, insomuch that we were faine to take some turnes in Long-court in expectance of the young mans return. Next half an hour we whyled away the time in this sort, till the raine made me finde out a more commodious walk in a peece of a cloyster in the other court, where I think no body els would walk but St Jerom and myself, or some such sad penitentiary. But I made as much of the old man as I could, keeping him warme and dry under my cloke all the time. When we had spent about half an hour more in this solitary walk, I began to suspect that my young man might be returned, and my conjecture fayled me not. He had been with that Companie that I should have mett that day had I not wayted on your Ladiship, whose Society I preferr before any els whatsoever. I shall not write to my Lord before I can give him an account of the affaires he has committed to my care, which I hope I shall be able to doe by the next weeke: in the interim committing you both to the gracious keeping of the Almighty, I take leave to subscribe myself

Your Honours affectionately devoted servant

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Jan. 19, [1656–57?]

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[1] Cf. the *Diary of Henry Townshend of Elmley Lovett*, ed. J. W. Willis Bond, for the Worcestershire Historical Society (1920), I, 33: "Lord Conway taken going into France to see his Lady who is sick."

[1] So the word seems to be. *Sider* is frequently a variant of *cider* in seventeenth-century spelling, and the word is used occasionally to refer to any sort of liquor.

[2] More's nephew, whom he later speaks of as having provided him a lodging in Gray's Inn.

78. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 286. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Mr Leaks at the Crown betwixt the two Temple Gates. Fleet street."]

Madame,

I SHOULD have wrote to your Ladiship again before I went into the country whether I had heard from you this weeke or no, and the rather because I being with a friend, a Master of a Colledge, he was very importunate upon my describing the greatness and unsupportableness of your disease, to write to you concerning one Dr Cooke, whose wife has been troubl'd in some sort as your Ladiship has. I thinke he either is or has been your neighbour at Kensington. The gentleman tells me that he thinks he has either perfectly cur'd or much assuaged the paine of his wife, by trying many conclusions upon her. It will not be amisse to enquire after it, if your Ladiship think good. Madame I am heartily sorry that your paine does so much encrease upon you. I hope God will supply you with patience proportionable. My skill and advise will reach no further then what concernes the minde. Which is we constantly endeavour a perfect submission to the will of God in all things and a steddy exercise of fayth in his goodness and mercy, and fill ourselves as full as we can of the apprehensions of that liberty and happy enjoyments that attend pious and holy Soules when they quitt this prison of the body, such resolutions and meditations as those are the best medicine that I am able to administer, and the onely security that I have that my life will prove tolerable to my self. For there is no externall thing that I take a peculiar pleasure in but I am crossed in it. I thought to have refresh'd myself with this journey I am taking into the country. But my Nephew from whom I promissed myself the greatest content, has gott an ague which has held him this six or 7 fitts and has made him look so simply on't and so dangerously by reason of a cough that is added to the other mischief, that I cannot look upon him but with a great deal of sadness. Things go so crosse with me as concerning the enjoyments of this world, that I professe I am resolved I will not be mocked any longer with any hopes in it, but keep me onely to such enjoyments as are common to both states and lett God do his will in all. Your Ladiships information concerning my Lords returne will suffice, without any writing to either of the partyes I wrote of in my letter. That God would be pleased to mitigate the paines of your head is the earnest prayer of

Madame

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Febr. 2, [1657]

Tomorrow we are for Lincolnshire.

79. *John Finch to his sister.*

[*S.P. Dom., Interreg. CLIII,* No. 126.]

Feb. 19/29, 1656/7

My Dearest Dear,

As if the very heavens were resolved to crosse my designs and mankind resolv'd to make me break my Promise of writing to you constantly; such a flood of business hath overwhelmed me this last 3 weekes, that I have scarse had time to breath being hurried up and down to serve publique occasions in a place when I thought I was sure of Privacy and Quiett.[1] I protest that even now I am forced to make my servants deny accesse to all persons living that I may discourse my Dear a little with thee. How happy was I when free from noise and tumult and I pass'd away many hours with so much innocency that the very thought of it makes me angry with my selfe for not being able instantly to return so happy a Converse. I would to God you would but begin to appoint me some subiect of discourse that my letters besides my affection might impart something of knowledg to you. It is no matter what so you will but give me occasion for I shall then onely love my life when it can be serviceable to either of you both. I shall acquaint you with two remarkable passages which have come lately to my certain knowledg.

At Boshki 30 Miles from Smirna in Turkey there is an ancient Greek Church wherein are kept severall Images, Pictures onely not embossed worke, about a yard high and two Inches thick, which weigh about 50 li each: on St Georges day these pictures if the Priests doe not take them down, of their own accord remove themselves and goe out of the church; but every St Georges day the Priests goe with them in procession. Now what is very strange and yet undeniably true: If any Turke carries one of these Pictures he cannot lett it fall from his head, but is beaten in a most terrible manner, and thrown into Bushes and under the Horses feet and the Pictures rise up halfe a yard and fall down again to the ground in so much that the Turkes themselves doe reverence them. Mr Barnardiston[2] and Mr Hodges[2] two merchants present last St Georges day made their Janizaries[3] Turkes carry those Pictures thinking that those other Turkes might have some imposture in them: but they were so terribly beaten in their sight with out seeing any Person but onely the Picture that a Christian was forced to take them of from their heads for so soon as a Christian touches them they are quiett: though Mr Hodges after he had carried one coming another was forced to call for some to take it from him for it began to beat him too terribly. Mr Barnardiston is a very sober gentleman and a man of understanding and this upon their salvation they both delivered to me and will suddenly be in England. This you may refer to your Talesmaticall things. The other thing remarkable is that at Jebell, 300 mile from Tripoly, theres a whole Province where all the things are turn'd into stone, and what is strange all in that posture they were in when living, that Petrifying either blast or sand turn'd them into stone. I have a peece of a Camells bone turn'd into stone, brought from thence and have given order to have a whole body of a man, woman or child brought me. The Duke of Florence hath a hen with all her chickens in stone brought with all the colour of their Feathers and one at Venice a bough with Apples on it, all stone and naturall colour still.[4]

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[1] On August 1, 1656, Finch was made Pro-Rector and Syndic of the University of Padua. Cf. Malloch, pp. 17–18.

[2] Arthur Barnardiston and Richard Hodges are frequently mentioned in the *Burley Papers* as factors at Smyrna; Thomas Barnardiston is spoken of as "senior factor."

[3] Originally slaves of the Sultan, the Janizaries formed the chief fighting force of the Turks. The name came to be applied loosely to any soldiers.

Mr Baines presents his really devoted service.

Thine eternally,

JOHN FINCH.

80. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 12. "For the Lord Viscount Conway at Ragley Lodge."]

Dearest Deare,

I RECEIVED your letter by Thomas Rownd this afternoone, and have given Will directions this night to go with Hyrne tomorrow morning to receive the mony, according to your appoyntment. There is not any letters as yet come to you, either out of Ireland or France. I have againe now repeated what I had before sufficiently assured Will of, the great hazard he would runn, by undertaking to be coachman, because upon the first and sleightest occassion of any miscarriage in that place you would certainly dismisse him, but he seemes so little to feare that any fault should be found in him that he is not discouraged at all from attempting it, wherefore I have consented to it, and he resolves (Peter White having given him leave) to drive his coach every day in London till our horses come, which he doubts not but will make him very expert in driving, if he had not above a weekes time. What I writt to you, the last post concerning Wills brother I had onely from Simmons whom I perceive mistook him, for speaking with him my selfe about it, I find he will not be fitt for you: he thinkes so himselfe because he is not so bigg as Con, neither hath been used to runn (besides his father he sayes hath a designe to bind him prentice to some trade) but I doubt not but you may have choice offered you there of good ones, and I wish you may take one that may please you in running well, as well as in other things, for I entend to have Con, if you can fitt your selfe as well in another. I hope Hugh Hampton will have the good fortune to find Sir F. Huncks[1] at home, (but it seemes he hath been absent from home of late) because I think he will buy your horses, by his skill better then you will doe with out his help. and I am unwilling you should change the colour which you first designed; I know not who it was which sent you the suppena yesterday, which I made Hyrne send you, with Sir Orlandos[2] advice upon it by John Hyrn, but I am very desirous to heare that it is not any thing that can occasion you much trouble and that if any thing be to be done in it in your absence, that you would send directions about it. My brother Frank came to towne the last week; my sister Bennet is returned to Beechington, and my brother[3] lyes at Dover expecting a wind to carry him from thence to Deep, having a man of warr ready, and the company of Sir Lionell Talmach[4] and Sir W. Whitmore.[5] I think you may deferr very well the buying of your present for Mrs [Hussy?] till you come to towne, for I suppose you will not present her with it till then, and it may be soone provided, and I am shure it will then have the advantage of being chosen by a better fancy then mine. I have not been at London since you went, I have been so constantly ill, and continue so still that I know not when I shall goe, but if you will have it so, I shall give Hyrne order to bespeak a peece of plate of that price or when I goe to towne my selfe, seek out for some present of that value, of something else, if that be your meaning, for I doe not fully apprehend it, and therefore shall not doe anything in it till I heare from you againe. Pray present my humble duty to my Lady whom I hope I shall suddenly have the happinesse to see, if shee continue in the resolution of coming to towne with you. Having writt thus much, I am shure you will conclude tis time for me to goe to bed, (being not well) which I could not doe before I had assured you of my being

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[4] It was the repetition of this story which caused Stubbes to call Sir Kenelm Digby "the Pliny of our age for lying." Wood in his *Athenae Oxoniensis* (1817), III, 689 ff., says: "A most noted author doth not stick to say that this our eminent virtuoso was the Pliny of our age for lying, having been provoked to say so . . . from (a report) which put men to a very great wonder, viz. of a city in Barbarry under the King of Tripoly that was turned into stone in a very few hours by a petrifying vapor that fell upon the place, that is, men, beasts, trees, horses, utensils, etc. everything remaining in the same posture, as children at their mothers' breasts, etc. But this report the reader is to understand that Sir Kenelme had from an Englishman, Mr. Fitton, residing in Florence, Library-keeper to the great duke there, by letter dated 2 July, 1656, and he from the great duke, who a little while before, had written to the basso of Tripoli to know the truth. Which strange accident been [*sic*] look'd upon as the great wonder of the world, was put into the common news-book of that time called *Mercurius Politicus*." As late as 1726 a paper on the subject appeared in Hooke's *Philosophical Experiments and Observations*.

Eternally and entirely yours

Anne Conway.

Thursday past 10
at night.
April 16, 1657.

81. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 39. No superscription.]

My dearest deare,

My disease cannot be accompanied with any accident so displeasing to me as your trouble, and therefore as you would not augment my sufferings, you must avoid that, which else must inevitably increase them: I thanke you for the care you have taken in inquiring after the cure was related to you. It is very probable I may give the gentlewoman a visitt when I goe to towne, to understand what benefitt she hath received, though I should not imagine I were capable of the same successe, both because I am very confident I am much worse then any hath been of the same distemper, and because I am not able to take any more medicines, but I could wish you had enquired of him what kind of physick he gave her.[1] I am very glad my Lady is so soone recovered of that distemper of the jaundies which troubled her. Will tells me he hath spoke since with the coachman that he is to hire your horses of when you come up and he is agreed to take 10s a day and find their meat upon the journy, and to take 5 a day if hes still but that then you must find their meat. I have not been unmindfull to presse my brother Frank dayly for that letter you mentioned, which he promiseth me before the post day. I shall not faile to send it to my brother Rawden the first opertunity that I am well to write after I have it. I have likewise appoynted Hyrne to bring all your letters out of Ireland to me before he opens them. I conceive you take the most troublesome course in sending to Sir F. Huncks to provide horses, seeing he is so farr off, but if you esteeme it the best I do not except against the tediousnesse of it, onley I suppose the country where he is doth not afford him that advantage in the buying of them which he said Northampton would. My mother tells me she resolves the coach-man shall be in the house. I writt to my cosen Finch the last week, and have sent you his letter (which makes us expect your cloathes the next week) and a letter from my brother John Finch; in his letter to me he takes no notice of the receiving of mine which makes me think my selfe very unfortunate to have all my letters miscarry. He writt to us both by Mr F. Harvey's sonne he sayes a fortnight since but I have heard nothing of him as yet. Mr More writes to me that he will endeavour as much as possible he can to provide you with another minister quickly, and I have not forbid him because I know not what you resolve upon, since the receiving of my brother Rawdens letter, but I would be glad to know that I might accordingly informe him with your resolution. The banes between my Lord of Chesterfeild and his mistresse was forbidden in the church after they were twice asked by a Lady who pretends he is engaged to her:[2] what will be the issue of it I doe not yet know. I am

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[1] See p. 273.

[2] Sir Orlando Bridgeman.

[3] Her half-brother, Simon Bennett.

[4] Sir Lionel Talmach (or Tallemache), third baronet, was the descendant of an ancient Suffolk family. He married Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, daughter of William Murray, first Earl of Dysart. Scandal made free with her name; she was said to be Oliver Cromwell's mistress; during her husband's lifetime she formed a liaison with the Duke of Lauderdale, whom she afterwards married.

[5] Sir W. Whitmore was probably William, third son of Sir George Whitmore, formerly Lord Mayor of London.

Eternally and entirely yours

Anne Conway.

May 1, 1657, Kensington.

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[1] Perhaps the Doctor Cooke referred to by More, p. 138.

[2] Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, had, with his first wife, Anne, daughter of Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, been neighbors of the second Viscount Conway at Petworth. She had died on November 29, 1654. According to Chesterfield's own story, the Protector had offered him a command in the army, and the hand of one of his own daughters, which he refused. The proposed match, to which Lady Conway here refers, was with a daughter of Lord Fairfax. Before September 25, 1660, Chesterfield had married Elizabeth, daughter of James Butler, Duke of Ormonde.

82. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 252. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these with Mr Leake at the Crown betwixt the two temple gates Fleet Street."]

Madame,

I WAS exceeding much perplext when I heard not from you by Henry Glanton, but this last welcome letter took of my anxiety. Madame, for my own part I will not forgoe the pleasure and ease I have in the hope of the abatement of your maladies in time, no man knowes what time may bring forth, and those that are more healthfull may pass into the other world before your Ladiship that is so sickly. But come what will come, when my spiritts are a little warmer then ordinary, I can not lay aside that at least seeming Paradox, That vitious persons can not be happy, nor the vertuous miserable. I thank you, Madame, for renewing your promise of giving me a visitt here at Cambridge, it will be the joyfullest day that ever I did see or ever am to see in Christs Colledge. Next to your Ladiships self there is nothing that I doe so highly esteem as your picture, but I profess Madame, I would not occasion the least trouble or inconvenience to you in reference to your satisfying my desire, not for the price of all the pictures in Europe, no, not for the often repeated pleasure I shall take in looking upon it when I have it, and therefore lett me beseech you never to sitt but when you can do it with as much ease as forbeare it. I am far better in health then I was, God be thanked but methinks it is exceeding hott weather here at Cambridge, far hotter then it was in France in June. The French book I read is a pretty good book, and if your Ladiship has a minde to peruse it I will send it next week. I am, I perceive, prevented in my designe, concerning Des Cartes Letters.[1] I wonder whether Mr. Bennet finds any good in the French Ayre for his consumption. I heare nothing yett of another Clerk for Ireland. Not having any thing further at this time to communicate to your Ladiship, I abruptly take leave to subscribe my self,

Madame,

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. May 11, 1657.

83. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 183. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at the Crown betwixt the two Temple-gates. Fleet street."]

Madame,

I HAD wrote to your Ladiship last week but that I was ill on Munday so that I was faine to take a vomitt, but far worse on Tuesday, almost as ill as I was at my first bout of all. I have not been out of my chamber since Thursday, but I am God be thanked to day better then I had been this week. I was appointed by my Doctour to take Epsome waters for one week or five dayes and then to take Tunbridge waters for a fortnight after, so that if I had come to London I should have gone there immediately and been absent for 3 weekes at least. But not knowing what accommodations I might have, I was resolved to take Epsome waters here at Cambridge, boyled. And this is the thing we are upon, though I profess I have no maw to suche kinde of Physick. Nor will I take them till I can be well informed what minerall they run thorough. If your Ladiship know, you will much gratify me in sending me word, for I believe you have had occasion to heare the Physicions often discourse about these thinges in reference to your self. My present craziness disheartens me from prefixing any sett time of coming to London. My Nephew had provided a very convenient chamber for me that lookes fully into Grayes-Inne walks, but I can not come to it yett, but I phancy I may be able within this week or fortnight, unless these Epsome waters stop me here. It is impossible for me to wayt upon you to Ragley as I shall informe you more fully when it shall please God we meet. In the meane time I humbly take leave to subscribe myself,

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[1] Claude Clerselier published the first volume of Descartes' letters in 1657.

Madame,

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. May 31, [1657?]

84. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 268. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these with Mr Leake at the Crown betwixt the Temple-gates. Fleet-street."]

Madame,

THE losse of your Ladiships letters is a mischiefe that never comes alone. For the missing of them remindes me of the cause thereof, your unfortunate headache, which though I have been forced to think of so often, I can never think of but with a new trouble. The party that is recommended to me for a servant for you is one Elfick of our Colledge.[1] He is now middle Bachelour, two yeares hence he is Master of Arts standing. He is also an Inns of Court man, and has a designe in the Law. And I perceive by Mr Woolryche,[2] whom I trust in this buisinesse, that he would be very glad if he might, whyle he serves your Ladiship, have the leave to reside a week or two or at least to take his commons in the Inn he is of. I do not know well whether it be Grays or in the Temple. I partly know him myself and he is looked upon in the Colledge as a very civill man, he is a gentleman by birth, his father is dead, but his mother alive. He has some forty pound a year of his own, but is willing to mende his fortune by any creditable employment. And has had always a good phancy to live in some noble mans house. He is a good comely and well behav'd person, and of a very good disposition I am informed, and a sufficient scholar for Greek and Latin, and fitt for doing of buisinesse and public attendance. I suspect he has not dived very deepe into Mathematicks yett, but he has read Des Cartes Principia over and over, and has a pretty dexterous witt, of which he has given some specimen in making a good large and handsome modell of our New Building[3] which hangs up in Mr Woolryche his chamber. Mr Woolryche fellow of our Colledge and my pupill, a greate intimate of his, does give him very ample commendations. I know him my selfe by sight and really he looks very ingeniously on it, and the most obvious thing to observe in him is that he is gentile at least if not finicall, as some call it, but he is none the more unfitt for your Ladiships service. This is the whole Character of him so farr as I can learn.

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[1] George Elphicke (Uphicke) was admitted pensioner at Christ's College, April 22, 1653; he was B.A. in 1656–57; admitted Gray's Inn, November 28, 1656; barrister, 1664.

[2] William Wolrych, third son of Sir Thomas Wolrych, was admitted pensioner under More in 1646–47. He was B.A., 1650–51; M.A., 1654, and Fellow before Christmas, 1653.

Madame, I desire your Ladiship not to reade Descartes with over much curiosity and solicitude at first, but carefully remembering your headache. That inadvertency I accuse Des Cartes of Dioptrick, cap. 2, your Ladiship may see in my last letter to him in the book of letters,[4] page 386. The last lines of the tenth and the first of the 11th paragraph of the 2d chapter are to be understood out of his Principia page 165, 166, where he expands a refraction that is to be made use of pag. 167, 168, of which you may be pleased to read my letter page 393, upon that article. I have wrote so much already on the subject I am on, that if I had not been mistaken in my account, less then this had finish'd the whole Discourse, but I am just now come to the third book. I am glad to hear Castellio[5] is coming out with advantage. With my most humble respects to my Lord and your self, I take leave and rest,

Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Febr. 8, [1658].

85. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 208. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at the Crown betwixt the two Temple-gates. Fleet-street."]

Madame,

I THANK your Ladiship for the pains of enquiring after that storie of my Lord of Middlesex[1] his apparition, if he and the rest of his companie affirme it and speake as they think, there may be more truth in it then I suspected. The generality of the world are so drunk with the fumes of their thick blood, that they can neither see nor believe any such things lett them be never so true. Mr Woolseys will be at home today or tomorrow. I will gett him to write to Sir Elfick to be ready to wayt on your Ladiship at Easter. Mr Hyrne was here at Cambridge and saw Sir Elfick[2] so that he may be able to give you some character of him. He read the letter I had recently received from Monsieur Clerselier and has I suppose told your Ladiship all the news contain'd in it. I have finish'd my Discourse, but shall be much troubled in reading of it over and getting of it transcrib'd. It will be at least a 3d part of the pains I tooke in writing of it. I heare by Mr Hyrne what a quick Proficient your Ladiship is already at Mathematicks.[3] Really Madame, I think it was designe in Providence to add the head-ache to all other gifts she bestowed on your Ladiship in mercy to our sex, that they might not be putt out of countenance and grow out of conceit with themselves by being so infinitely surpassed (in what they pretend to most) by yours. I have nothing to add for the present but that I will make all the hast I can to gett my scriblement transcrib'd and then I shall with all possible speed wayt on your Ladiship. Which will not be till after Easter. So that I am not in despair but that I may see my Lord there come back from Ragley, whyle I am at London, in the interim I shall subscribe myself both his and

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[3] The foundations of the Fellows' Building in the Second Court, called the New Building, were laid in 1640.

[4] The first volume of Descartes' *Lettres*, published by Clerselier in 1657. More's criticisms may be found in the *Correspondance*, ed. Adam and Tannery, *Oeuvres de Descartes* (1903), V, 434 ff.

[5] See p. 155.

[1] The Earl of Middlesex at this time was Lionel, second son of Lionel, first Earl of Middlesex, who succeeded his brother James in 1651. More makes no mention of this apparition in his *Collections* in *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, where he brings together most of the tales of this sort which he had collected.

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. March, [1658].

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86. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 290. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington. Leave these at the Crown betwixt the two Temple-gates. Fleet-Street."]

Madame,

I AM very much oblig'd to your Ladiship for that bountifull share I enjoy of your undeserved affection. I am the loather to be ill in any sense, in respect to that interest that your Ladiship is pleased to challenge in me. I am very sorry that you have so sad an occasion to understand the inconveniences of sicknesse. The truth is the remembrance of your Ladiships torturous malady, is a cure to mine, as the greater paine extinguishes the lesse. But the remedy is then worse then the disease. I pray God give you patience to beare the sense of that, the mere imagination whereof is so tedious to your friendes. As for my own distemper it is not so much as it was, nor quite quitted me but off and on. I hope when I have been at London a whyle I shall be better. The continuall Transcription of my Treatise is something tedious, and will not be finished till May. I have heard of strange newes since my last of one carry'd away and torne apeeces by the divell in Lincolneshire, which is seriously reported here and is believed by some, but I do not believe one syllable of it, but looke upon it as a gullery raysed upon a boone companion by some of his associates. I wish my Lord and Mr Hyrne a good journey. Sir Elfick will wayt upon your Ladiship this week Fryday or Saturday. I have nothing more to superadd but that I am

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[2] More clearly writes *Sr* Elfick.

[3] In his letter of December 3/13, 1657 (*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 32), Finch had written his sister at length in regard to her proposed study of mathematics, urging her to limit her geometry to the first six books of Euclid. "For the study of the Mathematiques may take up all ones life," he says; "but I would not have you study Mathematiques for any other end, then to make you capable of anything in Astronomy or Opticks, or morall Philosophy, which may be done by the Helpe of the first 6 Bookes of Euclid." He adds that with More's help she will undoubtedly master the *Clavis Mathematica* of "Mr Oughtred who is unquestionably the ablest that this age hath had."

Madame,

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant

Henry More.

C.C.C. April 5, [1658].

87. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 14. The superscription is torn off; the letter is badly damaged by water and torn by the seal.]

[My dearest] deare,

[My last] I writt to you before I received any [from you] as you may perceive by the state of my [subscription?]. [ ] lought would have been with you sooner [had he not] staied a day longer in towne then he in[tended. John] Birkhead[1] [brought me the?] dog [and the articles from?] the Duke of Florence,[2] but [ ]. You have made great hast [ ] I hope their diligence in [ ] after your comming downe [ ]. Hales received 100 li this day [ ] I have told out 30 li of it, which [I shall give to?] Dr Taylor according to your order so soon [as I see] him which will be upon Munday next, if I am [well enough?] he hath been with me this week, being low [in his fortunes?] to be much [with?] his wiffe now she is so neer her time.[3] [I have been] extreamly ill my selfe all this weeke e[very day but] the day on which I was at London and did goe [ ]. I have received the Lamprey Pye and shall [at once?] send it to my Lord Finch, and also the next [one. If] his Sister does not keep up so long for their [ ] it we will eate it here, but I would not [have you] give your selfe the trouble of providing many, for I think one or two is sufficient to present to my Lord. I have given Hales 3 li to pay to the Apothecary, and do intend to lay out the mony, till your returne, which you are oweing to Trotter and Crow; you will doe well to lett me know the name of the waggoner which you would have your things sent by, and also where he lodges, and I shall take care to see them sent. Elficke came to me this afternoone, you cannot expect I should give you any character of him as yet because I can have no knowledge of him in so short a time. I have nothing more to add to this but the repetition of my being

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[1] John Birkhead is mentioned in the *State Papers, Interreg., CXXIX,* No. 110, as being sent to Ostend to solicit Conway's liberty from the Dutch.

[2] In his letters toward the end of 1657 John Finch tells his sister in detail of two Bologna dogs—"Bolognia masty dogges"—which he and Baines have sent her by the Captain of the *Hannibal.* He describes their care in detail, as if they were of a breed entirely unknown in England. They were evidently ladies' lap dogs, for he says: "They are never out of the Ladyes laps or Arms or at least their presence. . . . The Dog," he adds, "is called Julietto and the Bitch Vittoria." Since in later letters, Finch and Baines report gifts to Lady Conway from the Duke of Florence, I have so conjectured the passage which is lost.

[3] This sentence, which undoubtedly refers to Jeremy Taylor, seems to indicate that his second wife, Joanna Bridges, gave birth to a child at this time. It is probable that that child died shortly after birth—a supposition which would explain Lady Conway's statement in her next letter, "Dr Taylor hath lost his boy." In 1656 and 1657 Taylor had lost three sons, but his biographers do not mention the loss of a child in 1658. Gosse (*Jeremy Taylor* [1904], p. 186) speaks of a son Edward "perhaps his only son by his wife Joanna (who) was buried at Lisburn on the 10th of March, 1661; he could not have been more than five years old at the time." It is possible that this was the child born in 1658; but that supposition does not explain the loss of a child during the same year.

most perfectly and eternally yours
ANNE C[ONWAY]

Aprill 9, 1658, Kensington.

Pray present my humble duty to my Lady, and let me know how she likes the making up of her bed.

88. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 15. "For the Lord Viscount Conway at Ragley."]

Dearest Deare,

I HAVE been exceedingly ill ever since Saterday night in a terrible fitt, which hath left me so ill still that it hath been as much as I could doe to keep off my bed this day to entertaine Dr Taylor, who with some other company that came to see me hath kept me so long from writing that I have scarce time left to doe it, but I cannot omitt to send you the newes of my sister's being delivered of a boy last Saterday late at night, which is very like her last. She is reasonable well (God be thanked) and so is the child. Dr Taylor hath lost his boy, which I beleive is a very great griefe to him, but he seemes to beare it cheerfully. He beginns his journy to Ragley upon Thursday morning in the Worcester coach, and expects to be at Parshur[1] upon Saterday morning, and so meet your horses there. He is in great hopes to be returned againe with you to London about the middle of next week, but I suppose you will keep him something longer there, but I think I may expect you here at the latter end of the week, and to find the certaine time prefixed in your next letter. If your ambition in the study of Euclid be onely to exceed me, you have reason to be satisfied already, for I have not proceeded one proposition since you went, but I think before it be long to try Elficks skill in it, whom I hope I shall like well. My mother continues extreamly ill with the Gout, and with her cold. I pray God, preserve you in health, this extreame sickly time according to the prayers of me, that am

eternally and absolutly yours,
ANNE CONWAY.

Aprill 27, 1658, Kensington.

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[1] Pershore, eight miles from Worcester.

89. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 300. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at the Crown with Mr Leake betwixt the two Temple-gates. Fleet street."]

Madame:

I MUST crave pardon of your Ladiship for not writing the last week, the Colledge Accounts forceing me to that omission. I am much obliged for your kinde congratulating of my health, but I profess I have been, since my last, as sick as I was upon the Sea in our voyage to France. Which was by riding a journey beyond my ordinary pace. I wonder your Ladiship should say I have stay'd a moneth or sixe weekes beyond my time, when I dare say it is not passing a week or fortnight at most. I am heartily sorry that your headache is so ill still, but it being not worse then usually it has been, I will not forgoe the hopes of seeing your Ladiship at Cambridge. Mr Wilson has at last been with me, I perceive it is as your Ladiship has wrote concerning him. I have spoke to Mr Miles to provide me another, so soone as he can. I wonder when this Syndickship will be over, that it may be seasonable to send and receive letters from Mr John Finch. I am very full of perplexity and vexation touching my young kindred, because Vertue, Witt and Health will not meet in any of them, so far as I see. This present world is so full of vexations and disturbances, that I am up to the hard eares in computing the certainty of that which is to come, severely demonstrating to my selfe in dry prose that the soul of man is immortall and that there are enjoyments attainable after this earth.[1] When I am informed of a fitt man for Ireland, I shall write word to my Lord, in the mean time, if you please to present my humble service to him when you write, you shall thereby oblige,

Madame,

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. April 27, [1658].

90. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 17. "For the Lord Viscount Conway at Ragley."]

My Dearest Deare,

I RECEIVED your letter but just now and cannot omitt writing to you at the same time for feare I might be lesse able to doe it tomorrow. I have been so extreamly ill all this week and the last, that I have scarce enioyed any respite from my fitts, and therefore cannot presume upon the least time. You say you are afraid of me, but I have more reason to be afraid of you, since you endeavour to conceale from me, what you writt to the Doctor as a great secret. My mother continues extreamly ill and much worse then she useth to be, and therefore you may imagine she will not discourse of removing from hence this summer, till she findes her selfe better, which I very impatiently wish she may do quickly, if it pleaseth God. I think Sir

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[1] The reference is to the *Immortality of the Soul* (1659).

Gervas Clifton[1] is not yet resolved to quitt the towne at all this summer. Mr R. Benett[2] was buryed last Monday. He hath devided his estate equally into 3 parts, to be disposed of to his 2 daughters and to his brother, Mr T. Benet, and hath left besides good legacies to his other brothers children. A great many coaches attended the corps of my Lord of Warwick[3] this day out of towne. I am very sorry my brother retaines not still that temperance, which he personated so well. We expect my brother Benet here suddenly. My brother J. Finch (who presents his truest affection to you) writes that my Lord of Winchalsea is hastening into England, and he againe to Padoa to enjoy his thoughts which he hath been so long diverted from, and which will necessitate him to spend yet at the least one yeere in Italy, and 6 monthes in France before he can returne hither, I think the spring hath been as backward here as you find it in the country, for we have not had above one weeke of warme weather. My sister Clifton presents her service to you. I hope her boy may doe very well, but it was ill last night. Pray present my humble duty to my Lady, and my service to Dr Taylour, and the rest of your good company. I shall alwayes be

Entirely and eternally yours,
ANNE CONWAY.

Aprill 30, 1658, Kensington.

91. *Lord Conway to Major Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 187–191.]

Dear Brother

THAT which you writ to me in your letter of the 2d of this month concerning Dr. Taylor was sufficient to have discouraged him and all his friends from any farther thoughts of that country; but I thank God, I went upon a principle not to be repented of, for I had no interest or passion in what I did for him, but rather some reluctancy. What I pursued was to do an act of piety towards him, and an act of piety towards all such as are truly disposed to virtue in those parts, for I am certain he is the choicest person in England appertaining to the conscience, and let others blemish him how they please, yet all I have written of him is true.[1] He is a man of excellent parts and an excellent life, but in regard that this is not powerful to purchase his quiet, I shall tell you what is done in relation to that. Dr. Petty[2] hath written by him to Dr. Harrison[3] and several others, and promist to provide him a purchase of land at great advantage, and many other intimate kindnesses, wherein your advice will be askt. Dr. Cox,[4] a physician, and a very ingenious man, who hath married the Chancellor's sister, hath written in his behalf very passionately, and some of as near relation to my Lord Peepes[5] hath recommended him to him. Sergeant Twisden,[6] one of the eminentest lawyers in England, who married Sir Matthew Tomlinson's sister, hath written to him very earnestly, and so hath his wife also. Mr. Hall,[7] an understanding man, and always one of the knights for Lincolnshire, hath recommended him to his friend Mr. Bury,[8] and so hath Mr. Bacon,[9] one of the Masters of Request, done for him to my Lord Chief Baron; but, besides all this, my Lord Protector hath given him a pass and a protection for himself and his family, under his sign manual and privy signet. So that I hope it will not be treason to look upon him and to own him. Dr. Loftus is his friend.[10]—Those farmers of the Custom, whom you mention, do pay my Lord Protector £60,000 a year for the Excise and Custom of Ireland; if they are so severe, it were a good thing to consider how one might buy it out of their hands to the ease of the people, if any were so publick spirited.

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[1] Her sister's father-in-law.

[2] Probably a relative of Lady Conway's mother by her first marriage.

[3] Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick, died April 19, 1658, and was buried at Felsted, Essex, on May 1.

[1] On Conway's offer to Taylor, see pp. 119 f.

[2] Sir William Petty had been a student of medicine at Leyden, and was later a friend of Hobbes and a member of the group which met with Father Mersenne at Paris. In his *Tractate of Education* he sketched the idea of a scientific society upon which the Royal Society was to some extent founded. At the time of this letter he was physician-general to the army in Ireland.

[3] Thomas Harrison, D.D., had been chaplain to the governor of Virginia. In 1657 he accompanied Henry Cromwell to Ireland, where he lived in Cromwell's family, and preached at Christ Church, Dublin. His *Topica Sacra* (1658) was dedicated to Cromwell.

The news of the prosperity and good success in Flanders is very great: the defeat given the Spaniards before Dunkirk[11] very considerable, not only to the reducing of that town, but to the change of all affairs throughout Christendom, as hindering the choice of an Emperor, and endangering the loss of all Flanders; for that town being taken, my Lord Protector will certainly maintain a considerable army in those parts, where he wants nothing but a body of horse, having at least ten thousand foot there already. I have sent you here enclosed Dr. Hewet's[12] speech, which is not commonly to be had, but this is a true copy. I have sent you and my sister a box of pills by Dr. Taylor, of the same proportion as that I sent last summer. My mother writes to me that John Mace's son intends to carry over all the rest of the children, and expects 8 l of me to bear their charges, which I shall not do untill I have your directions. I am very glad to hear of my sister's health, and the children's, and ever remain,

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[4] Thomas Coxe received the degree of M.D. at Padua, and was afterward incorporated at Oxford. He was successively fellow, treasurer, and president of the College of Physicians, and one of the first fellows of the Royal Society. During the rebellion, he was physician in the army of the Parliament. He is supposed to have suggested the profession of medicine to Sydenham.

[5] Sir Richard Pepys, lord chief justice of Ireland.

[6] Sir Thomas Twisden, second son of Sir William Twysden and brother of Sir Roger and of Dr. John Twysden (he spelled his name differently for purposes of distinction). In 1654 he was made sergeant-at-law, in which status he was confirmed at the Restoration. He married Jane, sister of Matthew Thomlinson, who had been the custodian of Charles I during his trial, and who, at Charles's request, accompanied him to the execution. During the Protectorate, Thomlinson had been employed in Ireland as a member of the council of Fleetwood, then of that of Henry Cromwell. On July 1, 1659, the restored Long Parliament appointed him one of the five commissioners for the civil government of Ireland. He was impeached in 1660, but remained at liberty.

[7] Probably Thomas Hall, M.P. for Lincoln, 1654.

[8] Afterward Sir William Bury, Privy Councilor.

[9] Nathaniel Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon by his first wife, hence half-brother to Francis Bacon. After the establishment of the Commonwealth, he had been appointed one of the admiralty judges, an office which he exchanged for that of master of requests to the Protector. He remained in that office during the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and until his death in 1660.

[10] Probably Dudley Loftus, the eminent jurist and orientalist. He held several offices in Ireland, including that of deputy judge, advocate, commissioner of revenue, judge of admiralty. In 1655 he was appointed a master of chancery in Ireland.

[11] In May, 1658, Dunkirk was besieged by the English and French under Marshal Turenne; on June 4 the Spaniards were defeated in the Battle of the Dunes; on June 17 Dunkirk capitulated and was given to the English. Ypres and other Flemish towns also submitted.

Your entirely affectionate brother,

E. Conway.

My man Hales is now returned, and brings me word that he spake with Mr Jessop[13] and Mr. Hartlib,[14] and they both assured him that the business was done, but referred back to the Committee to consider whether it should be passed in England or Ireland. He also brings word that a messenger came to the Council from Dunkirk, bringing word that Dunkirk had articled to surrender, and that the articles were signed yesterday. It will be put into my Lord Protector's hands.
Kensington, 15 June, 1658.

92. *Lord Conway to Major Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 191–193.]

Dear Brother,

When I wrote you last what the sad condition my wife was in, I held it impossible the next letter would not impart the worst news; she was also resigned. It is no wonder I should be mistaken in Providence, who am so perfectly ignorant of the truth of that which I am about to write, tho it appears evident to sense. However, I hold myself to thank God that we have yet ground to hope she may do well, and that the violent extremity she was then in, tended not to the concluding of her own life, but to the giving life to another. We have had thoughts oftentimes in my wife's sickness, perhaps she may be breeding; but the excessive increase of her distemper, with many other reasons, so interrupted it, that they served only to torment. At last seeking but sincerely her satisfaction, we had recourse to the best doctors and midwives to be resolved, but they have plunged us into the greatest uncertainty; for they assured us with much confidence that, according to their art, she is not so. On the other side, my wife finding herself quick, and with such a motion as they say is not compatible with any disease, for I myself and others have felt it, just like a fitt of the ague, and besides many outward signs. They have directed remedies which could nothing prove, no not so much as against melancholy thoughts. But it is concluded on all hands, that if she be with child, she must expect as hard labour as any woman in the world ever had; the shape of her body, as well as the incidents of this sickness, necessitate caution. She hears that my Lord Chichester's[1] former Lady had got an eagle's stone[2] esteemed of great virtue in hard labour, and it's her wish few people be aware I write to you for it: therefore possibly without telling the person, they shall not chuse but to trust you with it, if they are not induced to part with it. Mr. Hill[3] saw the stone, and hath another: but she prefers it, if it may be had. I will willingly be at the charge of an express messenger rather than not get it with all care and speed. We keep this as private as it is possible, till we have more assurance, that we may not be made a town-talk, and I hope you will do so too, My thoughts were long since sealed against any impetuous desires after children, and my mind disposed to that which was more diffusive than gathering together an estate for an heir, and this will not alter me. I hope you will acquaint none but my sister with my wife's concernment, to whom I present my kind love and regards.

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[12] John Hewit, royalist divine, who was executed on June 8, 1658, as the result of charges by John Stapley that he had received from Hewit's hand a commission from the King. Hewit's speech of defense on the scaffold was printed in several editions.

[13] Probably the same person referred to by Pepys (January 31, 1667–68): "Up: and by coach, with W. Griffin with me, and our Contract-books, to Durhams Yard, to the Commissioners for Accounts. . . . They have Mr. Jessop their secretary: and it is pretty to see that they are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them."

[14] Probably Samuel Hartlib, the friend and correspondent of Milton, Worthington, and others.

Your entirely affectionate brother,

E. Conway.

Kensington, 12 October, 1658.

My Lord Deputy[4] is made Lord Lieutenant, and I am told we shall have a Parliament called before the funeral of my Lord Protector.[5] My wife reckons from the 12th of May.

93. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 308. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these with Mr Leake at the Crown betwixt the two Temple-gates. Fleet street."]

Madame,

I gott well and safe to Cambridge, God be thanked, and have been indifferently well since, though I have had some remembrances of my old infirmity. I should be exceeding glad to heare of some amendment in your Ladiships health. It is some comfort to think that I left you in a more hopefull condition then the time before, and that after you are brought to bed, you may by the grace of God, be delivered in some good measure of your present paines. But whyle it shall please God to exercise you with so great an affliction, I question not but that your Ladiship will make the best and most proper advantage of it, being assured that all thinges whatsoever tend to the good of those that are good even those that seeme for the present to be the greatest evills. For the pious and vertuous come out of them, as gold purify'd out of the fire. And certainly we are in a capacity by affliction, of impressing such characters on our spiritt, of perfect humility and resignation of ourselves unto God, as neither before or when it is over, without a miracle we can be. And therefore it is good striking whyle the iron is hott, and inuring ourselves to fayth in God and dependence on and full submission to him, whyle we are thus moulded in the furnace of affliction. Which I am sure your Ladiship does, and is therefore the most solid comfort I can receive when I consyder your sad condition. Which that God in his good time would in some tolerable measure ease you of is the earnest prayer of

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[1] Arthur Chichester, first Earl of Donegal. His "former lady" was probably his second wife Mary, daughter of John Digby, first Earl of Bristol; she died November 5, 1648, having borne seven children.

[2] The *aetites*, or eaglestone, was a hollow *geodes* of oxide of iron, often mixed with a quantity of silex and alumina; the stone is pale and dull in color, round or polygonal in form. Eagles were said to carry them to their nests, and the stone was surrounded with superstitious legends. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, II, v. 9: "Whether the *aetites*, or eagle-stone hath that eminent property to promote delivery or restrain abortion, respectively applied to lower or upward parts of the body, we shall not discourage common practice by our question."

[3] Probably Col. Arthur Hill, one of the strongest supporters of Episcopacy in Ireland, the patron of Jeremy Taylor, who resided for some years at this home "Hillsborough."

[4] Henry Cromwell.

[5] Oliver Cromwell died September 3, 1658; the public funeral took place on November 23.

Madame

Your Ladiships humble and affectionate servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Novembr 29, [1658].

My very humble service to my Lord. I hope he will send me some good newes the next week.

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94. *Lord Conway to Major Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 193–194.]

Dear Brother,

IT is now three weeks since I had the happiness of hearing from you; I pray God no distemper among any of your family could alone be the cause of it. Last Wensday Mrs. Hill came and brought me a letter from Dr. Taylor, and she took back again the stone. I shewed them to Dr. Pruican[1] and he much questions whether that from my Lord Chichester be a stone or counterfeit; and Frederick[2] saith it is not the same that my Lady Mary once shewed him, and told him she had it from her sister; that was white, about the bigness of an egg, and had little black streaks in it, as he says. I pray let me know also what my Lord Chichester says for the credit of his stone, and whether I may have it, and what present his Lordship will expect from me, if it be a true one. I was able to decypher Mrs. Hills as soon as ever I saw it, but I shewed it to the Doctor likewise; it is a German stone, such as are commonly sold in London for 5 shillings a piece. My wife had one lent unto her that is much bigger, for she thinks the biggest is accounted best, and in pain wore it upon her arm a good while. When I writ to you this day se'nnight, I thought she would now escape of her violent head achs, till she was brought to bed, but the very next day she had as great a fit as ever, and she complains every day very much: tho' thank God she comes abroad, and walks an hour for exercise daily. She hath got the prettiest nurse and the ugliest midwife that ever I saw.

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[1] So in the *Rawdon Papers;* evidently a misreading for *Prudian* (Prujean).

[2] "Frederick" is not elsewhere mentioned; he could hardly be Clodius.

Your entirely affectionate brother,

E. Conway.

Kensington, 21 December, 1658.

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95. *Henry More To Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 262. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington. Leave these with Mr Leake at the Crown betwixt the two Temple gates. Fleet street." Added in another hand: "call for the bookes at the 4 swanes in Bishopsgate street anie Wendsday about 3."]

Madame,

I have at length gott some copies[1] to present your Ladiship, my old Lady Conway, and my Lord with all. I write not to him this time, because the book includes a letter to him. I have enclos'd one here to my lady your mother. I have sent Madame Clifton also a book, that has nothing of mine written in the margin, though there be nothing in the pages but what is in some sort mine: if you will do me the favour to present it to her with my service. I wrote not to her because I thought the book would be as much if not more then she will have the patience to read, which is the reason that I send Mr Whitbys[2] also with out a letter, but I hope my Lord will recommend both Castellio[3] and that copy I sent to Mr Whitby with a line or two of his. Every thing takes away a mans moisture, and this is a very dry starveling Spring. I used as much hast as I could to gett these copies bound, and not with the best speed, for the binding of them this new mode the preface looks something duskishly by the breaking of them, but the Treatise it self is very well. I am now wholy taken up with my Treatise of Christian Relligion, and I can not for my life study any thing els, nor I think leave of till I have finish'd it. I did not think the externall form of Christian Relligion had the twentieth part of that solidity and strength of reason which I finde it has, if I be not overheated in the speculation thereof. Of which my head is so full that I can not compose my self to write letters as I would. I long to hear how your Ladiship does and my little pupill, of which if you please to certify me with the next opportunity, it will be a very great obligation upon

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[1] Of *The Immortality of the Soul* (1659).

[2] The only other references in any of the family correspondence to "Whitby" occur in a letter from Rawdon to Conway (*Cal. S.P. Ireland, Addenda, 1625–1660*, p. 662, January 23, 1658), in which he speaks of "the wedding of Nan Whitby to Mr. Bryars" and adds, "The husband is here with Dr Colvill."

[3] Cf. Jeremy Taylor in a letter to Evelyn, April 9, 1659, Heber, *Life* (1832), pp. 99–100: "I perceive here that there is a new sect rising in England, the Perfectionists: for three men that wrote An Examen of the Confession of Faith of the Assembly, whereof one was Dr. Drayton, and is now dead, did starte some very odde things: but especially one, in pursuance of the doctrine of Castellio, that it is possible to give unto God perfect unsinning obedience, and to have perfection of degrees in this life. . . . I know nothing or but extremely little, of them when I was in England; but further off I heare most newes. If you can informe yourself concerning them, I would faine be instructed concerning their designe, and the circumstances of their life and doctrine. For they live strictly, and in many things speak rationally, and in some things very confidently. They excel the Socinians in the strictnesse of their doctrine; but, in my opinion, fall extremely short of them in their expositions of the practical Scriptures. If you inquire after the men of Dr. Gell's church, possibly you may learne much; and, if I mistake not, the thing is worth inquiry." On June 4, 1659, he wrote again (*ibid.*, p. 103): "I am much pleased that you promise to inquire into the way of the Perfectionists. . . . I assure you, some very learned and very sober persons have given up their names to it. Castellio is their great patriarch; and his Dialogue *An per Spir. S. homo possit perfecte obedire legi Dei,* is their first essay. Parker hath written something very lately of it, and in Dr. Gell's last booke in folio there is much of it. Indeed, you say right that they take in Jacob Behmen, but that is upon another account. . . ."

Madame,

Your Ladiships faithfull and affectionat servant,

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. March 28, [1659]

96. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 19. "For the Lord Viscount Conway at Ragley. Leave these with Mr William Terry postmaster at Coventry, to be sent by the foot post."]

April 15, 1659.

My dearest deare,

BEING not well enough to write the last post (though not in a fitt) I am so unwilling to misse this that I cannot deferr my writing till the morning, though it is now late, for fear I should be hendered then. I have received the two lamprey pyes both which I intend my Lord Finch shall give you thankes for, to whom I shall send them next week, and if you send up another we will eat that here, but I shall not desire you dispose of any more. I doe not know but a pye may be very acceptable to my brother Clifton, but you are better able to judge whether it be proper for his ordinary then I am. He was desired by my Lord of Lincolne[1] to acquaint you that he hath provided you a good horse in exchange of his hind, which he is very desirous should be restored to him againe, and will expect your answere to it the next week. I do not think the gaining of 4 or 5 foot in the heigth of your building worth the expence of 50 or 60 li in the altering of the Roofe, though such a Roofe as my brother Rawdon speaks of, if it had been thought of at first it would not have been unhandsome in so large a chamber, because it might I conceive have well enough spared so much of the biggnesse as would have been lost by the hanging of it so as that the wall might have appeared to have been perfectly streight, but as it is I know not why the middlemost roome should not make a very handsome dining Roome though but 10 foot high, but I think it had been better contrived if that had had the 11 foot heighth and the other but 10. But I have so little skill in Architecture that I should not have adventured to have given my opinion in this affaire had you not asked it. I sent your letter to my cosin Finch, and he told Con he would come and see me and bring an answere to it with him but I have not seen him. I have returned my cosin Warr[2] his letter againe, because you told me it related to Mrs Priest. I thought it not proper to make any inquiry after her being then about another, which I did yesterday take, but she doth not come to me till mid sommer (except Simmons goes away sooner). She is a french woman but if she makes good the report I have of her will be very fitt for me. Pray present my service to my cosin Warr and excuse the trouble I have given him in this businesse. Simmons had a letter from Hyrne this week and she tells some that she expects him to come over suddenly and marry her, but she sayes she shall be better resolved the next week when she heares from him. She hath been in great fear hitherto that he would desert her, but now she growes more confident of him. However I cannot think they will marry suddenly for she talkes to me of providing her selfe with another service. I believe your letter to my brother John miscarried for I received one from him since you went, and he had not then heard I was brought to bed, but I have writt him the newes both of that and of your letter which I suppose he had not. My brother Clifton commends his anchovies much, which made me provide a barrell of them as you directed, which shall be sent by the carier tomorrow. So soone as they come you must give order to have them put in a gally pott with fresh liquor made of water and salt, and so they will keep a long time being very new, but liing in the Barrell will spoile them. I have been so tedious that I had almost forgot to mention little Heneage to you, but I cannot conclude without letting you know that he is very well, not troubled with wind nor anything that I know of, if he doth not gitt so much flesh, but he playes more every day, and therefore I hope shortly will be diverted from sucking so much. I have scarce roome enough left to assure you of my being,

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[1] Theophilus Clinton (*alias* Fiennes), Earl of Lincoln, Speaker of the House of Lords in 1647.

Most affectionately and eternally yours

ANNE CONWAY.

97. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 222. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these at Mr Leakes a Stationers at the Crown betwixt the Temple-Gates. Fleet street."]

Madame,

I HAD not fayled of writing to your Ladiship the last week but that I was so ill that I was faine to make use of another to write to such as I was constrained to send to concerning necessary businesse in the Countrey. And I am not so well at the present, but that I write with much tediousness, though it be to your Ladiship. For I am but newly recovered out of a distemper that began so roughly with me that the Physicion knew not whether I would live or dye. But I hope now the worst is past, and that I shall, if I be carefull, make my advantage of this sicknesse. I have returned the Princesse[1] letter, with my thanks to Mrs Dury,[2] that she would be pleased to trouble herself so much in reference to me, but the greatest is due to your Ladiship, without whose intermediating nothing had been done. I am not in a case to write much, and therefore must differr to say anything concerning the other contents of your Ladiships letters till the next time I write or till I have the happinesse to wayte upon your Ladiship. Which I hope may be within this fortnight or three-weekes at furthest if God permitt. In the meane time commending you to his gracious protection I rest

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[2] "Cosin Warr" is not elsewhere mentioned, nor does any such name appear in the Finch genealogies.

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant

Henry More.

C.C.C. May 10, [1659]

98. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 279. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington. Leave these at the Crown betwixt the two Temple-gates at Mr Leaks a stationer. Fleet street." The letter is torn by the seal.]

Madame,

This is onely to informe your Ladiship that I grow better [God be tha]nked, though but slowly, and that I hope [to go] forward toward London this day come [sen] night. I account myself much oblig'd for [those] kind respects to me when I was sick, and a[m very] glad that Mr [Woolryches] his intelligence pre[vented] the trouble of sending to see how I doe. [I] am very sorry to heare that your wonted [distem]per putts you to so much diseasement. This life is full of trouble and uncertainty, and it is onely left to us to act our parts in it so well as we can, and to reape the satisfaction that we do soe, and to submitt our selves to his will that rules all thinges, to whose favourable guidance I recommend you and rest

Madame

Your Ladiships humbly affectionate servant,

Hen. More.

C.C.C. May 17, [1659]

99. *Lord Conway to Major Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers,* pp. 195–197.]

Dear Brother,

I have newly received yours from Rawdon,[1] and as I am very glad to hear of your safe arrival thither, so is nothing more passionately desired by me than to hear of your safety through those *long dark passages* you are now going over.[2] I pray present my service to general Monck, as one that bears a high respect and honor to him. The Commissioners that came from Ireland are turning back *re infectâ*. The Parliament would not look upon any proposals of theirs, but voted that my Lord Harry, by the name of Col. Henry Cromwell, should come over, and give them an account of affairs there, which he submits to; and five Commissioners are appointed for the government of that kingdom,[3] Col. John Jones,[4] the Lord Chancellor Steele,[5] Mr. Robert Goodwin,[6] Sir Matthew Tomlinson,[7] and Mr. Corbett,[8] who hath this clog that after three months he is to come into England, to give the Parliament an account of the affairs of Ireland. It is conceived the Parliament hath clearly outwitted the army, and put in all the officers of their own election and nomination, and that they have utterly broken all designs that ever could be attempted against them; 150 received Commissions last week, but Desborough[9] holds out in discontent.

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[1] The Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia. More's interest in her is testified both by later references in these letters, and by comments in Worthington's *Diary and Correspondence;* cf. particularly I, 311.

[2] Possibly the daughter of John Dury, who was a friend of Worthington and More, well known for his attempts to reconcile the Lutherans and Calvinists. His daughter married Henry Oldenburgh, Secretary of the Royal Society.

[1] Rawdon Hall, near Leeds in Yorkshire.

I received a letter yesterday from Dr. Taylor; it hath almost broke my heart. Mr. Tandy[10] hath exhibited articles against him to the Lord Deputy and Council, so simple as Col. Hill writes, that it is impossible it should come to any thing; the greatest scandal being that he christened Mr. Bryer's child with the sign of the Cross. I have written to Hyrne to supply him with money for his vindication, as if it were my own business. I hope, therefore, when you come over, you will take him[11] off from persecuting me, since none knows better than yourself, whether I deserve the same at his hands. I would have sent you the Doctor's letter to me, but that I know not whether this will ever come to you. The quarrel is it seems, because he thinks Dr. Taylor more welcome to Hillsborough[12] than himself. My wife is now in a fit of her head-ach; so she was this day fortnight. The child, I thank God, is very well, and hath passed over the same danger which the nurse had before without any disturbance; but, however, my wife is informed that to suck of such a woman is dangerous, and brings with it many diseases, and therefore I believe she will wean the child much sooner than she intended. I pray heartily for your good journey and remain your entirely

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[2] Rawdon, who was one of the active participants in the preparation for the Restoration, had in June, 1659, made a journey into Scotland to consult Monck.

[3] Cf. *Commons Journals,* VII, 674; the instructions to the Commissioners are given in *Carte MSS* lxvii, 307.

[4] John Jones, the regicide, was made a colonel in 1646; he married the Protector's sister, Catherine, widow of Roger Whitstone. He was arrested June 2, 1660, and committed to the Tower; on June 4 he was excepted from the bill of indemnity; he was executed on October 17, 1660.

[5] Sir William Steele had been appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland on August 26, 1656.

[6] Robert Goodwin was a member of the Irish Privy Council.

[7] See p. 151.

[8] Miles Corbet, the regicide, who had been Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.

[9] John Desborough, major general and uncle of Cromwell.

[10] Philip Tandy is called by Taylor's biographers the agent of the Hill and Conway families; but Rawdon in a letter to Conway (*S.P. Ireland, Addenda,* 1625–1660, p. 673) says: "Dr. Taylor preached excellently this morning. Mr. Tandy is also considered a rare preacher, and is liked in the parish." Taylor wrote to Evelyn, June 4, 1659 (Heber, *Life,* p. lxxxix): "I feare my peace in Ireland is likely to be short; for a Presbyterian and a madman hath informed against me as a dangerous man to their religion; and for using the signe of the crosse in baptisme."

[11] The pronoun seems to refer to Tandy rather than to Taylor.

[12] Hillsborough was "the noble large house" fitted up as a fortress by Col. Arthur Hill.

affectionate brother,

E. Conway.

Kensington, 14 June, 1659.

100. *Lord Conway to Major Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 197–200.]

Dear Brother,

It is to my exceeding great satisfaction that I received yours from Lisnegarvy of your arrival there, and my sister's safe delivery of her third son. I pray God make them all as happy as I wish them. I have sent you here inclosed the news book, because it relates many occurents in Parliament very particularly. Col. Cooper[1] told me the other day that they are in hopes to get the customs upon cattle, and upon all goods between England and Ireland, taken off. I sent a compliment yesterday to my Lord Harry,[2] which he received very kindly, and I intend to wait upon him after he hath had his audience of the Council, to whom by the vote that passed yesterday, he is to give an account of the affairs of Ireland, and then to retire into the country: I think he will not be permitted to return into Ireland. Dr. Jones[3] told me that Col. Barrow[4] and Axtell[4] had regiments, but I did not hear from any one else of more than are in the news book yet determined of. Col. Jones[5] begins his journey about a fortnight hence. The Act of Indemnity[6] hath taken up as much time as if it were in relation to enemies of the greatest enormity. Whereas they are only pardoning themselves, and among them I hear of divers to be excepted, as Secretary Thurloe,[7] Lord Commissioner Fines,[8] and Lisle,[9] Glyn,[10]

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[1] Thomas Cooper, whom Cromwell had put in charge of the forces in Ulster in 1655.

[2] Henry Cromwell.

[3] Henry Jones, D.D., later Bishop of Meath, was successively Dean of Ardagh, Prebend of Dromore, Dean of Kilmore, Archdeacon of Killaloe, Bishop of Clogher. Under the Commonwealth he was scoutmaster-general; in 1652 he was appointed commissioner to collect evidence as to outrages committed by rebels in Munster and Leinster.

[4] Robert Barrow and Daniel Axtel were among the malcontents who resigned their commissions when Henry Cromwell came into authority in Ireland. At the time of the reorganization of the forces after Richard Cromwell's overthrow, they were among those to whom new commissions were given.

[5] See p. 159, n. 4.

[6] The Act of Indemnity and Free Pardon was passed July 12, 1659.

[7] John Thurloe, Secretary of State.

[8] Nathaniel Fiennes, second son of William, first Viscount Saye and Sele, was chief commissioner of the great seal, and the mouthpiece of government. His public career came to an end with the appointment of the new commissioner of the seal by the restored Long Parliament.

[9] John Lisle, the regicide, who took a prominent part in the King's trial, and drew up the form of sentence; he was successively

Philips,[11] Jones,[12] and Major General Butler.[13] And that all grants passed under the great seal, in either of the three nations, since the Protector's government, shall be void. I fear much the inundation of Anabaptists again amongst us. The unsettlement and division here increase daily, and the whole game is like to be played between the 5th Monarchy men, whereof Sir Harry Vane[14] and Salway[15] are the chief, and between Commonwealth men. I hope the proprietors in your country will find better tenants than Anabaptists and Quakers, whose design is only to turn out the landlords; and I pray God you may have no cause to discourage us from coming over at the time we have determined next year. Mr. Tandy may have enough of these to set himself against, without troubling his peaceable and best neighbours. We have sent down all our carriages to Ragley, and are staying here ourselves somewhat longer than we thought of, to provide another nurse. This having injured the child three times, we cannot think it possible to be borne any longer, and so all my wife's friends advise her. My Lady Finch divided some table linen between my wife and my sister Clifton: and she hath also given my wife a very fine carpet, which cost her first husband 60 l and some plate worth 20 or 30 l. My cousin Henry Conway of Brodrythan came up to see me out of Wales, his business is that I would help to get him a wife; he is a proper handsome gentleman, and doth assure me his estate is £1600 a year, and improveable; he hath been here about 3 weeks, and intends to go down with me to Ragley. I have made some overtures for him, which may probably prove not ineffectual; but if Col. Hill will give his daughter £3000 I will bring him over with me next summer. My wife presents her humble service to you and my sister; I wish her much joy, and advise her to believe that the having many children will make every one be the better provided for. If you please likewise to present my humble service to Mrs. Hill, you will lay a great obligation upon your entirely

affectionate brother,
E. CONWAY.

Kensington, 5 July, 1659.

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101. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 248. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these. Leave these at Mr Leakes at the Signe of the Crown betwixt the two temple-gates. Fleet-street." No date; probably March or April, 1660.]

Madame,

I HAVE received your Ladiships with the enclos'd and have sent you this in lieu

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on the council of state, lord commissioner, president of the High Court of Justice, commissioner of the admiralty. At the Restoration he escaped to Switzerland, where he was shot August 11, 1664.

[10] Sir John Glynne had been recorder of the city of London, and chief justice.

[11] Dudley Philips, commissioner for Irish affairs.

[12] See *Colonel Jones*, above.

[13] Major General William Boteler.

[14] Sir Henry Vane, the younger, the "Religion's eldest son" of Milton's sonnet, was believed at this time to be plotting to establish the Fifth Monarchy.

[15] Humphrey Salway sat in the Long Parliament, and was named one of the Commissioners to try the King, but declined acting.

thereof with many thanks for your judicious advise. I am sorry you finde your self worse in the Citty then in the Countrey. I hope it is onely upon the present change of ayre, but that afterward you will be at least as before. What other displeasing thinges you may meet with there I can not so well guesse, but I question not that the vertue of your own well govern'd minde will easily turne of any such burdens or disquietnesses. I should as naturally come and wayt upon your Ladiship as the needle turnes to the North, but that I have not dispatched all my buisinesses here, which I must needs do before I remove, and if I can come sooner then I promiss'd I will: though I professe I can not imagine any desireablenesse in my society, but I would do it in obedience to your commands, and in favour and satisfaction to my self, who enjoy so much contentment in your Ladiships converse. It is possible that the thickness and moistness of the spring may make you think the lodgings where you are more close then ordinary, when it is the weather not the place that annoys you for the present. London agrees well enough with me at all times, but never so well as when I shall have the happiness to be there under one roofe with so noble a friend. My little pupill I hope is well by this time. I have sent above a third part of my Book[1] to the presse, but I think they have scarce done one sheet yett, there has been such a do about the choice of the paper. I have the other two parts transcrib'd, but I must write my preface leasurely. I wish Mr Elfick joy of his Patrimonie. I shall be inquiring after a successour if I can light of one such as I would against Michaelmas and in what els lyes in my power I am

Madame,

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant,

H. More.

My very humble service to my Lord if he be returned.

102. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 240. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these. Leave these with Mr Leake at the Crown betwixt the two temple-gates. Fleet-street."]

Madame,

I am very glad to heare there is so much hope of your brother's coming over. If your Ladiship remember the last clause of his letter to me, it is very interpretable this way, but my great desire of his returne made me the lesse hope it, indeed despaire of it. You'll be pleased to excuse the trouble I gave you in sending you the last enclosed. I am sorry you finde your Lodgings so inconvenient, and must commend you for your care over my little pupill (whom I long to see as well as to kisse his mothers hands) in removing him to Kensington. I hope he is not enclin'd to the Ricketts. I have an intention with my self if I can possibly to wayt upon your Ladiship by the middle of June, being as impatient of being kept from that excellent service, as you are desirous to receive it. The printer has not been so good as his word hitherto, but this last week I received six sheets, and he promises faythfully he will send six a week. The whole summ will not be much above an hundred. If this perverse Headache, as your Ladiship calls it, would but be more moderate, we should all be exceeding happy in our private capacitys besydes the great hopes of the publick. I pray God complete the happy state of both, as is the earnest desire of,

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[1] *An Explanation of the Grand Mystery of Godliness*, London, 1660.

Madame,

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. May 14, [1660]

My very humble service to my Lord, I wrote to him last week. We have begun Common Prayer in our Chappell already.[1]

103. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 179. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these."]

Madame,

The missing your Ladiships letter this Thursday has putt me into so much trouble and anxiety of minde that I could not withhold from writing to you forthwith desiring the most speedy ease of my disturbed thoughts. For I do not know what interpretation to make of your Ladiships not answering my last letter (dated Monday was fortnight) that signifyes any good. For I can conjecture nothing but some more then ordinary sickness of your own, or that my Lord is come home more then ordinarily sick, or that my little pupill is relapsed, for I heard that he was well againe. The best that I can suspect is that my letter has miscarryed, but then I phancy if something more then usual did not hinder, I should heare from your Ladiship how ever. Sometimes my Melancholy suggests to me, that I may have writt something in my last which might be displeasing to your Ladiship, but if any such thing has fallen from my pen, your Ladiship may be assured that it was for want of judgment, not out of any ill-will. I have wrote something smartly as I remember about your brothers delays in Italy, but it was merely out of zeale to your Ladiship, and the impatient sense of that sorrow and trouble of minde you had conceiv'd by his neglect as I professe I can but judge it. And must againe avouche, that the writing of bookes (when a man is not forced to it either by his place and profession, or obligation of conscience, so that he can not be quiet in minde without so doing) is but a vain glorious peece of Pedantry in comparison of the noble sense of friendship, and his respect and naturall love to his kindred and Countrey. Besydes his stay there will scarce be without the hazard of Religion. I could also give you a more particular account why I think his designs there will not at all compensate his absence from his sister Conway, that as my Lord has taken notice of, loves all her friends more sincerely and affectionately then they love her, but that I know not but I may have displeased your Ladiships good nature too much allready. For I do but please my self very little in writing any thing that is in the least measure harsh concerning one that though I am very angry at for his neglect of all his English friendes, yett do very heartily love and wish well to him, and the frustration of my own hopes of seeing him did also add something to my passion. A mans affections are thus abusable that I am often in a doubt, whether it be better to light on a person that seems worth a mans entirely loving or not to light on any such. The other troubles your Ladiship mentions in your letter, I hope they were not but such as are over, or will be shortly. For my pupill I hope is recovered, and that my Lord by this time is safe with you, or not dangerously ill. I pray God he be not. And for feare your Ladiship should be ill at this time, I shall write to him, that I may heare with the soonst how you are at Kensington. I pray God send you all three good health is the earnest desire of,

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[1] As a result of the Restoration.

Madame,

Your Ladiships entirely devoted servant

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Jun. 5, [1660].

104. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 292. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these."]

Madame,

I AM neither arrived to Cambridge nor in health since my arrivall thither. For your Ladiship is so good a Platonist as not to deny that famous maxim of their Schoole: *Animus cuiusque is est quisque,*[1] and I can assure you my minde has been hitherto wholely with your Ladiship and the rest of that learned Conclave, I meane my Lord and the two Italian Doctours,[2] and phansy myself present at all your excellent Discourses so strongly that I scarce finde my self here at all, saveing in the trouble of my body, which has been as sad as lead, which I conceive is from the flaccidity of the mouth of my stomach, which Helmont makes the seat of the soule,[3] and is a further argument that she is absent from her usuall residence. Which if she be, I dare swear she is at my Lord Conwayes in Shandos-street, and particularly at those learned conferences held in your Ladiships chamber by yourself, my Lord, and the two Italian Philosophers. Either this or my incessant tumbling down too much small beere and fruit to mitigate that troublesome and wasting heate in my body caused by those fierce elements and materialls of green cholere, is the reason of this flaccidness of the mouth of my stomach, as that of my extreme proneness to heavinesse and sorrow. Which proportion in the body will not fayle to offerr the saddest scenes of thinges that can be to afflict the minde. But I never deale with any passion that troublesomely invades me, with slights and diversions but bid them battayle in the open field, and by a serious ramble for a whole afternoon together into [Jesus College?] closing, I gott some consyderable ground against my enemie, after which I was better both in body and minde, and after the receipt of your Ladiships letter much better then before.

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[1] Cicero, *Somnium Scipionis,* VIII: "Mens cuiusque is est quisque." The idea is a familiar one with the Neoplatonists. Cf. for example Plotinus *Enneads* iv. 7, sec. 1, 456 (Creuzer ed., p. 845): which Ficino translates, *Utroque denique modo anima praecipue est ipse homo.*

[2] Finch and Baines. Cf. pp. 124 f.

[3] Cf. *Van Helmont's Workes . . . done into English by J.C. . . .* (London, 1664). Chap. xxxvii deals with the problem of the seat of the soul; on p. 288 Van Helmont concludes: "Therefore for a Summary: The central place of the Soul, is the Orifice or upper mouth of the stomach, no otherwise than as the Root of Vegetables is the vital place of the same."

Madame, what you speake in complement, I acknowledge, if rightly understood, to be a reall truth, viz. That in what place so ever I enjoy most of myself that I am sure to have the best company there. For I profess if I know my self aright, I am nothing els but an *Aggregate* of my friends so that they that are the best and choicest of them are the greatest part of myself: and that you are the chiefest of all I must with thankfullnesse acknowledge, nor can any one deny it. Whence it plainely followes (what your Ladiship intended onely as a complement) when I enjoy most of my self I am sure to have the best company. A necessary Corollary whereof is, that nothing but force and violence of indispensable occasions will keep me from wayting on your Ladiship to Ragley and also of enjoying the best company that I can possibly enjoy. I pray God give good success to your new course of Physick that it may at least procure some ease, if not a perfect cure. The newes of either would be exceeding welcome to me. I am heartily sorry for my Lord Lucass his losse.[4] You'll excuse my boldness in putting your Ladiship to those troubles I mentioned in my former, and you are pleas'd too carefully to remember. With my thanks for your manifold favours and particularly for your late serious civilityes when I was sick, I abruptly take leave to subscribe myself

Honoured Madame

Your Ladiships most humbly and affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE

C.C.C. Septr. 3, [1660]

I pray you Madame present my humble service to the noble Major,[5] and the learned Dr Taylour, if he be returned, and the rest of our noble friends.

105. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 70. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these."]

Madame,

YOUR Ladiship having entred a course of Physick though in very skillfull and carefull hands, yett I could not but be very solicitous concerning your condition; which anxiety is something lessened by this letter I have received. I account myself extremely unfortunate that I was so suddenly forced away from that society I promissed myself so great enjoyments. Which though I question not but I shall have in some measure here at Cambridge ere long, yett it will be so short for stay, and so maym'd for want of your and my Lords presence to make up the full harmonie that the happinesse must needs be extremely diminished. Though your late terrible fitt be very sad newes to me, yett I am supported something in that the two learned Doctours are not without hope of doing some good at last, and that their course of Physick is not so very troublesome to you. The enclosed gave true information, and though the name be torne out I suppose it is Mr Whittakers,[1] who was very carefull of the businesse as Dr Lincolne[2] told me. I professe I was very averse from commencing Doctour,[3] it seeming a title too big for me, all circumstances consydered, and less complyable with the freedome of my Genius, but haveing made a more accurate compute of thinges, I am more pleased with my Degree, and chiefely in that it frees me from a many exercises, that otherwise I had been necessarily tyde to so long as I continued in the University, and therefore it makes me in a maner fully master of my time, then which there is not a greater content to me, nor what will prove more conducible to my health, if I had gott more enlargement also for place, that I might spend this time with whom I most desired, oftener and longer then the Colledge Statutes do now permitt, my advantage in reference to your Ladiships service had been inestimable. But what ever it is, I am extreamely obliged to my Lord for his favour. I have been in such a confusion of thoughts, that I believe I have forgott to ask how my little pupill does, because I hear nothing of him in your Ladiships letters. His pretty innocent soule will not be offended though your Ladiship tell him of my neglect, expecially if you add my excuse. I am exceeding sorry for the death of the Duke of Glocester.[4] I pray God preserve the royall Family upon which the safety of the Nation so mainly depends. In the mean time what fooles or cheates are our modern Prophets. There is nothing solid on this side the Scripture, but Reason and Goodnature.

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[4] Anne, wife of Sir John Lucas of Colchester, died August 22, 1660.

[5] Major Rawdon.

Madame, the party that was competitour with Mr Elfick for your Ladiships service is not now in the Colledge, but I will send to him first, as haveing a more accurate information of him, which tells me that as he is less finicall, so he is more learned then Mr Elfick, a person proper and serious, and of a physionomie not to be disliked. I shall write to morrow to him at Northampton by the post and so soon as I can compasse my design in him, or if he fayle, in any other, I shall send your Ladiship word. In the mean while my kindest respects to the two Italian Doctours, and with my earnest prayers to God for their good successe upon your Ladiship I take leave to subscribe myself,

Deare Madame,
Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant
HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Sept. 17, 1660.

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[1] Perhaps Jeremy Whitaker, B.A. from St. John's, 1659–60, M.A., 1663, Fellow, 1660.

[2] William Lincoln, B.A., Magdalene, 1627, M.A., 1631, D.D., 1660, Fellow of Magdalene.

[3] More was D.D. (Lit. Reg.) in 1660.

[4] Cf. Pepys, September 13, 1660: "This day the Duke of Gloucester died of the small-pox, by the great negligence of the doctors."

Madame if your Ladiship can learne, who are empowered to lease the Queen's lands, and in what places they sitt, and will give yourself the trouble to gett Mr Elfick or any one to send a note to my nephew of it (for my father and after my brother were tenants to the Queen) and pardon my boldness for troubling you in such a matter, you will much oblige me for the favour.

106. —— *to Jeremy Taylor.*

[*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCV,* No. 7. Indorsed in the hand of Sir Paul Davis, secretary to the Irish Privy Council: "a letter presented by the Bishop-Elect of Down to the Earl of Mountrath and Mr Wm Bury." The signature is torn off.]

Right reverend,

In your last you gave mee a charge to have an eye unto the actings of the Presbyterians, in my last to you I could say but little but now I wish I could not say so much.

They had a meeting one Munday was 7 night wherein it was concluded that Articles should bee drawne against you, and the charge of drawing them was put uppon Mr Greg, Drysdall, Ramsay, and Hutcheson, who met one Tuesday last with theire brethren at Newtoune, your charge by them was reade unto the rest containing stuff to this purpose. That you were a Sosinian, that you denied Originell sinne, and that you were an Arminian, and so a hereticke in graine, this allow'd of by the whole Conclave and signed and the above named 4 apoynted to goe for Dubline, and if they had anie hope to bee heard there then to charge you, but if not then to transemitt your charge unto their Corespondent in England to bee presented unto his Majestie and in the meane time all of them to preach vigorously against Bishops and the booke of common-prayer, which Mr Richeson did so exactly performe that hee discontented the Countess[1] who beeing demaunded by Mr Swadling how shee liked the sermon answered that the greatest Doctors had theire failings.

His text was Ephesians c.4, v. 14, from which words hee did so libell against Bishops and the booke of common prayer that Mr Swadling being his hearer professeth that in the worst of times he never heard such railings, hee beged his hearers would now get the Bible with out booke for the time of persecution was at hand worse then in Queene Maries daies for shortly none should dare to have a byble in his house hee bade them remember Hen. the 4th of France who demaunded of his Clergie if a Papist might bee saved and was answered that some might, whereupon hee imediatly turned papist, and hee himself was so charitable that hee thought that some papists, Anabaptists, Independents might bee saved (hee left out ould Protestants) but with greate hazard, but only in their communion men walked to heaven safely, hee also said, that the time was coming, and at hand wherin it shold be safer to breake the Lords day, then a holyday, hee ended with a modest prayer thanking God for that little mite of libertie which the King had graunted them, thus are the ignorant people blowen up with Bellows of sedition, God in mercie prevent their ruine for they know not what they are doing. My Lord, Gospell charitie commaundes us to forgive our enemies, but doth not forbid us to bee wise as serpents. God in mercie direct you which is the hartie and dayly praire of

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[1] Possibly Lady Clotworthy, mother of the first Lord Massereene, who had been an important patroness of the Presbyterians in the Diocese of Down and Connor.

Your Lordships

1ober 3d 60.

Present my service unto the Provost, Mr Seele, Doctour Sterne and Mr Cooly.

107. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 279. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington. Leave these in the Crown betwixt the two Temple-gates at Mr Leaks a stationer. Fleet street."]

Madame,

I CAN not forbeare to write to your Ladiship though I am not certaine whether you be as yett in so good a capacity of reading of my letter. When I first heard of your sickness, I thought it unseasonable to write, though I then had a good minde to it, to corroborate your spiritt as much as I could against all events, and particularly in reference to my little pupill, whom, as I hear, it has since pleased God to take to himself.[1] And it is but just of him to dispose of his own, and we shall be injurious to ourselves to greive beyond measure thereat. David when he heard the childe was dead ceased to afflict himself any longer,[2] an act becomeing not onely an holy man but a philosopher, who knows that our passions are given us for certaine uses and services which when they cease, our passions are to cease also. But that great Solicitude I have at this time for your Ladiship is just as being usefull and serviceable to me for prompting me on to attempt any thing whereby I think I may procure you any ease in this affliction. And therefore, though I know that your own vertuous minde cannot but suggest excellent advice and supports to your self, yett direct action being ordinarily more strong then reflex, I can not forbeare to speak unto you also, and to adjure you by all the power of Reason, Philosophy and Relligion not to indulge too much to unreasonable and unmeasureable affection, to the hazard of your own safety, and the redoubling of sorrow and affliction upon my Lord, your Husband, and upon all your dearest friends. Whenas if you will but pluck up a good courage and perfectly resigne yourself to God in all thinges, and trouble your minde with nothing but the composing yourself to that rule, whether you look upon the scene of things in this world they are tolerable if not pleasant to those that are thus resigned, or if you consyder that other world they are there transcendently better. So that there is nothing tragicall to those that are truly good. But you must not be so regardless of them that can not well live without you here, or so inconsyderable of your own lasting welfare in the other state, as to shorten your dayes by voluntary inordinate sorrow. For excess of passion voluntarily yielded to, addes some soile to the soule, and is probably thought to make her exitus less prosperous into the other state. When as if your Ladiship will resolve upon a Christian magnanimity of spiritt and endeavour after a thorough resignation of yourself in all things to the wisedome and goodness that guides all, and breath earnestly after God that he would accomplish you in this divine grace, I can not but hope that your sickness will conduce so much to the clearing of your body, as well as the above sayd method for the perfecting of your minde, that your health may prove much thereby bettered, and your life more comfortable then hitherto, and the tree being safe, it may againe blossom and beare fruit better then before, as I have also intimated to my Lord. Wherefore I beseech you, Madame, for your dearest friends sake and for your own be as chearfull as possibly you can, and that God would comfort you and strengthen you by his holy Spiritt, and would bring you off safe out of your sickness and affliction shall be the continued prayer of

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[1] Heneage Edward Conway died of smallpox on October 14, 1660; he was buried at Arrow in Warwickshire, October 24, 1660. His coffin plate bears the inscription: "A Henegiis Eduardi Vice Cometis de Conway et Kilultagh ex Anna uxore Primogenitus 6to Feb. 1658 natus, 10mo 4to Octobris 1660 Denatus, et 20mo 4to eiusdem mensis sepultus hic jacet." This coffin plate, like that of the first Viscount Conway, was long lost through theft; since its recovery it has been placed upon the wall of the chancel.

[2] II Sam. 12. 19–24.

Deare Madam,

Your Ladiships most humble and most entirely
affectionate servant

H. More.

C.C.C. Octobr. 23, [1660]

CHAPTER FOUR

Ireland and Cambridge

I.

TO "Reason, Philosophy, and Relligion" Lady Conway gradually returned; nothing beside remained. "But," she wrote pathetically to More, "I find my proficiency in these so smale and my weaknesse so great." Complete despondency fills the letter which she broke off abruptly lest her Melancholy prove infectious and "excite some passion in your friendly temper." More's own belief in a personal immortality, which fills the last book of his *Immortality of the Soul* could never waver. To him that garden of delight, peopled by beings as real and beautiful as any the great Renaissance painters loved to depict, was a happy kingdom, at once Elysian Fields, and the Great Rose of Dante's Paradise, where "other groves and other streams along" a Lycidas might

> hear the unexpressive nuptial song,
> In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love;
> There entertain him all the saints above
> In solemn troops and sweet societies,
> That sing, and singing in their glory move,
> And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

In that world, where flowers blossomed about the feet of bright-winged saints, and eternal music rose about the seat of God, himself inaccessible but revealed to man in a little child sheltered in the arms of a mother as tender as any of Raphael's, More could imagine his "little Pupill." "If these little ones fayle not of the care of his holy Angels here we may be sure that these heavenly Ministers will see nothing wanting to them in the other state." So More wrote and believed. But what mother would not envy those angels, into whose charge her child had been committed? Thus Anne Conway may be easily forgiven if, in this period of her life, she expressed herself not in the calm reasoned phrases of her earlier years, but in words which echo the sadness of "a griefe proportionable to so great a losse."

Words proving futile, both More and Conway resorted to action. When More, having "huddled up" his affairs at Cambridge and set out for London, arrived at Kensington, he heard the plan upon which Conway had determined. Physically, the Viscountess had recovered as much as they could hope she would while she remained in her present surroundings. The Chandos-Street dwelling was full of memories of her child's death, Kensington House and Ragley as full of memories of his life. A complete change of scene might relieve her mind, and perhaps—Conway was still stubbornly optimistic—improve her health. He suggested therefore that she accompany him to Ireland, to the great estate at Portmore which she had never seen. The idea was not new; ten years before, at the time of their marriage, she had expected to spend much of her life in Ireland; but her increasing ill health had, year after year, delayed the journey. At first the prospect seemed bleak and uninviting. Ireland was not brilliant, cultured France, and even France had seemed another world. Lady Conway remembered only too keenly the stormy voyage and the days of waiting in Paris before the news of her husband's safety arrived. A journey to Ireland was an even less pleasant prospect. But she was in that passive condition when it is easier to follow than to resist; and certainly she owed her husband at least the effort of the experiment. The decision made, she surveyed sadly the prospect of a two years' exile, and the intellectual loneliness which threatened. Much of Conway's time would be spent in Dublin, while she would be at Portmore, with few friends, few books, and an unreliable post. There were, to be sure, two possible sources of intellectual stimulus, though hardly of friendship. Jeremy Taylor she already knew and admired, but Taylor was now Bishop of Down and Connor, and completely occupied with a vexing theological and political situation. The other possibility was George Rust, More's disciple, and John Finch's friend at Cambridge, who had been Fellow of Christ's since 1649. At the return of the Government, Bishop Taylor, foreseeing a vacancy in the Deanery of Connor, had "sent to Cambridge for some learned and Ingenious man who might be fit for that Dignity."[1] Upon More's recommendation, the motion was made to Rust, who accepted it, and prepared to journey to Ireland with the Conways. With him Anne Conway would have much in common. Even he, however, would be some distance away, and the Viscountess could hope for nothing comparable to More's frequent visits. Tentatively she formulated a plan by which More, who was devoted to both Taylor and Rust, should secure a dispensation from the University, and accompany them to Ireland.

More arrived at London, to be overwhelmed first by the news of the approaching departure, then by the suggestion of his company. A few years before, he might have agreed at once and made his plans for Ireland as he had once made them for France. But the Restoration had brought many changes at Cambridge, not the least of which was a new stringency in the administration of rules. The Engagement, like the Covenant before it, had afforded only too many opportunities for spite and jealousy. It was hardly a time to ask for dispensations; yet at first, as his letters show, More's mind played with the idea. Back at Cambridge, however, he came to realize its inexpediency, and so was forced reluctantly to refuse.

The departure of the Conways for Ireland was delayed until early summer, because of the elaborate festivites which surrounded the coronation of Charles II, of which ceremony Conway wrote graphically to his brother-in-law.[2] All preparations finally made, however, the Viscount and Viscountess, with George Rust, set out upon their journey in July, 1662. John Finch, who had gone to Holland some months before, was not in London to bid his sister goodbye, and his characteristic silence had fallen. More journeyed again to London for the farewell, then sadly returned to Cambridge to take up his "maim'd" and "broken" life. Yet, as he had hoped, letters, even more than formerly, took the place of personal converse. Through these letters we can picture with some completeness a period of the lives of this group of which practically no other record remains.

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[1] *Baker MSS* (Cambridge University Library) *C.2.24*, f. 109.

[2] See p. 187.

II.

The complete change of scene had its effect upon Lady Conway. Ireland was not the wilderness she had feared; the Conway estate, with its "noble mansion" and its great park sweeping down to the lakes, captured her, as it had already captured Jeremy Taylor. The Conway estate at Portmore[3]—its gracious mansion once the pride of Inigo Jones, today a long line of broken stone and brick rising from marshy flats, ignored by all but antiquarians—adjoined Lough Neagh and Lough Beg; from their waters rose a dozen tiny islands. Tradition still points out two, Ram Island in Lough Neagh, and a rock in the little lake, supposed to be Taylor's favorite haunts. A bridge across the broad stream led in those days to Taylor's church, which time long spared more kindly than the mansion. "One arrives at last quite suddenly," writes Edmund Gosse,[4] "at its desolation. It stands high on an artificial island in the marshes, with a shallow moat encircling it, although quite close to the banks of Lough Beg, which are so low that the round lake looks like a brimming cask buried in the soft soil. The fragments of the church are covered heavily with ivy, and a loose hedge of seedling larches and sweet-briar enrings them, while here and there great cypresses, relics, it is possible, of the Italian gardens of Portmore, soar impressively in the wild and bright place, where there has long ceased to be heard any other sound than the cries of wild fowl. From up among these ruins, the old fragmentary brickwork of Portmore is better visible than from any other point, and imagination may here rebuild the vision of it as Jeremy Taylor saw it, when he arrived in 1658, sumptuous and elaborate, with its upper windows looking towards the sunset over Lough Beg, to the melancholy little inland ocean of Lough Neagh."

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[3] Cf. Richard Bagwell, *Ireland under the Stuarts,* 1916, III, 309–310: "Civil War seeming unlikely to recur, it was natural that country houses should be built or improved. One of the finest was erected soon after the Restoration by the third Lord Conway at Portmore on the lake of the same name, not far from the town of the same name. His predecessor's library had been burned by the rebels at Brookhill, which belonged to Sir George Rawdon. Rawdon, who acted as Conway's agent and married his sister, built Moira on his own account. Portmore had every attraction that a great mansion can possess. A park of 2000 acres, well stocked with deer, magnificent oaks, a rabbit warren, a decoy, a glen specially planted for woodcock, flocks and herds, hawks and hounds, racehorses, vast stables, gardens, orchards, and fisheries are mentioned; and Rawdon is to be praised for providing the Lisburn district with the best roads in Ireland. . . . The great house at Portmore was entirely demolished in the eighteenth century. Some idea of its magnificence may be found from the number of painted tiles—from Holland, no doubt. The bulk was broken, through bad packing, but 7000 were saved." In 1678 the Earl of Barrymore wrote to Viscount Ranelagh (*Cal. S.P. Dom., 1677–78,* p. 445): "My wife being desirous to visit her father, who lives at Dromore, not far from Lisburn, we came down thither, and whilst there I made a visit at Lisburn to Sir George Rawdon, and in the way saw Lord Conway's estate, the best and most absolute Englishlike plantation in this kingdom." Some idea of the scale upon which Portmore was built and furnished may be gathered from the inventory of goods taken on October 2, 1682 (*Rawdon Papers,* pp. 410–419).

[4] *Jeremy Taylor* (1904), p. 154.

Though Lady Conway's health could not be said to improve during these early days in Ireland, she was yet not worse than she had been in England. The festivities of Dublin attracted her as little as had those of Whitehall; but at Portmore, as at Ragley, she fashioned for herself a tranquil life of study and meditation in "the privacy of her closett," retirement broken by occasional visits from George Rust or Bishop Taylor. England seemed very far away; posts were infrequent. The few letters of the period which remain suggest the natural desire of an exile to assure herself that she is not forgotten. Naturally enough, much of the conversation of those years turned upon books. We find Lady Conway writing to More in September, 1661, for a copy of the second volume of Descartes' *Letters,* which had just appeared. More's efforts to get it to her constitute a minor comedy of errors, and suggest the trouble and difficulty of sending a packet in the seventeenth century. Another book which occupied their attention for a time was *Bentivolio and Urania,* a philosophical romance by Nathaniel Ingelo, friend of both Worthington and More, in which the influence of More and his master Spenser is constantly evident—episodes, situations, even proper names being taken over from both of them. Still more interesting was a pamphlet, the publication of which caused an amusing situation. More wrote to Lady Conway again and again of an anonymous tract, *A Letter of Resolution Concerning Origen,* which interested him greatly. If, as is entirely probable, Lady Conway ever quoted More's remarks about that book to their mutual friend George Rust, now Dean of Connor, he must have chuckled; for the book was his. At least one good reason for its anonymity is suggested by More's report of the acceptance of the work. He wrote in October of the attitude of the more conservative at Cambridge. "It is a book," he said,[5] "that hath witt and learning in it, but our Vice Chancellour lookes upon it as a dangerous book, and therefore did in some sort censure it in the Consistory." The radical opinion for which it was principally condemned—a belief so old that in that generation it had become daringly new—was More's favorite idea of preëxistence. In the spring of 1663 More sent the Viscountess the work of still another of his disciples, Joseph Glanvill's *Lux Orientalis,* this too a defense of the idea of preëxistence; and indeed so consonant with Rust's were Glanvill's ideas that the *Lux Orientalis* and Rust's *Discourse of Truth* were later published together, annotated by More. The seed which Henry More had sown had fallen upon fertile ground; the dragons' teeth were becoming armed men.

III.

Books and correspondence were not the whole matter of Lady Conway's life in Ireland. There were those unavoidable "ceremonys and troubles" which attended her position, and the constant domestic details which fill so many of her letters to her husband. Visits to old servants; orders for supplies; instructions to the gardeners; a search for a new footboy; a proposed arrangement whereby she might be enabled to keep her companion; teasing delays caused by the difficulties surrounding the shipping of goods from England to Ireland, and the transporting them by "carrs" to Portmore; the death of Conway's best coach horse; and, most feminine of all, the purchase of "a muffe and cambrick"—these were the stuff of her daily life. But her characteristic employments were always non-feminine. It is no surprise to find her at this period playing with a good deal of finesse a hand in a game of clerical preferment, in which she aided Jeremy Taylor in his design of interchanging the Deans of Down and Connor. But ecclesiastical chess was not the only interest which she shared with Taylor.

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[5] See p. 194.

No letters are extant for the autumn of 1662. If any remained, they would undoubtedly relate a story which enthralled both Lady Conway and the Bishop of Dromore, who shared More's interest in psychical phenomena, holding, as did More, a firm belief in the reality of spirit. Among the superstitious people with whom he now dwelt, Taylor had come across many a tale of wonder, but never one more remarkable nor better substantiated than the mysterious adventure of Francis Tarverner,[6] "a lusty proper stout fellow" of twenty-five, porter to the Earl of Donegal, to whom appeared the ghost of James Haddock—dead five years. Night after night, week after week it came, until the lusty, stout fellow pined and grew pale and thin. Rumor that flies over the housetops carried news of this unworldly visitor in the village to rich and poor alike; thus it happened that while the shoemaker wagged his head with the servant of my Lord of Donegal, "Dr Jeremiah Taylor, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore" in his episcopal court, and the Lady Conway in her noble mansion, both listened with rapt attention to the story of Francis Tarverner, the porter. At the very moment when the Lord Bishop, having sent for this unwilling center of public interest, was about to examine him, he was informed that "my Lady Conway and other Persons of Quality were come purposely to hear his Lordship examine the matter." So Tarverner began his tale at the beginning, and the Bishop of Down prepared for the next visitation a spirit's catechism—a rapid fusillade of questions, which, had the ghost been willing to bear his part in the dialogue, would have set at rest the minds of all students of the spirit world to this very day. Lady Conway saw here her opportunity to gather unparalleled material for Dr. More. Thus we are told, "that night Tarverner was sent for to Lisburn, to my Lord Conway's . . . where he was again strictly examined in the presence of many good Men and Women." Far more amenable than some of his more modern and more temperamental descendants, Haddock's ghost seems always to have appeared when Tarverner called for him. About nine that night, unmistakable signs announced his coming to the porter, who, however, through embarrassment or some other cause, refused to entertain his ghostly visitor in the house. To the disappointment of Lady Conway (how she would have gloried in a real ghost!) "he and his Brother went out into the Court, where he saw the Spiritt coming over the Wall." Here Tarverner held what proved to be his last conference with his familiar, and here the ghost "revealed somewhat to Tarverner which he would not discover to any."

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[6] The story was preserved by Taylor's secretary, Thomas Alcock, in a letter which he wrote to More, and which More later published in his edition of Joseph Glanvill's *Saducismus Triumphatus*. It may be found in the 1726 edition of that work, pp. 382–387.

Tarverner's brother, less hampered by personal considerations, and perhaps more mindful of scientific investigation than the haunted Francis, reminded his brother of the spirit catechism which the Lord Bishop had prepared. But alas for science! The jealous apparition, says the chronicle, "gave him no answer, but crawl'd on its hand and knees over the wall again, and so vanished in white with a most melodious harmony." Such at least is the story, attested by Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and his secretary, received, doubtless, with excited interest by Dr. Henry More at Cambridge. Let the prosaic science of a modern world, which has excluded the spirit with other vestiges of a more charming past, cast what stones it will.

This was not the only case which the Bishop and the Viscountess Conway investigated. As well substantiated is the story of David Hunter, Taylor's own neatherd.[7] One night in the winter of 1663, while Hunter was carrying a log of wood into the dairy, there appeared to him an old woman he had never seen before. An unearthly creature she must have been, for Hunter after one glance threw away the wood and took to his heels. The next night, however, it would seem that he lingered too long, for when once her glittering eye and skinny hand compelled, he could not choose but go. Over bog, over briar they went, she leading, he pursuing, and not a word was said. "And so," declares the chronicler with bated breath, "almost every night for near three quarters of a year." In vain Hunter's wife sought to restrain him; though he begged her aid, she could do nothing, and so, doggedly faithful—or perhaps suspicious—she too followed in the wake of the enchantress whom she had never seen. The little dog, too, knew the old woman well, and followed after. Thus the unearthly procession, night after night, wended its way over rough fields and through the "nodding horror" of the wood. A chance cry of Hunter's, wearied and tortured beyond his endurance, brought the climax, and released at last a flood of words in which the enchantress told her story, and laid upon the young man a charge, familiar enough in tales of witches and bewitched—that he was to perform for her a service which her unearthly state forbade her doing for herself. More delays—motivated, doubtless, as were those of Hamlet—but at last the deed was done. "Now I shall be at rest," said the old woman, calm and satisfied. "Pray you, lift me up from the Ground, and I will trouble you no more." "And so," concludes the chronicler, "David Hunter lifted her up from the Ground, and, as he said, she felt just like a Bag of Feathers in his Arms; so she vanisht, and he heard most delicate Musick as she went off, over his Head, and he never more was troubled." The second perturbed spirit was at rest.

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[7] *Saducismus Triumphatus* (1726), pp. 387–391. This tale was also sent by Alcock to More. More has discussed it in his *Scholia* to Chap. 8, Book III, of the *Immortality of the Soul.*

This story, too, spread far and wide over the country, and came in time to Portmore, from which once more Lady Conway set forth in her great coach to call upon the Bishop of Dromore. There they investigated together the account, and finding that not all their combined questions could shake the story of Honest Dave Hunter and his wife (and was not the dog corroborative evidence?) they gave directions to Thomas Alcock that a complete account of the tale must be sent to Dr. More in England.[8]

Yet it was not only Lady Conway's interest in church politics and in spiritism which proved her attraction to Taylor and to Rust. After she had returned to England, Rust wrote to Conway of her in words full of emotion;[9] she is "my Dearest Lady," and "my saint"; she is, most of all, "so glorious an example of resignation and patience." Jeremy Taylor wrote for her personal use one of the tenderest of his works, the *Christian Consolations,*[10] of which the publishers said in their preface: "The papers were presented by him to a person of honour, for whose private use they were designed, but, as the noblest spirits are the most communicative, that noble and religious Lady was pleased to impart them for the good also of others." And Lady Conway at this time had need of consolation. During her absence in Ireland, her mother had died—she who so long ago had been the handsome Widow Bennett, the toast of London gallants. It was not so that Anne Conway remembered her, but rather as the frail and quiet dowager whose increasing ill health had caused a closer intimacy with and dependence upon the daughter who could best understand illness. Lady Conway's sadness was so clearly reflected in her letters, that in several of his replies More came back to the subject, begging her to abstain from melancholy for fear of increasing her own sufferings. For though at first Ireland had seemed to agree well enough with the Viscountess, as time went on she grew steadily though gradually worse, until alarm begins to sound once more in More's letters. The summer of 1662 had found her in what was for her good health; but in September, 1663, More writes sadly that she has been "so ill of a most tedious fitt," and from that time on, it is clear that the "old malady" is assaulting her more violently still. By the spring of 1664, it became evident that they must return to England, and in her letter written on May 24, she reports that their resolution holds, if her health permits, to begin their journey toward the end of July. She apologizes for her silence, which had lasted for several months, declaring that she has been worse than before, yet, little though her strength has come to be, she still endures extremities of violent pain. "I cannot dissemble," she concludes sadly, "as much as not to professe myself very weary of this condition."

Late in the summer, the Conways set out once more for England, and after a

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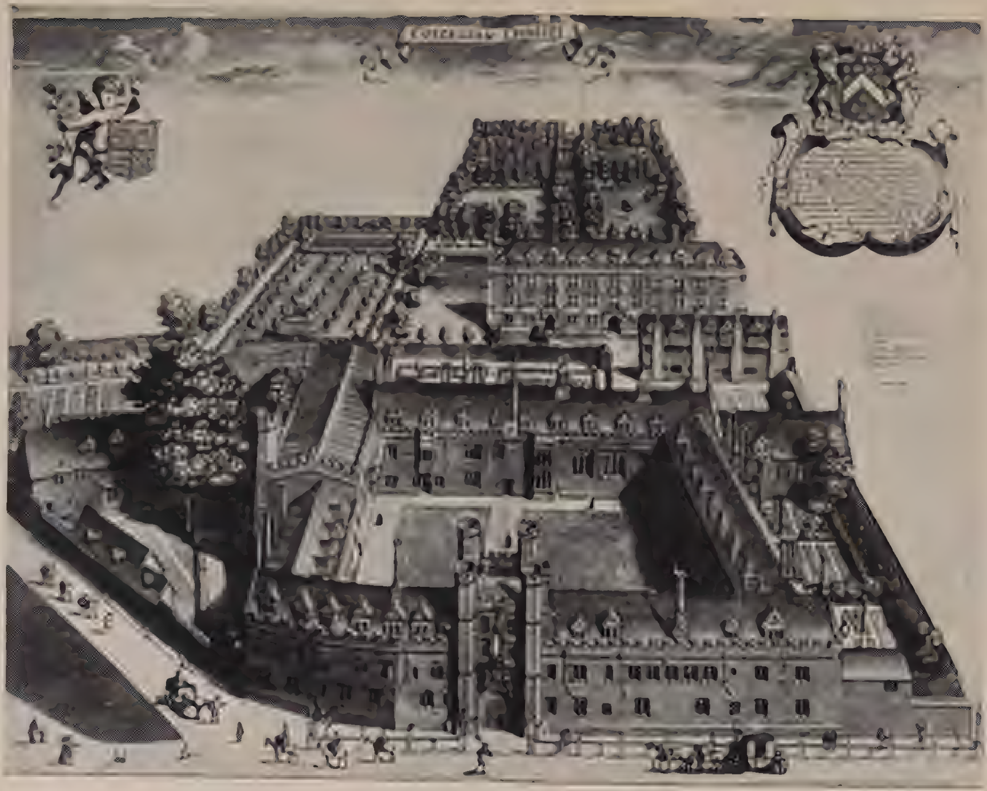
[8] Fragments of two letters from Lady Conway to More, on the subject of spiritism, which are quoted in the *Sadducismus,* will be found on p. 214.

[9] *S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCXXVII,* No. 78; see below, p. 302.

[10] Cf. Heber, *Whole Works,* I, clvi.



CHRIST'S COLLEGE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

From David Loggan, Cantabrigia Illustrata.

bad crossing, as the result of which the Viscountess suffered "so excessive a fitt" came at last to Ragley, where Lady Conway rested, while the Viscount went on toward London, expecting to return in a short time to accompany his wife thither. Their hopes were vain. Lady Conway never again saw London and the great house in Kensington, peopled now only with memories of the past.

IV.

Lady Conway had hoped to find More waiting to greet them at Ragley, but for once academic pressure was so strong that he was forced to fail her. A complete account of the changes which these troubled years were bringing about in Cambridge belongs rather to the story of More's life than to that of the Viscountess Conway.[11] His letters reflect a turbulent and chaotic state of affairs. The enforcing of the Covenant and of the Engagement, the arbitrary imposition of masters and fellows during the Commonwealth and Restoration, the heightened consciousness of "orthodox" and "heterodox," characteristic of a period of clashing ideals—all these had played their part. But the real attack from both sides fell rather upon the moderate party of latitudinarians, who in a time of bitter animosity dared to plead for tolerance and large-mindedness. If it was dangerous in the middle years of the seventeenth century to belong to one faction or the other, it was far more daring to belong to neither. More's use of the words *latitudinarians* and *latitude-men* in these letters is significant. He was quite right in his belief that the charges brought against the Cambridge Platonists by men like Ralph Widdrington and Joseph Beaumont were directed at them less personally than as teachers of the abhorred *latitudinarianism* in a time of bias and rancor. Widdrington undoubtedly believed his own words when, as More says, "he petitioned the Archbishop against the College as a seminary of Hereticks." He and his associates believed at least as sincerely as the Athenians of Socrates that More and his companions were corrupting the youth of England with their doctrine of moderation and tolerance. Yet More faced the situation gallantly, even with humor which gleams through the letter which he wrote to Robert Boyle on the very day of the Visitor's arrival at Cambridge to investigate the charges against him.[12] Although he realizes the gravity of the situation, he is amusedly concerned rather with his new cure for the quartan ague—fasting, sack, and Oughtred's *Mathematics;* and he adds nonchalantly: "If they out me out of Cambridge, my abode will be more at London."

The attacks of his adversaries at this time were not without their lighter side. If some, as More said in a gentle academic pun, "fling brick batts, and others do *lapides loqui,*" one at least of his opponents caused him only amusement. "I am not fallen upon by one hand alone," he wrote the Viscountess Conway,[13] "I am spar'd by neither sexe. For I am also inform'd that the Marchioness of Newcastle has in a large book confuted Mr Hobbs, Des Cartes, and myself, and (which will make your Ladiship at least smile at the conceit of it) Van Helmont also to boot." The Marchioness of Newcastle was, of course, none other than Charles Lamb's "dear favorite of mine of the last century but one, the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brained, generous Margaret of Newcastle." Her own generation was not so kind; "thrice noble Duchess" she may have been on the title-pages of the volumes which she wrote, but more than one dismissed her scoffingly as "that fool, mad Madge of Newcastle." Her contemporaries bear witness to the instantaneous effect of her professed singularity of dress and manner. Pepys, who in common with the rest of the world, had heard much of her, was eager to see her, and finally noted on April 26, 1667: "Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself (whom I never saw before) as I have heard her often described (for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies) with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps." Over a month later he added: "The Duchess hath been a good comely woman; but her dress is so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor do I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration."[14]

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[11] I have discussed the significance of More's letters for this period in "Christ's College and the Latitude-Men," in *Modern Philology,* XXVII (1929), pp. 35–53.

[12] Boyle, *Works* (1772), V, 513. See p. 264.

[13] See p. 234.

Even her singularity in dress paled before her originality in writing. She was said to be the author of twenty-six plays, each more extraordinary than the last; of at least three philosophical volumes; of a volume of *Orations,* and another of *Poems,* besides *Two Hundred and Eleven Sociable Letters,* and that remarkable *Life* of the Duke of Newcastle, of which Pepys wrote on March 18, 1667–8: "Staid at home reading the ridiculous History of my lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife; which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." But Pepys was always an unsympathetic critic of the Duchess, for as he wrote on April 11, 1667: "The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say, and was the other day at her own play 'The Humorous Lovers,' the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it."[15]

The Duchess was as unexpected a philosopher as she was an establisher of fashion. She threw herself into her frequent philosophical controversies with all her undoubted energy, and indeed her constant reading and writing and her sedentary life so endangered her health for a time that that favorite physician of all ladies of fashion, Sir Theodore Mayerne, growled to her husband: "If she must be a philosopher, I could wish her a Peripatetick!"[16] Her *Philosophical Letters,* upon which More commented to Lady Conway, consisted of a series purporting to be written to her, in which were discussed in turn "four famous and Learned authors, to wit . . . two most Famous Philosophers of our Age, Des Cartes and Hobbs, and . . . that Learned Philosopher and Divine, Dr. More, as also . . . that Famous Physician and Chemist, Van Helmont." Copies of the volume, as well as of her *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* she presented, usually by special messenger, to the chief celebrities of the day, who could do no less than write her letters of acknowledgment, even though they not infrequently expressed some surprise at her "extraordinary favour," as Thomas Hobbes ambiguously termed it, "for," he continued,[17] "tokens of this kind are not ordinarily sent but to such as pretend to the title as well as to the mind of Friends." These letters the Duchess treasured, with the result that here was still another volume made to her hand; unabashed, she published the whole collection in 1678. Among the letters in that volume was an amusingly ambiguous one from More, carefully written *before* he had read her book.

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[14] An even more exaggerated impression is conveyed in the *Memoirs of Count Grammont* (Bohn Library), p. 134.

[15] His opinion was shared by Dorothy Osborne, who wrote to Sir William Temple (*Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple* [1888], p. 111): "You need not send me My Lady Newcastle's book at all, for I have seen it, and am satisfied that there are many soberer people in Bedlam. I'll swear her friends are much to blame to let her go abroad."

There is much in the works of the illustrious Duchess over which one might linger, if for no other reason than to see an exaggerated instance of the influence of and the reaction from Descartes and Hobbes and More. But because all that Madge of Newcastle wrote is so marked by that very irrationality which More most deprecated, we may not stay longer with her, except to wish that the "perverse Headache" of the Viscountess Conway had permitted the reply which More humorously suggested. Nowhere in the century do we find a better example of the contrast produced in those days of the late Renaissance, by the growing intellectual emancipation of women. Here we may see two of the most famous learned ladies of the generation, so much alike in all but fundamental things, both of high station, both of curious and inquiring mind, both of remarkable range of reading, both fluent, even brilliant, in speech; yet one for her pseudo-intellectuality and her ostentation the jest of London gallants; the other for her sincere devotion to reason, as for her life of pain, the "saint," the "gallant soldier," and the "dearest friend" of leading churchmen, philosophers, and scientists of England.

V.

Such merry interludes as that of the Duchess of Newcastle were all too rare. Far more characteristic are such letters as the one More wrote on the death of William Leigh, whose passing came as a shock to older men at Cambridge. The tenderness of More toward these "generous young sprigs" echoes not only in his description of the deathbed scene, but in his quick sympathy for the old father, whose "kindly ambition" had led him to look forward to the triumphs of his son at the next Commencement; "instead whereof," wrote More sadly, "the last Fryday, he was a spectatour, or rather the chief Actour in his Funerall." Such personal sadnesses, together with the growing disillusion inevitable to a man so idealistic, who had devoted himself to the emancipation of the minds of his generation, and in return had found only recrimination and abuse, resulted, in the letters of 1660–65, in an occasional flash of impatient pessimism, which humor only serves to render more sardonic. More's earlier portrait, drawn by Faithorne in 1663, suggests the man as he was in this period. It is a beautiful face, of a man of deep feeling, with the slender nostrils and firm lips of the fighter not altogether contradicted by the sensitive passion of the dark clear eyes; but there is a stubbornness, a dogged persistency, implied by that line of nostril and lip, which will imperceptibly have changed in his last portrait. This is rather the face of the man who could write:[18] "This barbarous ungratefulness for all those paynes I have so faythfully and conscientiously undergone for the publick good has wholy released me from that burdon." He had not yet learned to the full, as he was to learn, the supreme lesson of the Master to whom he dedicated his life as his work, that he who comes to teach Truth to the world finds always "barbarous ungratefulness"; that sacrifice and pain "for the publick good" still remains without gratitude; but that he who has once taken up "that burdon" can never be released until he has, for the sake of Truth, been nailed to the cross he bears.

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[16] *Letters . . . by Margaret Newcastle,* etc. (Roxburghe Club, 1909), p. 4.

[17] *A Collection of Letters, Poems etc. written . . . to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle* (1678), p. 67.

The "sickly time" which More so frequently reports, served to augment the general depression. He mentions from time to time the prevalence in Cambridge of the "new feaver," the "spotted fever," and an unknown disease the chief symptom of which was "fainting fitts." More than once after 1660 he remarks: "The small pox is pretty rife here," and toward the end of 1664: "They say the plague is considerably at London." His was but an echo of an almost universal fear when he wrote in January, 1662:[19] "I am affrayed a great Mortality is coming upon these Nations. The weather here is as if it were April or May for warmth. Primroses and violets have been blown a good whyle in far places; the birdes sing as in Spring in the orchard. I believe we shall have an ill after-reckoning for all this mirth." Like a great dramatist, the spirit of the age seems in such words to prologue forth through its unconscious prophets the wrath to come. These are Shakespeare's doomed heroes, who before the battle see the sun rise "bloody red," Lear with his prophetic, "Let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!" Like them the sensitive thinkers of the 1660's seemed to feel in their little world a presage of terror for the future. "For a Colledge is an Epitome of greater affaires of State and Fortune in the world," wrote More; and in Christ's College, he waited, breathlessly, the "after-reckoning for all this mirth."

108. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 4.]

Sir,

SINCE it hath pleased God to raise me from that desperate sicknesse (which in all probability should have given a perfect release to all my sufferings), I have scarce injoyed so much health as would permitt me barely to acquaint you how much my old distemper hath been increased by this late disease, but at the last I have resolved rather to breake through all difficulties then not to informe you of the true cause of my so long silence, which you are wholly to impute to my ill health, although the great sadnesse of perplexities I have suffered have rendered my thoughts so undigested and confused, that in reason I ought yet to have freed you longer from them. It hath pleased God to exercise me by divers afflictions and by one so sensible in the death of my child, that you must not wonder if I tell you it hath extorted from me a griefe proportionable to so great a losse. Neither am I yet able so well to overcome it as might beseeme one whose present constitution promising no later respite from the same fate consequently therefore ought not to be so much affected with such injoyments of this world. I confesse what you hinted in your last is a thing very desirous, to gitt our reason so fortified by principles of philosophy and Religion as to be able to with stand all the calamities of fortune, but I find my proficiency in these so smale, and my weaknesse so great, that though such considerations may enable me to bear lesser crosses, yet I lie open to receive the assaults of greater. I should hardly be able to break off this discourse (though the time for sending away seemes to require it) did I not fear by the lengthening of it to excite some passion in your friendly temper; and therefore rather then my melancholy shall prove infectious I will abrubtly conclude, that I am

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[18] See p. 221.

[19] See p. 197.

Sir

Your ever entirely affectionate friend,

A. Conway.

Nov. 28, 1660.

I hope to adventure upon a journey to Ragley before Christmasse, as I doe also that you will not deny us your good company, and to encourage you to it my brother John Finch hath promised his.

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109. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 224. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at her Lodgeings in Shandos-street these."]

Madame,

After a serious walk of two houres long in the Colledge Orchard, the duskishness of the Evening reminding me to returne to my chamber, I found your Ladiships letter, as it prov'd, lying on my table. Your Ladiship may easily imagine with what joy I welcom'd so long a desired guest. But when I had read it, I must confess the contents did very much abate my former joyes, it being a witnesse to me of the ill consequences of your late sicknesse, of which I hoped some consyderable good, and of the continuance of an excessive sorrow from which no good at all can be expected, but the weakening of your body and the enlarging of the paines of your head. Wherefore, Madame, lett me earnestly entreat you to indulge as little as possible may be a greif that is so unprofitable, nay mischievous, and consyder that that passion which moves in you now is altogether unseasonable, the object of your affection being in a better state then if he had continued still with you, and with better companie then can be found here upon Earth, he being by vertue of his baptismall consecration a member of those societys of whom the Lord Jesus is the common patron and protectour, and if these little ones fayle not of the care of his holy Angels here we may be sure that these heavenly Ministers will see nothing wanting to them in the other state. And as to that point of his departing being so great a losse to you, consyder the goodness of God to you in other thinges, and that the best of us are bound to profess that we are less then the least of his mercyes, and therefore ought to frame our spiritts to all possible humility and thankfulness. And whereas you complaine that you lye open to the assaults of greater crosses, lett me advise you to beg the assistance of him that is able to support us by serious devotion, and to make your self a gainer, as by the blessing of God you may, even by these losses that seem so intolerable. I have many thinges to write to this purpose, but I intend God willing the next week to come to London (unless Dr Finch give me notice of their coming to Cambridge before that time) and then I shall have the opportunity of some discourse, in the mean time committing us all to the gracious keeping of the Almighty, in hast I subscribe my self

Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

H. More.

C.C.C. Decembr. 4, [1660]

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110. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 228. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Kensington these. Leave these with Mr Leake at the Crown betwixt the two temple-gates. Fleet-street."]

Madame:

I have now dispatch'd my affaires here or at least huddled them up so farr as I finde myself in a capacity of keeping promis with your Ladiship if neither the unpassableness of the wayes, nor the distemper of my body hinder me. For I have putt my self into a very great distemper of heat by making over much hast in my studyes. But since I have ceased I finde myself coole a little, and do not much doubt but that I shall be able to give your Ladiship a visitt at the time appointed, though I have my Preface to finish yett, and my third book to read over, with some other petty affaires which I conceive within my power to dispatch before this day fortnight. In the mean time it would be no small satisfaction to me if my Lord would give himself the trouble of writing me word how your Ladiship has done since your last fitt, whether it was not shorter and more tolerable then heretofore. For some good significations of that kinde, will make my burden lighter in the Coache, and the journey more pleasant to

Madame

Your Ladiships faythfull and affectionate servant

HENRY MORE.

C.C.C. Decembr 27, [1660]

111. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 284. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at her Lodgeings in Shandos street these."]

Madam,

I TOOKE leave of your Ladiship so confoundedly, so abruptly and by the halfes, that I never congratulated myself the skill of using pen and ink so much as in the present easing of my minde by craving pardon for my rudenesse. I profess I think if I had been a horseback as I was in the coach tyde to the common lawes of my fellow travaillers, I should have found out some occasion after I had been half way of my first dayes journey to returne and take leave of your Ladiship once more as the Persian nobleman did of yonge Cyrus when he liv'd at his grandfather Astyages his palace. Indisposedness of body, distractedness of minde by reason of the uncertaine aspect of publicke affaires concerning which I think I am over solicitous and the disturbance of thoughtes from the consyderation of my two yeares exile from your Ladiships excellent society has swallow'd nine parts of ten of myself from my self, and then imagine how maym'd and imperfect those adieus and that converse must be that has but the tenth part of so inconsyderable a wight as myself for their Authour and principle. In this confusion of minde, I quite forgott to speake to your Ladiship concerning the . . .[1] I mentioned to you at Ragley of which if you please to ascertaine me, I shall take it as a favour. I intended also to aske Dr Finch if they ment to be admitted by a proxy.[2] I think it were handsomer by far to be admitted in person if they come at all, and if they come not at all, I will not say how unhandsome that is also. I was most besottedly melancholy after my departure and as much jumbled in my minde as in my body by the jogging of the coache, and now I am come to some rest, it is but a troublesome leasure of sadly computing with my self the summe of my losses by your Ladiships departure into Ireland. For for the present I see small hope of my being in a capacity of wayting upon you thither. But I shall conferr further with the Master and the Society and the next week I will write an account thereof to my Lord. Madame, my many inadvertencys and inobservancys in point of Courtship (if my suspicious ignorance make them not more then they really are) might very well lessen the acceptablenesse of my conversation, were not your goodnesse invincible. But the whole tenour of your Ladiships converse with me has been so unexceptionably obliging that I can finde out no fense to beare of those strokes that my own vulnerable spiritt must needs receive by your long intended sojourn from England, unlesse it be that two yeares is not so long but that they will in time run out, and that the satisfaction of our meeting then will be redoubled by this more then ordinary absence, and that in the meane time we may converse by letters (which sparing the trouble of writing, is not so very much inferiour to orall discourse) of which you shall not fayle upon the least occasion of hearing from

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[1] A phrase has been carefully crossed out in another ink, so as to be completely illegible.

[2] Finch and Baines were admitted M.D. at Cambridge, June 26, 1662, Dr. Carr appearing as their proxy.

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most entirely faythfull and affectionate servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. March 31, [1661]

I pray you Madame lett me beg the favour of presenting my humble service to my Lord, and my kinde respects to Dr Finch and Dr Baines.

112. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 72. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at her Lodgings in Shandos street these."]

Madame,

Did not I consyder how many ways your Ladiship may be hinder'd from writing, as by your businesses in reference to Ireland, or the approaching coronation,[1] or visitts coming now more thick upon you or to be returned by you, or by the importunity of your old disease, which I should be glad to heare to be more favourable then hitherto, or lastly that I phancy'd that you have not had opportunity to look out those papyrs I mention'd in my last (whereof rather then it should be any trouble to you, I can willingly misse the satisfaction). I should suspect that the disappointment of my last weeks expectation of your Ladiships letters may proceed from a displeasure you have felt towards me for not wayting upon you into Ireland. But I profess Madame my staying behinde is no fault of mine but my calamity to be depriv'd of so much honour and happiness. But were it a fault, if you felt but half that paine and trouble of minde that I have and do feel upon fitts, when I consyder the losse of so excellent society for so long a time, and the hazard of displeasing you, your goodness would judge this punishment more then enough, for a crime I know not how to avoyd without committing a greater. And therefore lett me beg of your Ladiship as timely a pardon as you can find me under your own hand and seale, that I may enjoy myself a little after a ten days cold, and longer which hath much quench'd and made sad my spiritts, after the paine and prickings of my spleen and notorious symptoms of the scurvy. For all these seiz'd my body at once and my minde was in the worst temper of all. For I profess my Spiritt was so tost and exagitated betwixt a melting pitty and a fretting indignation (you may easily imagine the objects) and my head so fill'd with the scene of Mariana's[2] and sundry other as roguish and disharmonious representations (which I can no more express to the sense of another, then if I should tell my dreame which no man can be so affected with as he that dreamt it) that I could not be more worn out and weary'd if I had fall'n indeed into a dreame of Hags and Hobgoblins or been really rid by them. So much may an over great affection discompose a man about the concerns of another—even when he can do no good. The consyderation of this vanity or rather calamity in pretended friendships did so passionately transport me beyond all patience that it made me out of conceit in a maner with all human conversation, the lawes whereof are so mad and preposterous, that a man may with more applause and acceptance destroy a friend body and soule then omitt an ordinary punctilio of mere modish civility, or give the least check to him in his carier though he be running to the brinkes of death. Sundry such reflexions as these have much afflicted my spiritt but I emerge by degrees out of this distemper I hope both of body and minde, and nothing will so much hasten and perfect the cure as an healing letter from your Ladiships hand whereby you shall in this sad exigency infinitely oblige

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[1] The coronation of Charles II took place on April 23, 1661.

Deare Madam

Your Ladiships most humble and most
affectionately devoted servant,
H. MORE.

C.C.C.
April 14, [1661]

I pray you Madam present my humble service and most faythfull affection to my Lord. I shall write to Dr Finch tomorrow if I do not today.

113. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 232. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at her Lodgeings in Shandos street these."]

Madame,

IN what sadness and solicitude of spiritt your letter found me you may imagine in part from my last, which I suppose you received not till after you had writt. But really at that very hour I receiv'd your Ladiships letter I was more sunk in sadness then ever since I left London last, so that it came like cordiall water to a fainting man. But I did not neither expect nor dreame of so noble a present as of the box of Books you have sent me. For which I am so much obliged to your Ladiship as it is a testimonie of your favour that I know not how nor must not hope to come out of your debt. I am very sorry that my condition makes me uncapable of wayting upon you into Ireland. I think Mr Rust may have wayted upon your Ladiship by this, and told you his minde concerning our Colledge statutes, who upon the reading of it, though he was extreamely desirous of my going thither upon his own score, yett did ingenuously confess it would in no wise become me so to doe, by taking of a dispensation. And really Madame, I have so important affaires and designes in my own judgment without reference to the Colledge, and am so bound in duty to give my present assistance to the affaires of the Colledge, that if you understood all things so plainly as I do you would easily give me leave to stay behind upon that score alone. Sometimes I think two yeares a little whyle and sometimes a long whyle, and am much disturb'd and confus'd in my minde by reason of the conflict of my passions and my reason. But our frequent letters which are succedaneous to personall converse will I hope whyle away this two yeares tolerably. I wrote to Dr Finch last week but left off, being interrupted by company coming in, but that short touch I ventur'd at may do as much it may be as if I had proceeded, and I know not whether I should have proceeded. My friendship is so reall to those I do love, that I cannot abstain from intimating my dislike of those thinges that I judge mischievous to them. When as so far as I see the friendship ordinary in the world is so rotten and ridiculously delicate and civill, that they will rather lett their friend dye in a sounding fitt, then wring him by the nose or give him a box on the eare, to recover him out of it. I shall now enquire about their being admitted by a proxy. For it has been a very busy time with us here in our Colledge since I receiv'd your letter, and we have dispatched as great an affaire as is competible to our little body politick, and I think with safety, I am sure very justly, the report whereof I believe is come to your eares already.[1] I shall very hardly abstaine from seeing your Ladiship before you leave London, unless some indispensable occasion hinders me from it, and therefore should be glad to know the certain time of your departing hence, when you shall be pleas'd to write to

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[2] Possibly More refers to some work of Juan de Mariana (1536–1623), the Jesuit historian and theologian, who was famous for his expositions of Aquinas, for his monumental history of Spain (*Historiae de Rebus Hispaniae Libri* XX [1592]) and various provocative works on political and theological subjects, including *De Morte et Immortalitate*, as a result of which he was exposed to persecution and imprisonment.

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships entirely devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. April 22, [1661]

I pray you Madame present my very humble service to my Lord and the Doctours.

114. *Lord Conway to Major Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 200–201.]

Dear Brother,

I was not surprised with your letter of the 12th instant, for that morning before it was delivered to me, my Lord of Anglesey[1] gave me a visitt, and told me all the particulars at your election,[2] and how that Sir John Skeffington,[3] and Mr. Davis[4] [*sic*] were knights of the shire, and Mr. Davies [*sic*] his son, and Colonel Knight burgesses of Belfast. Upon the whole matter I think either you ordered your business very carelessly, or very different to the course men take in England: for if you and Sir John Skeffington had joined together from the first, he had been engaged in honor to have made all his party for you. We have now passed over the great ceremony of the coronation, much admired for the sumptuousness of it, as exceeding the glory of what hath passed of the like kind in France. I had provided me a very fine horse, but the music and the arches made him very unruly, so that he fell with me three times, and the Duke of York's horse threw him twice. The King was in great danger till he commanded the music to cease. Many others were thrown, but none received any hurt except Sergeant Glyn.[5] For my own part nothing detains me now in town, but want of money; we are resolved to come by Dublin, and therefore must depend upon you to get us a man of war, when we begin to set out, the rather because this day there is an embargo upon all the Dutch goods, and all the Dutch ships in our ports. So longing to see you speedily,

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[1] Nothing in the college or university histories throws light upon this statement.

I remain your entirely affectionate brother,

E. Conway.

London, 27 April, 1661.

I pray let me hear from you concerning the pot-ashes which are so spoiled that they offer but 8 l a ton for them.

115. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 40.]

My Dear Lord,

I am very jealous that by this time[1] your Lordship hath blotted me so farr out of your favour, that there will not need a whole moneth to the compleating of what I fear'd was coming upon me. However I shall persist in the same devotion I having already been so oblig'd by your Lordship that although I should make it the businesse of my whole life to return your kindness I shall still be in arrears to that goodnesse which is alwayes in my thoughts. So soon as wee came to Chester I found my Lord Masarin[2] bewayling the narrow missing of your Lordship; wee dined together but during dinner his Lordships congratulating my designs in Warwickshire and mentioning the person,[3] made Dr Baines astonished that the Intelligence of such an affayr had so soon crossed the sea, when it arrived his notice so late. From Chester wee went to Shrewsbury, thence to Ludlow, Hereford, Gloster, Bristoll, and Bathe, whence I came by Coach to London; but I sent Con to Ragley with your Horses; and your Lordships Bond to Will Price. He hath brought back the Mare which foaled that night he arrived there. I have at large discoursed with my Brother[4] concerning my amours, who after he had at first told me he would never be against [any] thing I liked, told me that there were many circumstances that made the affayr little advisable: insomuch that T.B.[5] triumphed in his Judgment. The Dr having added one scruple more which was that in case I had children and dyed: how was it evident shee would not dispose of her estate to her second husbands children or person. Thus my Lord what I scrupled upon another score, I find my Brother very cold in upon the Account of Reason in point of Treaty; so that tis well I have not necessitated my selfe at present, to a farther discourse and noyse. The other great Concernment is not in any forwarder condition than when I left London; for my Brother hath given me a particular Account of it: and he is now so wholely swallow'd up in the Affaires of Parliament and *Reading*,[6] that he hath little time for other businesse. Yesterday the Lords and Commons had a very long conference concerning the bill of corporations, their Lordships being resolved not to passe it but with their own amendments and the Commons in no way but their own bill. The Difference between the Houses was grown so high, that the Lord Falkland[7] desired that the Commons would print a Remonstrance to shew the Grounds of their just dissenting from the Lords; which motion was ill taken; but my Brother managing the Conference (and refuting it unlesse the Reasons he were to speak might be enter'd in the Journall books as the sense of the House) he so calmed the temper of their minds, and the Lords were so satisfied that after they had withdrawn they sent for a second Conference; and agreed with the Commons that a Bill for Regulation of all Corporations was necessary and should be in the next sessions of the first businesse; for which composure my Brother had yesterday the thankes of the King and Duke. This Day the Sessions should have ended but that a Bill is to be brought in for the Arrears in Olivers time, to be given to the King. On Monday they break up. Yesterday the Presbiterian Lords spake against the Bill for the Jurisdiction of the Bishops. But the Duke of York rising up told them that the bill should passe on the morrow and that they were resolved to sitt it and talke it out with them. Yesterday the Spanish Ambassador went to acquaint the King that Don John had given a great blow to the Portugese and taken another town near Olivenca. Tis now past three in the afternoon and my Brother is just return'd from the House, the bill for the Jurisdiction of the Bishops is past the Lords. And the Act for Paines and Penalties. My Lord Craven[8] did relinquish his right of Action; but my Lord of Winchester[9] stood upon it; though my Lord Treasurer was not committed against him but the King it was thought fitt the House should petition in behalfe of the Marquesse and so the bill passed. My Lord I dare not keep my Brother any longer fasting though he be likely to feast at his reading, his Majesty having sent him so great a quantity of Venison. My Brother enjoyns me to represent him in all affection to your selfe and sister, and so does my sister also. Dr Baines humbly kisses both your hands, and I remain

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[1] Arthur Annesley, Viscount Valentia, was on April 20, 1661, created Baron Annesley of Newport and Earl of Anglesey in Wales. He had been one of the Commissioners to manage Irish affairs, and was Vice Treasurer of Ireland, 1660–67.

[2] Major Rawdon was returned for the borough of Carlingford in the Parliament of 1661.

[3] Sir John Skeffington, afterward second Viscount Massereene, was elected M.P. for county Antrim in 1661.

[4] No further information is available about Mr. Davis and Colonel Knight.

[5] Cf. Pepys (April 23, 1660): "Thus did the day end with joy everywhere. I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Serjeant Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Serjeants and rode in the cavalcade."

[1] At this time Finch and Baines were in England, evidently intending to remain. Baines had been chosen Professor of Music at Gresham College in 1660. (See Finch's letter to Conway, *S.P. Dom., Car. II, XXX,* 501.) On June 10, 1661, Finch was knighted by the King, having been presented by the Earl of Clarendon, then Lord Chancellor.

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[2] Sir John Clotworthy was created first Viscount Massereene on November 21, 1660.

[3] Evidently Finch had at this time some idea of marriage. The only reference in the family papers to the proposal is in a letter from Heneage Finch to Conway (*S.P. Dom., Car. II, XXXVIII,* No. 2: June 22, 1661). In this letter Finch expresses himself as "heartily glad that love has at last obtained such power over my brother, as to fix him (in England), when he thought himself bound in gratitude to run away from the favours of the English court."

[4] Probably Heneage Finch.

[5] Thomas Baines, who had evidently not favored the match.

[6] In 1661 Heneage Finch had been elected to Charles's second Parliament, for the University of Oxford: during the same year he was made treasurer and autumn reader at the Inner Temple. Pepys wrote on August 15, 1661: "The King and the Duke and Duchess were there (who dined today with Sir H. Finch, reader at the Temple, in great state)."

[7] Henry Carey, Viscount Falkland.

My Honour'd Lord,
Your Lordships most affectionatly and eternally devoted
Brother and humble Servant,
JOHN FINCH.

London, July 27, 1661.

Favour us both with our true devotion to Major Rawdon, and his honour'd Lady. Con humbly recommends to your Lordship by me what he forgott, the recovering of Lands belonging to his Father.

116. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 74. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at his Lodgeings in Mrs Dodwells house upon Cook-hill at Dublin. Ireland."]

C.C.C. August 2, 1661.

Madame,

I RECEIVED not Mr Rusts letter till about half an hour after I receiv'd your Ladiships, so that it signifyde nothing at all, but might gratifyde me very much if it had come as much sooner before your Ladiships as the date is. For I was very much perplext not knowing where you was nor in what condition of health. But am now heartily glad that you are safely arriv'd at Dublin, though sorry it is at so great a distance from Christ Colledge, as also that you had so tedious a voyage, and that the season is so sickly with you in that Kingdome. But it is so with us very much, there is at least ten sick here in the Colledge with us, but not of the pox, nor spotted fever, but they are troubled much with fainting fitts, though not all. One dy'd a fortnight ago, but he was alwayes a sickly lad. It is a sickly time all over the nation, so far as I heare. I pray God preserve us all. I hope your Ladiship will be the freer from the disease at Dublin, because it is so late since you had it. I am sorry that things in Ireland are in so ill a picture. I pray God unite the heartes of all Christians in that which is indispensably Good and Christian, and that they may learne dissensions and warres no more. People here are much what in the same humour you left them. I suppose the journall comes to you weekly, which will be as much newes as I am ordinarily furnished with or rather more, and therefore I shall be a very needless and impertinent Intelligence. Our Colledge buisinesse is not quite ended, but two of the Justices declared their opinion that it did not belong to the jurisdiction of their courts. I do not fear the successe thereof, but the trouble and charge to the Colledge is great. I am heartily sorry that there is that disettlement and insecurity in Ireland as I understand there is, which must needes make the being there less desirable, but if indispensable occasions had not kept me in England I should not have fayled of wayting on you thither. I wonder I heare nothing of Sir John and the Doctour.[1] Their buisinesse is perfected here completely, of which I left an account in a letter to Dr Bains at their Solicitours when I left London, which is now a month agoe. Madame, be chearfull and trust in allmighty God under the shadow of whose wings there is the onely security whether in England or in Ireland. I write now in an huddle, it being late at night, but I was resolv'd I would dispatch a letter to you so soon as I could, that it might come to your hands before you leave Dublin, and that I may have a direction from you how to superscribe my next. For being distance of place is likely to deprive me so long of the great happiness of your Ladiships personall converse, I shall be loath to loose any opportunity of enjoying it by letters then which nothing can come more welcome to

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[8] William, Earl of Craven, had been deprived of his estates for loyalty to Charles I.

[9] John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester. A proposal was made in August, 1660, to recompense him for his losses, to the amount of £19,000, which was reduced to £10,000. This was agreed to on July 2, 1661, but Winchester went unrecompensed.

Madame,

Your Ladiships humbly and affectionately devoted servant,

H. MORE.

I pray you Madame present my humble service to my Lord. I shall write to him the next opportunity and procure a copy if it be possible, of the second volume of

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[1] The reason for their delay Finch explains in a letter to Prince Leopold of Tuscany (*Lettere inedite di Uomini Illustri* . . . Florence, 1773; quoted by Malloch, pp. 25–27). "When we arrived at Rotterdam, for the purpose of visiting Signor Bilzio, famous for his astronomical discoveries, we found that many were dying of the plague in that city." Finch and Baines were detained during the "forty days of quarantine." From Holland they reported to both the Prince and to Robert Boyle, the remarkable story of a blind man who was able to distinguish colors by touch. Boyle has related the story in detail in his *Experiments and Considerations Touching Colours* (1664), p. 42.

Des Cartes letters,[2] if [I] may know how to send it. I pray God keep you both in his protection. Mr Rust, I suppose, is gone from Dublin.

117. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 5.]

Dub. [Sept.] 12, 1661.

Dear Sir,

I CANNOT receive any newes so acceptable from you as is the assurance of your owne health, therefore if you shall please by your frequent writing to lett me know that that is continued to you, I will acquitt you from the trouble of any other intelligence except what may informe me of your owne concerns (which I cannot hope to learn from any other) and of your studyes, if any thing accrewes which you shall thinke fitt, to communicate to the publick, or to make me pertaker of. The onely happiness I propound to my self in this country is the hopes that I shall be more at leisure then in England, to enjoy the privacy of my owne closett, and therefore I am the more desirous to presse you to a constant correspondance, as well because your letters will make a cheif part of my entertainment there as because it will be an argument that I am retained in your memory, in which I shold be loath to loose a place, if I may hope you can continue your favour to one that so little knowes to meritt it, at so great a distance.

Tomorrow I am for the North, and hope there to be settled for some time at Lisnegarvy.[1] Most think the country will prove the most unsafe, if there should be any risings, but this towne is so very sickly a place, that I am very glad to quitt it, though not so much for my owne sake (that am continually very ill in what part soever of the world I am) as to preserve those in health that yet (I blesse god) are so with me. Mr Rust hath been gone from hence this fortnight, when I know I will give you an account how he likes the country. I shall be very glad if you can procure us a copy of the second volume of Des Cartes letters. If you please to lett it be delivered to my Lord Massereene who lodges at the 3 elmes in Chandos streett, or to my Cosin Noell,[2] which is a merchant in the old Jury, either of them I am sure will not refuse to bring it along with them, being suddenly to return hither. I am something in hast, and therefore must subscribe my self

Sir,

Your ever entirely affectionat Friend and humble servant,

ANNE CONWAY.

You may pleas to superscribe your letters to Mr Henry Wright, at the signe of the Swanne in Fishamble street, at Dublin, who will take care to convey them safely to me. I am just now informed that my Lord Massereen hath removed his Lodging to the Pal Mal.

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[2] The three volumes of Descartes' letters, edited by Clerselier, appeared 1657–67, as *Lettres de M. Descartes . . . où sont traittées les plus belles questions de la morale, de la physique, de la médecine et des mathématiques.*

[1] Lisburn.

[2] Possibly Martin Noell, knighted by the King, September 5, 1662. Pepys, who frequently mentions him, reports his death as a result of the plague on August 30, 1665, and his lady's death from grief on October 8, and adds: "Nobody can make any thing of his estate, whether he be dead worth any thing or no, he having dealt in so many things, publick and private."

118. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 246. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan in Fishshamble street in Dublin, Ireland."]

Madame,

There is about a fortnights time run out since I receiv'd your Ladiships last, and therefore have not the patience to absteine any longer from writing. That which has hindered me all this time and will hinder me still is the expectation of getting the 2d volume of Des Cartes from London, or the certaine knowledge, that it is not to be gott. Which certainly I shall very shortly be thoroughly inform'd in, and then I will write to my Lord. It has been a sickly time here at Cambridge, but I have held up hitherto, God be thanked, though with much adoe. Within this fortnight I shall go to Grantham, God willing, but intend to make no stay there, a fortnight or three weekes I suppose will be the utmost. The Italians have not yett come to Cambridge. I left a very extraordinary kinde letter at Sir Heneage Finchs for Dr Baines to be given him when he returned to London, and wrote also as civilly as I could to Sir John to invite them to Cambridge, but I have receiv'd no letter from either of them since the last time I saw them. I understand nothing of the Italian Genius.

There is a Letter concerning Origen his Opinions,[1] I know not whether your Ladiship has yett seen it or noe. I phancy you might take some pleasure in perusing it. I can not imagine who should be the Authour of it, it is a pretty odd Book, but has some thinges very consyderable in it. If you have not yett seen it, and desire to read it, I will send you one, if you please to give directions by whom I shall send it. I have no designe of studye for the present consyderable, but I have lately perused all my own Philosophicall writings which the more seriously I have consyder'd by so much the more assur'd I am of the truth of those main conclusions they hold out to the world. And those that will be ignorant, if they find so great felicity in it, lett them be so. I have not yett heard your opinion of Bentivolio and Urania.[2] I can not but congratulate your Ladiship that pleasure you presage in the enjoying the privacy of your closett, but lett me take the boldnesse to desire you not to indulge more to that pleasure then is consistent with the due management of what soever remainder of your health God has pleased to afford you, but be as chearfull in company as you can. Health is better then superfluous knowledge and the most concerning truths lye in a little roome. I am glad you are all in health, and hope you are by this time safely arrived at Lisnegarvy. We conceive here in England, that there is no fear of disturbance in Ireland, but that all will be quiett, which happiness I wish to all three kingdomes. Madame, you need never feare the loosing a place in my memory, for though it be but a narrow roome in me, yett I have all care possible, that I may furnish it with the best thinges, though I can but with a few, and I speak it without complement, it is the greatest share of my happiness to remember and recount with my self that excellent privilege of having so noble and reall a friend, who has so many wayes obliged me eternally to professe my self,

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[1] *A Letter of Resolution concerning Origen and the Chief of his Opinions, written to the Learned and most Ingenious C. L. Esq. and by him publish'd* (1660). The pamphlet itself is very rare but a copy is preserved in *The Phenix or a Revival of Scarce and Valuable Pieces*, London (1707), I, 1–85. It is not strange that the tract caught More's fancy, for it might easily have been his own composition. It is clearly the work of a disciple, and contains many references to "that learned Gentleman, Mr. More of Cambridge." The pamphlet was the work of George Rust.

[2] The reference is to *Bentivolio and Urania in Four Bookes by N*[*athaniel*] *I*[*ngelo*] *D.D.* (1660). The second part, consisting of the last two books, appeared in 1664. This was a philosophical romance, showing the influence of Spenser and of More's *Philosophical Poems*. Ingelo is mentioned frequently in Worthington's *Diary*, and the *Correspondence* contains some of the letters which passed between them.

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant,

H. MORE.

C.C.C. Septembr 14, [1661]

My very humble service to my Lord and all the noble companie with you. I think I must be faine to write shortly to the Bishop of Down, from an inkling I had of some thing out of Dr Rusts letter to a friend at Cambridge.

119. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 192. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the signe of the Swan in Fishamble street in Dublin, Ireland."]

Madame,

I AM now returned from Lincolnshire, from whence I intended to write to your Ladiship but that my buisinesse was much and my stay shorter then I intended. There I had the happiness to meet with Sir John Finch and his fellow travayler. They had been at Sir Gervase Cliftons to treat with your sister about a businesse wherein you are both concerned. I suppose you may hear from them before this can come to your hands. They have promissed to give me a visitt here at Cambridge which I hope they intende really to doe, I not being able to presse any civility upon them at Grantham. A little before my journey I wrote to my Lord, and enclosed a letter to Bishop Taylor but very unmanerly forgott to say anything of it in my Lords letter which omission I thought of just after my sealing of the letter. My Lord I know is of that candour that he will take no offense at such slips, or at least that your Ladiship will beg my pardon. The subject of that letter was onely to signify to his Lordship that I had gott a 2d volume of Des Cartes his letters putt into Mr Noels hands to be convey'd to him, and that to the Bishop was onely to give him notice that I had sent also a copy of my book to Allister to be convey'd to him. Some ten days, as I remember, before I wrote to my Lord, I wrote to your Ladiship, if you have receiv'd it, wherein I mention'd a late pamphlet, entitled A Letter of Resolution concerning Origen and his Opinions. If you had not seen it here in England, I was thinking to send you a copy of it. It is a book that has witt and learning in it, but our Vice Chancellour[1] lookes upon it as a dangerous book, and therefore did in some sort censure it in the Consistory, and one of the unsound opinions of Origen was the Praeexistence of the soule,[2] which was conceiv'd to be repugnant with the incarnation of Christ. This is all that I have heard alleg'd against it. A flaw in the opinion that the short sighted Rabbins could not spy out who were in more speciall manner earnest for the preistence of the soule of the Messias above all other soules, and yett their expectation was that he should come in the flesh, and for my own part I confess I do not see how a praeexistent soule is not as capable of incarnation as a newly created one, or they all preexisting, how the Messia's soul may not enter a body as well as the rest, for if there could seem any incongruity in nature, yett that birth being miraculous it will give a stop to all occasion of doubting.

There is little other newes here. Onely the season is still very sickly, but not so much in the new feaver as in ordinary agues, of which I suspect I had a touch last night, my teeth so violently chattering in my head, but I hope it may be onely a transient distemper, from a cold I gott in my journy, which also made my head hott and aking, and my pulse more quick and higher then ordinary. It would be a great satisfaction to hear of your Ladiships health in Lisnegarvy, that you are at least not worse, but I should be exceeding glad to hear you are better then in England. Methinks, it is a long whyle now since I had the honour and happinesse to receive a letter from you. If I can understand by your next that my letters arrive to your hand safely, I shall be the more encouraged to write freely to you. The event of our Colledge affaires will now very shortly be seen. Those that would gess at the successe, I observe, they never weigh the meritt of the cause but the power of friends of each side.

Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troja stabat Apollo.

Which is a signe there are very ill wayes in the world, but I hope it will not be our fate, our cause being so good and having so good friends interest, the Church and the University being concerned therein. But be thinges as they will, in this point I profess I finde so much strangenesse and uncouthness in the world and the affaires thereof that I phancy my self, and every well meaning man, every day more and more, as pilgrims and strangers upon earth, where we know not what to make of the guise nor understand the language of the people, and therefore my eyes are towards those Regions that are invisible. The consyderation of the joyes of which Kingdome is sufficient to make us of a compos'd and contented minde, and to finde our selves not much concerned in what happens in this life in these affairs that no way respect our interest in that better. I have many things to say but the time of the night forces me abruptly to take leave and subscribe myself,

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[1] Theophilus Dillingham of Clare, Vice Chancellor in 1655, was reinstated March 19, 1661, in place of Henry Ferne of Trinity, later Bishop of Chester.

[2] A theory which More himself had upheld as, at least, strongly probable in his *Philosophical Poems.*

Dear Madam

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. Oct. 26, [1661]

I pray you Madam present my very humble service to my Lord.

120. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 76. "For the Right Honorable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swanne in Fishamble Street at Dublin, Ireland."]

Cambridge, 1661, Novembr. 16.

Dear Madame,

This is to informe your Ladiship that I wrote to you Octobr. 26, immediately after my return from Grantham. In that letter I certify'd you of my writing to my Lord and to Bishop Taylor, and that I had sent the second volume of Des Cartes to Mr Noel to be convey'd to my Lord, and that Allister had sent a copy of my last book to the Bishop. That I had also mett with Sir John Finch and Dr Baines at Grantham, that they promiss'd me to call at Cambridge at their return out of the country, but I profess I begin to suspect I shall not see them, it is so long since. Some times these things vex me a little, but I shall learn patience in time. About a week ago, I received yours bearing date Oct. 1. It had lyne in the carryers hand here a good whyle they not knowing of my return out of the country. It was a very great satisfaction to me when I saw your Ladiships hand. For I professe Madame you can not be so desirous of my letters as I am of yours, but I vehemently desire that they would bring me better newes of your health if it may please God. In the mean time I must earnestly intreat you that you would make it your businesse to indulge to sadnesse as little as possible may be. Your mother was well struck in yeares, and therefore her departure hence is more tolerable to her friends and in a manner might be desirable to herself. If you did moderately entertain yourself with some philosophicall speculations, I conceive it might drive away more ungrateful thoughts out of your minde and contribute something to your health. Mr Noel has the Letter of Resolution concerning Origen to convey to your Ladiship. I am persuaded it will please you better then any Romance. The time is sickly here at Cambridge still and the small pox is in the town and in some Colledges. The fellowes in our Colledge have been sick almost all of them in their turns of chills and fever, and I was next doore to it for a good whyle together, but study'd all that time more fiercely then ordinary. I think the heating my spiritts with study kept of the disease. I have been better I thank God these three or four dayes then I have been this quarter of a year and more. If it shall please God to send us a pretty sharp winter I think it would conduce much to our healthes, but nothing more to mine then to hear that your Ladiship growes better at ease both in body and minde, the good newes whereof will be the most acceptable of any that can arrive to the cognoscence of

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

Hen. More.

I pray you Madame present my most humble service to my Lord. I know not yett what will be the utmost upshot of our Colledge businesse but it will certainly be dismissed the Kings Bench as not belonging to their jurisdiction.

121. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 78. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountesse Conway these."]

Madame,

This is the third letter that I have wrote since my returne from Grantham. But that I heard awhyle agoe of the strange crossness of the winds, that seven packett boates came into Dublin on one day, and therefore there might be a great retarding of the conveyance of letters, I should be exceeding solicitous of your Ladiships health, and the more because I understand by your last dated Octob. 1, that the death of your mother and other consyderations of that nature does so dispose you to Melancholy. Madame, I can not suggest any thing better by way of advise, then you mention yourself in your letter. Next to the reasons why you should not be melancholy is the method of removing it or declining it. For which nothing is more effectuall then good chearfull companie. Of which I dare say you have good choice, and resolve this with your self perpetually that this life is but either a pleasing or unquiet dreame, and therefore not to be transported nor cast down with any thing, but to place ones content soly in the exercise of sound reason and a good conscience, and that Death itself is but the Day Spring of aeternall Life. That which makes a man happy lyes in a very little room and all the World can not take it from one. My last I wrote to your Ladiship was to informe you that I had according to your desire, sent you the Letter of Resolution concerning Origens opinions, I mean gott one putt into Alderman Noels hands to be conveighed to you. I am persuaded you will finde a pleasant divertisement in reading of the Book. I should be glad to hear your sense of it when you have perused it, I shall ere long have a better *Epist. to V.C.*[1] more large and more correct. For that which you must needes have a copy of at Ragley was but carelessly flubbered over. I have enquired as diligently as I could who should be the Authour of that *Letter of*

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[1] Evidently a transcription of his *Epistola H. Mori ad V. C. quae apologiam complectitur pro Cartesio, quaeque introductionis loco esse poterit ad universam philosophiam Cartesianam* (appended to his *Epistolae Quatuor ad Renatum Des Cartes* in *A Collection of Several Philosophical Writings* [1662]). It is impossible to determine to whom these letters were addressed; the theory which has always been held—that it was to William Coward, the London physician, who in his *Grand Essay: Or A Vindication of Reason and Religion*

Resolution, but I could never yett finde it out. I should be glad to hear of the receit both of the second volume of Des Cartes I sent to my Lord, and also of that other book to yourself. That God would preserve you both in health and safety is the earnest prayer of

Deare Madame

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant

H. More.

C.C.C. Dec. 14, 1661.

I am God be praysed in pretty good health, though it be but a sickly time still at Cambridge, the small pox is in some colledges, though not in ours. I have a very great desire to hear of your Ladiships health.

122. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 86. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan in Fishamble street in Dublin."]

Jan. 4, 1662.

Madame,

I have received yours of Novembr 27. But there are four letters written partly to my Lord and partly to yourself you have not received. Sir John and Dr Bains gave us the happinesse of their good society here at last, with much ado we detained them 4 or five dayes. They stay'd in Holland beyond what I could imagine; But not for nothing; for Sir John has rays'd his [revenue] there 250 pound more then it was before. They go not into Italy before next summer. I was urging Sir John as forcibly as I could not to go at all. But what they will do God alone knows, scarce the great Duke. For a certaine Mr Nowell had a *Letter of Resolution concerning Origen* to send to your Ladiship, and I hope it may have arriv'd to your hands by this. I believe the Professours will employ themselves better then in refuting that Book. They have need of more weighty kinds of Divinity. The small pox is pretty rife here againe in Cambridge and they say the plague is consyderably at London, but I am not certaine of the truth of the report. I have, God be thanked, been pretty well a good whyle, and phancy I have wasted much of the morbific matter by treating my self with a full carier of studying. Madame, trouble not yourself with the death of your friends. For those especially that are good live never so much as when they are dead: and I am affrayed a great mortality is coming upon these Nations. The weather here is as if it were April or May for warmth. Primroses and violets have been blown a good whyle in far places; the birdes sing as in Spring in the orchard. I believe we shall have an ill

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wrote in opposition to More—is untenable since Coward was not born until 1657. It seems likely that these letters, the purpose of which was "for the begetting a better opinion in such as are not so well acquainted with Des Cartes and his writings," were intended for a continental correspondent, since More frequently comments on the fact that he replied to English writers in English.

after-reckoning for all this mirth. I am very sorry your fittes are more frequent then usuall, but am glad you are so well as to write. The long delay of this letter made my Melancholy create very sad scenes of things to vex my minde with. I could willingly be with your Ladiship but my affaires here hold me prisoner. I shall be glad to heare you safely returned to Dublin, you will be one step nearer toward your returne to England. I have not heard of any Earthquake here that happened at Hartford; there was a very violent whirlwinde in those parts, that carry'd stones up into the ayre, tore up trees by the roots, and took a burn up from the very ground and turned it quite over, and severall other things there are in that narration which it is too long to write. There have been very many firy Meteors seene, severall rivers dry'd and wells which show that there have been some considerable changes in the Entrayls of the Earth. I wish those thinges be not the forerunners of some greater Mortality then has been yett. I hear but of one Earthquake which is said to have been in Leicestershire, so violent that people could not stand if they did not hold by something. There is also rumours of severall Apparitions, some such odd ones that they are incredible. There is so much lying as well as incredulity in the world that it takes of the pleasure of such narrations. I cannot believe any Prodigie that serves a designe, though some true ones sometimes may be so. I pray God keep us all in his feare, for I believe many mens spirits are so incrustated with Atheism that they are sensible of nothing. That God would be the protector of them that trust him is the prayer of,

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionate servant,

H. MORE.

I suppose my Lord has received the 2d volume of Des Cartes by this. I pray you Madam present my very humble service to his Lordship. In what state our Colledge affaire is, I wrote to him in my last and there is nothing done since.

123. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[Add. MS 23216, f. 56. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Conway at
Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan
in Fishamble Street in Dublin, Ireland."]

Cambridge, March 15, [1662]

Madame

I know not whether your Ladiship have received mine of the 8 of February. Which makes me long till I heare from you, that I may be certifyde of your health. I had wrote a week or two agoe, but that I was resolved first to receive certain information that Alderman Noel had the Des Cartes to convey it to my Lord, and am now fully assurde that he had, and hope it may come by this to his Lordships hands. For it was not sent by the packett boate, but by shipping. I beleeve my Lord will take [a] great deal of pleasure in reading it, there is that gracefull vigour therein. I have been exceeding busy this great whyle, and now I will tell your Ladiship what it is about. I had granted Morden[1] the leave of printing my *Antidote* with the *Appendix,* my *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus,* all my letters to Des Cartes with that to W. C., my *Treatise of the Immortality of the Soule,* and my *Conjectura Cabbalistica,* in such a Folio as my *Mystery of Godliness,*[2] and therefore I took the opportunity to perfect the Treatises to greater exactiness in severall thinges then before, especially my *Cabbala Philosophica,* where I have added ten chapters for a further defense thereof. One maine thing that I pleased my self in among the rest was that I had the opportunity, whenever I thought there might be the least occasion of offense (which my eyes discovered to be but very seldome) to alter thinges so as would be most passable and inoffensive. The [Impression?] is now almost finished, and I have almost made an end of my Generall Preface I intend to prefix to the whole volume. This edition has cost me a third part of the paines of writing the books, but I have completed all thinges so exquisitely to my minde that I would not for all the world but that I had had this opportunity of revising them, so fond am I of the fruits of my own minde, which yet I think I should not be, did I not hope that they will be very serviceable to the World in their chiefest concernes.

The 18 of February there was the greatest Winde that ever I knew since I was borne.[3] The apparition in Wales which you once inquired of, and I mistook you in, I gott a friend to make diligent enquiry, and finde it most certainly true. I shall be impatient till I heare how you doe, and when you intend for England, in the interim committing you to Gods safe protection I take leave to subscribe myself

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted servant

H. More.

I beg you Madame present my very humble and affectionate service to my Lord.

124. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 82. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountesse Conway these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swanne in Fishamble-street, Dublin, Ireland."]

Apr. 5, 1662.

Madame

I have received yours of March 12 this Easter. It eased me of a great deal of solicitude I was in, having not heard from your Ladiship of so long a time, and though I be sorry that you have been more then ordinary indisposed yett I am refresh'd again to see that indisposition so well over as that I enjoy a letter from you. But I know not how to beare the disappointment of those hopes I conceiv'd of seeing you and my Lord in England this summer. But your coming to Doublin will make your absence something more tolerable. But in reason I can not believe that Ireland is so good for your Ladiships health as England is, though you will not acknowledge you experience it. I pray to God I am tolerably in health but my keeping lent so religiously, that I think I ate not flesh passing thrice all the time, now I come to flesh againe, makes my body seeme something more then ordinarily hott and feaverish.[1] But I profess I am very indifferent whether I be dead or alive, that seeming not a Metaphor to me but a truth which the holy men of God have spokne, that this life is a Pilgrimage, and I have a strong presage that I shall finde myself amongst my more domestick friends when I am out of it, who will heartily congratulate my returne home. I sent you word in my last what I have been so buisy about all this whyle. I ended all this last week before Easter, and have sent away my Generall Preface to the whole. I have confirm'd the reasonablenesse of my Philosophick Cabbala even to my own amazement, but what it will appear to others, I know not nor am solicitous. The world knows enough already unlesse their maners were better. And it is just with God that the foulness of mens minds are a barr to them from the truth, and that such truths as they receive that are too good for them, will in the end be their mischief. And therefore there is nothing more false then to endeavour to be rather holy then wise. My letter to W.C. with all that goes along with it will be 60 sheets bigger then my Mystery of Godlinesse, so that your Ladiship must be pleased to give me directions how to send it, if you desire to have it. Mr Noel I perceive will be in Ireland. Sir John told me he would read over the *Letter of Resolution* and send me word how he lik'd it, but I have not heard a word from him since he departed hence, nor of Dr Baines sickness till from your Ladiship. I know not whether he will write before he goes for Italy. I am sorry for the Bishops losse.[2] This world is a mere Mockery, and it is a safe thing to esteem it so. The report of the Apparition you mention is certainly true, or at least this is certaine, that there were 14 men that offered themselves to be depos'd of it, as eye witnesses, and five were sworn before a justice, who thought them enough and therefore forebore to swear the rest. I sent you word in mine of March 15 that Mr Nowell had sent the 2 volume of Des Cartes by shipping. I suppose my Lord may have received it by this, to whom I present my very humble and affectionate service, and also remaine,

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[1] The Cambridge printer and bookseller.

[2] These appeared as *A Collection of Several Philosophical Writings of Dr Henry More* . . . (1662).

[3] Cf. Worthington, *Diary,* II, 110: "Feb. 18 (1661–62). This morning about four o'clock, arose a mighty wind."

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. MORE.

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[1] Cf. Ward, p. 94. "He kept more than Once the Time of Lent; Abstaining from Flesh; But he found, he said, that it quite alter'd the Tone of his Body, and so afterwards forbore the observing of it."

[2] According to his biographers, Jeremy Taylor's son, Edward, was buried at Lisburn on March 10, 1661. Possibly the date was 1661–62. Nothing else in either the biographies or in the *State Papers* explains More's reference.

125. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 42.]

April 16, 1662.

My most honour'd and best Lord,

I HAVE been so extreamly ill for some weekes that your Lordship may justly wonder more at my writing now then at my silence all this time. My thoughts desires and wishes still were in Ireland and for you in it, and I confesse your letter was so great a satisfaction to me when I thought you had forgotten all concernments of so uselesse a person, that it gave much of vigour to that weake estate it found me in. And really I have much reason besides the obligation of one of yours, to return you thankes for that which contributed so much to my possibility of giving you them.

My Lord since my recovery I have been sedulous in the buisinesse entrusted to me: and Sir Orlando Bridgeman hath discharged Russell from meddling any further and taken all the writings of the Estate from him and given them to my Sister Clifton. In the mean time he hath called in all the money and will lett it out all to the Dutchesse of Sommersett[1] and the Earle of Bridgewater[2] they being exact at their days of payment of Interest and excellent security. There is Lady day past, due to each of the sisters[3] for Interest upon Account made with Sir Orlando Bridgeman 272 li but Russell having layd out all the ready money he had: till some he payd in that summe cannot be made good, but I thinke within 14 dayes Mr Finch of Groveshurst payes in 1500 li and then that money will lye ready here for your disposalls: which I shall execute to all intents but what my Sister mention'd to me: for I shall not sett so low a value upon my entire affection to her and you as to misapply one sixpence of that upon my selfe. Now your Irish bill is so near finishing Sir Edward Deering[4] will not be long before he journeys: and by him I shall send what Jewells and Medalls I have for you. The bills my sister order'd are all payd, and her clothes sent forward. The newes of her miscarriage was told me by Mr Solicitor[5] and he had it from my Lord Mount Alexander.[6] I pray so soon as my Cosin Burnisten[7] delivers your Lordship the writings, signe and seal them and send them to my Brother and Sister Clifton that before August they shall be here signed and sealed by you both.

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[1] Frances (Devereux), widow of William Seymour, second Duke of Somerset, was closely associated with the Finch and Conway families, both through the Seymour-Conway connection, and through the marriage of her daughter Mary to Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchilsea.

[2] John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, the "elder brother" in Milton's *Comus*.

[3] Lady Conway and her sister Lady Clifton. Finch was administering their mother's estate.

[4] Sir Edward Dering, second baronet, had married in 1648 Mary, daughter of Daniel Harvey.

[5] Heneage Finch, at this time Solicitor General.

[6] Hugh (Montgomery), Viscount Montgomery of Great Ards, county Down, created Earl of Mount Alexander at the Restoration.

[7] Possibly Arthur Barnardiston, factor at Smyrna.

Mr Gale[8] is broke, and this day I employ'd a friend to him concerning the bill of Exchange which yesterday was returned protested at Livorno but the protestation was after his breaking in regard there could be no notice of it so early in that place: and indeed the protest mentions no other cause but want of advice that such a bill was charged. He that wee employed had this answer from Mr Gale: That your Lordship had in Ireland payd the 100 li but that he who received it not having occasion for it return'd your Lordship 80 li back againe, but that your Lordship owed him upon Account twelve pound so that he owes your Lordship but eight pounds; but I had not acquainted you with this disaster, but that if you had not received this notice you might have payd the other 8 li upon his demand.

Remember me in the tendernesse of an entire affection to your other selfe, my D.D. and entreat her to forgive my present omission in regard that this is the first I have wrote since my sicknesse. God knowes how my soul is towards you both, and if I offend tis in loving too ardently and if you have but the tenth part of what I am so full of you can never be offended with any sleight neglects. I could wish my selfe with you for two houres onely to tell you something I will not write that concerns you: All is not gold that glisters; and great Persons are as meer mortall men in theire proceeding as others. My Brother and I and Dr Baines are witnesse to this, but I [allude?] to somewhat whisper'd which I shall not utter. A dagl' amici mi guarda Jovio dalli nimici mi guardaro Io. I rest

My Honour'd and dear Lord,

Your Lordships

Most entirely affectionate Brother and humble servant,

John Finch.

Dr Baines most particularly and devotedly presents his entirest devotions and service to you both.

126. *Henry More to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 84. "For the Right honourable Edward Lord Viscount Conway at his lodgeings in Dublin these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan in Fishamble street in Dublin."]

My Lord,

The festivity of your Lordships letter[1] had almost snatcht me away into a like fitt of mirth. But though I be surprized sometimes into that vaine, yett it never leaving the remembrance of any solid pleasure behind it, but after-reflections rather representing myself to myself as to have play'd the foole, even then when I might have seem'd the most witty, makes me now account it a peece of vertue in me to abstaine from such frolicks. But I hold it an harmless passtime to sitt still and admire them that are more happy in that exercise. As indeed your Lordship seems to have done very assuredly in Babylon, Rome and in Nosce teipsum. To which I make noe return but that of the greatest, though not the loudest applause, I mean silent admiration. If I wrote anything with mine own pen concerning any private speculations I was engaged in, it seems, out of forgetfulness, I ran into the form of too familiar an Epistle, and do acknowledge myself much oblig'd to your Lordship for your free and judicious advertisement. For I esteeme it a piece of indiscretion in me, if I did mention any such impertinencyes to one that is so much taken up with state affaires. But this I hold not impertinent in referrence to your Lordships reflections upon my Opinion of the Oranges of Italy and such course entertainments as your Lordship would have me to phrase it: that those more spirituall entertainments in the other state are whether we believe them to be or noe as those of Italy are though we do not see them nor tast them. Dr Cudworth presents his service to your Lordship with the acknowledgment of your favour. But I beleive one part of your Lordships plott is to leave us alone. My Lord it would be no penance but a pleasure for me to go on Pilgrimage to Dublin, consydering whom I shall meet there, but I am now in a less capacity then ever to stay any unstatutable time from the Colledge, unlesse I should quitt it outright. But this solitude, for the present at least, fitts me very well, and when it shall please God to change my minde or other mens I know not. In the meantime I humbly thank your Lordship for your kinde invitation and shall endeavour always to approve myself,

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[8] Perhaps the same person of whom Pepys wrote on April 2, 1662: "Met Mr. Sanchy, Smithes, Gale, and Edlin at the play, but having no great mind to spend money, I left them there." Cf. p. 135.

[1] This letter is not extant.

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble faythfull servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. May 17, 1662.

I hope your Lordship has received Des Cartes by this time.

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127. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 212. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these."]

C.C.C. July 5, [1662]

Madame,

THIS is onely to informe your Ladiship that when I was at London I did according to your direction, give Sir Edward Dearing the trouble of getting a copy of my book convey'd to you, as also another to my Lord, though I suspect he wil find little time to peruse any of it. I had the happiness of enjoying Sir John Finch his company severall times at London, to whom I gave also a copy of my book. He tells me he will read it over very consyderately at Florence, and does not seem so confident of contrary conceptions as he did heretofore. Dr Baines has solicited his invention to try all tricks possible to evade the force of my reasonings but I have not found him successfull yett. I asked Sir Johns opinion of the Letter of Resolution, because I perceived your Ladiship had a minde to know it. He told me the Authour had writ vigourously but not so fully but that severall other things might be added that would make to the same purpose. That was the summ of his Answer. I gave Mr Solicitor also one of my Books. Sir John told me he was resolv'd to read it over, and it may not be unlikely, if he finde it worth the whyle, for he has a fitt Genius for such things, as I discovered by that little converse I had with him.[1] And Tully was an excellent Philosopher, as well as a famous Advocate and Oratour. I had the other day two or three hours discourse with Crellius his son,[2] and finde that the want of Philosophy is most certainly the ground of the Socinians gross mistakes in those grand points of our Relligion. But the man was a pretty ready man, and of a fair and honest Temper, so farr as I can discerne. But they are [bounded?] in that too corporeall interpretation of T.B.[3] that can phancy nothing but matter, and are but Aristotelians in Philosophy or nothing at all. I mean are for his system of the World, and understand not the lawes of Matter, nor the system of Des Cartes whose Philosophy is the best Engine I can finde against such erroneous fabricks in Relligion. There's nothing more occurrs to my minde for the present, but that I am

Deare Madam,

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted servant,

H. More.

I have been something ill handled with the scurvy of late, and that coldness which some yeares ago was on the top of my head, the like has fallen into my right arme, where I have still such a coldness and paine, as I have lost part of the use thereof, but I hope I shall recover. I earnestly desire to hear how it is with your Ladiship.

128. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 195. "For the R[ight Honourable t]he Lady Anne [Viscoun]tesse Conway at [her] Lodgeings in Dublin. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swann in Fishamble street. Ireland." The manuscript is torn.]

Madame,

I receiv'd yours of July 9, about a fortnight ago, but did not write immediately, because I wrote to your Ladiship some three or four dayes before. And after that I was so indisposed by reason of the dangerous sickness of one of the fellowes of our Colledge[1] that I could not do anything, and was myself indeed in a feaverish distemper most part of the time of his sickness. It has pleased God to take him out of this world to the great prejudice of our Colledge, to speak *moro humano*. For he was a person of excellent politicall parts, and singular dispatch in the affaires that belong to our little common wealth, and yett of so large and comprehensive a spiritt that his dexterity in those points did not at all lessen his abilityes or attainments in the best and choicest peeces of Philosophy. He was the Masters right hand, and lately chosen Proctour of the University: and his minde, I dare say, full of the sense of his duty in the discharge of the place, for which all men knew him admirably well fitted to every punctilio, and not undesirous of that province, especially it gratifying that kindly ambition of his aged father, who could not but much please himself in his designe of being a present spectatour, the next Commencement, of his sons excellent performances, instead whereof, the last Fryday, he was a spectatour, or rather the chief Actour in his Funerall. For the truth is he bury'd him nobly and generously, so as his son himself would have appointed if he had had the power of speech when his Father came, and the knowledge of persons. For he lay about forty hours in a delirium, and had knowne no body a good whyle before his Father came to town. Thus unexpectedly to himself and to us all was this generous young sprig torn of [his?] stock, but yett in the midst of his delirium, he seemed to have some [sense of] his approaching condition, expostulating somewhat with those that stood by his [bedside] what they did there. For he sayd they were not of his world. So sudden [advance?] had he to this petty office of Proctourship, and was advanced to better employments or enjoyments in the other state. But my observation of the circumstances of his departure has confirmed my contempt of everything in this. For a Colledge is an Epitome of greater affaires of state, and Fortune in the world. But enough of this sad theme.

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[1] Cf. Cudworth's dedication to Heneage Finch of his *True Intellectual System of the Universe.*

[2] Christopher Spinovius Crellius, son of Michael Crellius, a Protestant German theologian at Altenberg. The son was one of the leading Socinians of the day, pastor of Unitarian congregations in Silesia and Prussia, carrying on the tradition of the great Unitarian leader, Johan Crellius (1590–1633) who had so ably defended the Socinians against Grotius. Crellius and his followers are frequently discussed in the correspondence between More and Worthington; see, for example, II, 224–225; III, 302–303.

[3] Thomas Baines. Cf. pp. 216 n., 255.

[1] William Leigh was "the eldest of four distinguished but short-lived sons of a distinguished father, Thomas Leigh, Master of Bishop Stortford School for forty-five years."

I had wrote to your Ladiship from London, but that I did not think we should have stay'd so long there as we did. Madame, I am extremely oblig'd to your Ladiship for your kinde solicitude concerning my health, of which I certifyde you in my last. My arme, though not so ill as then, yett mends so slowly, that I know not what to think of it. The temper of my body is something chang'd by that errour of diet I mention'd heretofore. Besydes a phancy took a friend of mine to send me a box of prunello's which appearing to me to be no such excellent banketing stuff, I thought might be the better physick, but I suspect they helped on that deflexion of this cold humour into my arme, by over cooling and thickening my spiritts, I have taken no Physick yett, hoping by dyett and exercise to weare it away. I should think it a very great happiness if I could enjoy your Ladiships excellent converse, though mine be inconsyderable to one that has such variety of splendid companie to pass away the time. I told you in my last, I had sent two copys of my book to Sir Edward Dearing, (the one for my Lord and the other for yourself) to

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(Peile, *Biographical Register of Christ's College*, I. 526.) William Leigh had entered Christ's in 1649; he was elected Fellow in 1654. In 1656 Cudworth, the Master, recommended him to Secretary Thurloe as "very well accomplished and fit for any publick employment." His career at Christ's, as More suggests, had already been one of unusual promise.

be convey'd to you. If he be arriv'd to you, I pray you Madam lett me beg the favour of presenting my humble service to him and his Lady.[2] Who will be excellent good companie for you. Sir John told me at London that he had lately writt to you. Madame I was not at all offended at my Lords letter, it being but a cast of his accustomed waggerie which I am as well acquainted with as the begger with his dys though it be but an homely proverb. I believe he laughed heartily when he wrote the letter, which was the reason he buttoned not his doublett till afterwards. I was in something as [antick] humour when I answer'd his letter, and had much ado so to continue, and had strong temptations to have writt as merry an answer. But I profess I have found or do affect, a chearfullness of minde, that does as far surpass outward mirth and laughter as the sun shine does the blusters of the winde, and I have so many badges of gravity upon me bestowed partly by nature and partly by the favour of my superiours that I must remember what part I act, and tread the stage decorously. I wonder exceedingly that you hear nothing yett of Des Cartes letters. What I wrote concerning them is very true as I was told again at London by Mr Tompson,[3] when I was there. I suppose you will not fayle to hear of them as soone as you hear of Alderman Nowell. I should be very glad to hear some good newes of your Ladiships health, that you are at least no worse than you use to be. In expectation whereof I abruptly take leave and rest

Your [Ladiships affect]ionately devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. Aug. 5, [1662]

129. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 6.]

Aug. 23, 1662. Dublin.

Deare Sir

My returne to towne was welcomed by yours of Aug. 5, and by the noble present you made me of your excellent book which Sir Edward Deering delivered me. Those few dayes I have been here have been so wholly taken up with those ceremonys and troubles that attend the first approach to such places as I am now in that I have not yett had the leisure to peruse what you have added to this new volume, but I could not deferr the returne of my humble thankes for so great a favour by this first opportunity. I doe much lament the so sudden losse of so deserving a gentleman as you describe and that the whole Colledge and (which is more to me) your self in perticular shoulde be deprived so soone of the assistance and society of a person which had deserved so perticular an esteeme, but I hope this misfortune will not be embittered to me by any worse circumstance, such as would be your indisposing of your self by indulging so much to so mischevious a passion as violent greife, which not with standing I am but to apprehensive of, whether I consider the great kindnesse you have for your friends, or that feavorish distemper which you say the trouble of his sicknesse brought upon you, and therefore shall be in some sollicitude till I have the happinesse to be assured from your owne pen that your health is againe well confeirmed to you. I am sorry your arme should continue so long ill, but in regard you find it something better, I hope there is no fear but it will be perfectly restored though me thinks you might doe well to advize with an able Physician, if it were but for prevention of it for the future. Sir E. Deering his Lady is not here, but here is no want of great variety of company, in this towne, but yet in the middest of all that, I must still account my selfe very unhappy, because I must want what I most prize which is your excellent converse, to which the next best thing I know is solitude; and because there is more to be had of that in the country than here, I shall endeavour after two or three monthes to returne againe to Lisnegarvy. We hear nothing yet of Alderman Nowell, if he be still at London you will have a good oppertunity of sending Des Cartes Letters if you give him directions to deliver the book to Con, whom my brother John intends to returne to me so soone as he leaves England, which will be the beginning of the next month. I have my health much at the same passe as my former letters made mention. I pray God send me good newes of yours, for I can assure you there is nothing more earnestly desir'd, then your health and happinesse, by

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[2] Sir Edward Dering had married Mary, daughter of Daniel Harvey; she was the sister of Heneage Finch's wife.

[3] Probably one of the London booksellers of that name.

Your ever most entirely affectionate friend and servant,

A. Conway.

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130. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 242. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the swan in Fishamble street in Dublin, Ireland."]

C.C.C. Aug. 29, [1662].

Madame,

I receiv'd your last letter about a fortnight ago, and must beg pardon of your Ladiship for not writing till now. But I have been so infinitely buisy with one thing or another that I could very hardly gett time for the discharging this duty. I was exceedingly much recreated with the postscript of your letter it bringing the good newes of your being better this summer then before. I hope your Ladiship has receiv'd my last letter by this, dated the 5th of this month, as also that Sir Edward has arrived by this at Dublin, to whom I beg the presentment of my humble service, as also to his vertuous Lady, who will be good companie for your Ladiship, though I doubt not but you were excellently well provided before, but the more the merryer. My arm, God be thank'd, is something better, though not much. I intend within these ten dayes or a fortnight to go into Lincolnshire. I hope travayling and taking the fresh ayre and surceasing some time from my studyes, may recruitt my spiritts so much and chauff the mass of my blood that this coolness and obstructedness of my arme may be dissipated, but I do not intend to stay long in the countrey, I think not past three weekes. Sir John promissed me frequent letters from Italy too, and that philosophicall ones, but I do not expect it, he is the best company that can be present, but the least when he is absent. If there were none wiser then myself, I would not have him to go into Italy, but stay and write his letters here. I am not certaine that Dr Baines palsy was so sensibly increas'd upon him. I believe it is sometimes more, sometimes lesse, but methought he looked rather better then he used to doe. The Socinians are free enough in all conscience; and a little too bold in some respects, but their Genius is too strait and short for some thinges. But what I told you is most certain, that their great mistake in Divinity, is from their incapacity of conceiving any thing but Body or Matter. I wish the two Deanes good success in their Amours.[1] It is a debt that all owe to Nature, upon a bond or obligation almost as strong as that of Death. But if men were not permitted to leave this life, before they gott one to leave in their stead, Virginity would be a compulsory immortality upon Earth, and some men would be hugely divided betwixt the love of themselves and of woemen. It were a good probleme to putt to Dean Rust what he would do in that case, but I suppose he would say he would marry when he was weary of his life. Our Colledge buisinesse is to have an hearing this Michaelmas terme. There is another good ingenious book of preexistence come out lately.[2] There is nothing more occurs for the present but that I am

Deare Madame,
Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant,
H. MORE.

I pray you Madame present my very humble and affectionate service to my Lord. I hope Des Cartes has found his way to Dublin by this. I think I wrote to my Lord once since I came from London last.

131. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 7.]

Dec. 5, 1662. Lisnegarvy.

Dear Sir

I HAVE received yours of Nov. 22[1] which hath in some measure eased me of the great inquietude I was in before through the want of your letters, but nothing can comfort me for the want of your excellent company which though you seeme out of modesty to undervalue, were it to be purchased at any rate, I should soone make it appear how much it is esteemed by me, more than any thing either England or Ireland can afford, but there is no title to be had to your kindesse except that of your goodnesse and therefore with out that should encline you to favour me so much (which I cannot deserve) I must dispair of the happinesse of ever seeing you here. Sometimes I would faine hope that the crosse occurrences of the affaires of your Colledge might dispose you to such a diversion and that then you might take it in this place where you are so much desired, but streight my hopes are againe destroyed with the remembrance of your aversenesse to leave your relations and friends in England. Deane Rust is in hopes to perswade some of his friends, which are also of your acquaintance, to bestow a visitt upon him here next summer. I wish you were so much their friend, also as to accompanie them, but I have insisted to long upon this subiect, because I fear you will think I have said to much, though I have much adoe to leave it so soone, and could not were I not fearfull of displeasing you. I hear Con is landed at Dublin; so soone as I see him I shall give him little thankes for hasting from London without waiting upon you to receive your commands. My husband is now at Dublin, but I have writt to him what you mention concerning Des Cartes that he may make enquiry after it of the Deane. In this enclosed from the Deane of Armagh, there is also another to Mr Thrustone,[2] whom our two deanes have commended for the minister of this place which will be now very considerable that it is to be a cathedrall, and the allowance they say will be fitt to invite a worthy person over. Because this gentleman is of your acquaintance, I desire you would favour me with your opinion of him, for if the allowance be made 200 li a yeer, considering also the advantage a single man will have in being in the house with us, I think it may deserve a good Scholar. I hear my Brother and Dr Baines are returned againe for Italy.[3] I wonder yours make no mention of them, because you staied so long in London where methinks they should have made you frequent visitts, and have acquainted you with their intentions. I hear so little from themselves, it makes me very desirous to gitt what information I can from others, and therefore I hope you will pardon my desire to know what you have found by them, relating to their designes, if there be any thing of that kind which you have forgot to impart to

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[1] The two deans to whom More usually refers are George Rust and Francis Marsh, who was at this time Dean of Armagh. Marsh married Mary, youngest daughter of Jeremy Taylor not long after this letter; but Rust died unmarried, and there is no record of his "Amours."

[2] Probably Joseph Glanvill's *Lux Orientalis,* which was published anonymously in 1662.

[1] This letter is not extant.

Dear Sir

Your ever most entirely affectionate friend and humble servant,

A. CONWAY.

132. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 21. No superscription.]

Dec. 9, 1662. Lisnegarvy.

My Dearest Dear,

THE post hath exercised my patience much this week by detaining your letter from me a whole day beyond his usuall time, for he arrived not here till this day, which because I would not be prevented from giving you an account of, I durst not deferr my writing any longer, then whilest I read yours and the enclosed you sent me. When I am denyed the happinesse of your company, nothing can give me so much satisfaction as your letters, and therefore I hope you will not omitt writing any post till your returne. I sent you the last post a letter enclosed from your French Agent, from whom since Oliver Taylor[1] hath received one but it was of the same date, he writt to him he would dispattch away his vessell with all possible speed, not detaining it at all for the selling of the commodities it brought (because that might be done perhaps better afterwards if better marketts happened) so that the wind having proved very good of late O. T. supposed it must needs be here within 2 or 3 dayes. I should be glad the company you expect, could resolve concerning their journey, for if they doe not come, I suppose severall things you intend to send, might be omitted, the carrs you mention to be sent from Dublin will come very late hither I fear, but all possible speed shall be made in the fitting of the rooms when they come. I writt to my brother Rawdon the last week to lay out some mony for me, for a muffe and cambrick to be sent by Garrett, which I hope you will furnish him with. I desired him likewise to endeavour to find an oppertunity of conveying the packquet directed to my sister Clifton, which I hope you will also assist him in. I have writt to her to hasten the sending me an account of what mony she will have of mine in her hands (of that she expects to receive) after Mr Taylor is paid, for I told her I should have occasion for the payment of some in London very suddenly. I should have repeated the same thing to her by the post, but that I expect every one should bring me some newes from her and therefore deferr it as yett. I thank you for the letters you enclosed from my brothers. I wonder much I have none from my brother Heneage, my brother John having referred me to him for an account of my businesse, which I hope you will let him know, if you have occasion to write to him from Dublin. I have nothing more to add at present but my being

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[2] Malachias Thrustone, who had matriculated at Sidney in 1645, was B.A., 1649–50, M.A., 1653, M.D. (Caius), 1665, Fellow of Sidney, 1651–55, of Caius, 1655–1701. He was Hebrew Lecturer in 1664, and was also a Fellow of the Royal Society.

[3] Finch and Baines had departed on October 22, 1662.

most affectionately and eternally yours,

A. Conway.

Just as I had ended this I received the enclosed, in which I suppose you will find nothing but what was mentioned in your former it bearing the same date.

133. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 22. No superscription.]

Jan. 30, 1662[3].

My Dearest Dear,

I went yesterday to see Oliver Taylor, but found him so extreamly weak that I think it impossible he should live many dayes, neither hath he himself any hopes of his recovery, he shewed me your letter to him, and desired me in answere to it to let you know he was very willing to allow all the charges they had been at in endeavoring to git the mony from Mr Davis, and desired by all meanes you should gitt the bill protested in your name (because it was drawne as from you) and returned hither, if they can doe no good upon it there, but he was thinking they might be able to gitt in some part due upon the bill, if not the whole summe, in the mean time there. He asked me what quantity of wine you intended to take for your owne use, I told him 7 or 8 tun, which is one or two more then you gave directions for to Adam, according to your letter, which I suppose you can be no looser by, though it should prove more then you might have occasion for for your self, because if it be good it may at any time be put off. Tis thought they will be yet all next week before the ship be unloaded. I have given order to have carrs provided for the sending for the things so soon as notice is given that they are ready, and doe intend to send the gardener with them to look after his Trees, and Garret to take care of the other things for our use. I did not intend to have given you so much trouble about those glasses I writt for, supposing such ordinary ones would have been easily procured in Dublin, which made me forbear the mentioning of any of greater consequence, such being not so easily lighted on. I am glad you will have no occasion of returning suddenly againe to Dublin, and do hope the businesse you have now there will be soon dispattched, that you may not be long detained from coming downe. Mr Agmontie[1] is very importunate with his wiffe to leave me, as being very impatient of their living any longer at a distance, neither will she be content to be absent from him. He expressed himself so weary of having nothing to doe, that little time he was here, that there is no hopes of ever perswading him to stay in this house, except some employment could be had for him in this place. I am very desirous to keep her with me whilest I stay in this country, therefore the apprehensions of her quitting me so suddenly doth so much perplex me that I must intreat you to discourse with him about it, and contrive some way, if it be possible, to satisfie them, so as that she may continue with me. I am told that some have places in two troopes, if he could have a place in yours and keep what he now hath to, it may be he may be willing to live here, or if you could procure him some other considerable employment in Dublin, I believe he would be so civill in returne as to let her stay at least this summer, and if I should be in Dublin next winter he might be satisfied with having her so neer him, it may be by Coll: Hills meanes you may gitt an office for him in the custome house, for I heard him say if he continued in that place he would change severall of the officers. I shall be glad if you can give me any hopes of keeping her, after you have talked with him, and thought of these proposalls.

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[1] Cf. below. Oliver Taylor is not elsewhere mentioned.

The Deane of Armagh[2] sent me this enclosed, which he sayes is the fullest account he hath yet had of Mr Thruston, by which I suppose you will conclude him unfitt for what you designed, but we are now upon a better proiect for this place, if you will git it concluded with my Lord of Downe, which is for the bringing of Deane Rust hither. The designe is this, that the two Deanes, the Dean of Downe[3] and the Dean of Connor[4] shall change Deanerys, and that Dean Rust shall also part with the Ile of Magee to him, which will be then better to him by above 120 li a yeer then what he now hath, so that the Bishop will have the oppertunity of advancing the Dean of Downe, which is so much his friend, and Dean Rust will be no looser, when presented to this living (which the Bishop intends to make 200 li a yeer) and the Deanery of Downe adioyned to it, and it will be a thing very decorous for the Deane to reside next the Cathedrall as well as the Bishop and prebends (which my Lord of Downe said when he was last here he designed). This proiect seems to us so feasible and so convenient in all respects and both Deanes gratified by it, that we cannot imagine any thing should put a stopp to it; and Dean Rust is very forward in putting of it on, and I beleive will be very impatient of your resolves upon it. We apprehende the Bishop will endeavour to perswade you to bring the Dean of Downe, that now is hither, because he hath much friendship for him, but I suppose if you deny that he will find no other reason to refuse or decline this motion, and we hope you will never consent to that. I shall forbeare the writing to Dr More about any other, till I hear from you, how this is like to succeed, for we have already concluded the businesse amongst ourselves, and I am sure it is now time to put an end to your trouble also in reading so long a letter. I am most affectionately

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[1] Not elsewhere mentioned.

[2] Francis Marsh, the future Archbishop of Dublin, became Dean of Armagh, June 27, 1661. He had been an associate of More and Cudworth at Cambridge, where he was B.A., 1642, and M.A., 1650 (Emmanuel), and Fellow of Caius, 1651–53. He went to Ireland in 1653, returned to his fellowship 1654–57; and under the patronage of Jeremy Taylor returned again to Ireland where he was George Rust's predecessor as Dean of Connor.

and Eternally yours

Anne Conway.

I think you will doe well if you can light upon a good foot boy in Dublin to bring him downe with you, for I have not seen any here that I like.

134. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 254. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan in Fish-shamble street in Dublin, Ireland."]

C.C.C. Jan. 31, [1662–63]

Madame,

My last bearing date Jan. 8, I hope you may have received by this. Wherein is an answer to your former, as also one included to Deane Marsh. To whom Mr Jinks[1] has also wrote more then once since that time concerning Mr Thr.[2] who is as I hear finely mended, and more free from that Tyrannicall seizure of Melancholy that had so much overmastered him. But what his resolution is concerning Ireland Mr Jinks I suppose has wrote to Dean Marsh. Mr Cradock[3] were a desirable person, if his being chosen to Grais Inne hinder not his acceptance of the motion. I beleeve the two Deanes will make a safe choice for your Ladiship, and know more of the University then myself that am upon the spott. But if they should be at a losse, I am thinking of one, if he be not already marry'd of whom I presume exceeding well, upon information of others, and have seen his person in the country and hope by this he may be conformable enough. But if Mr Cradock will accept of it, upon Mr Thrustons declining of it, it will be hard to finde a better, or so good. But your Ladiship may very well trust the Judgement of the two Deanes in this affaire. There is no falling off in any Societys in the University that I know of. As for Dr Widd. his restorement to the Colledge,[4] I do not remember that it caused the least unpleasant motion in my minde. For I was on Dr Cudworths syde, as being persuaded in my conscience it was most just, and being a member of the Society, I was bound to assert that cause that I thought most right, but took no more pleasure in this opposition though it was just, then to putt my head into a smoky kilne-hole, but the thing being over it was my ease from the present trouble, and I had the same satisfaction of conscience as if I had taken that part, that contrary to my expectation proved victorious. But Dr Cudworth, hailing me along with him to London on his buisiness, has added something to my experience and observation of the world, which I have gain'd whether I would or noe. Saving that this affaire I thanke God, nor the success of it, did make any alteration at all in me. If it had I should have thought I have spent my time in the University to very little purpose. I hope God will enable me to beare greater things then those if need be. I wonder infinitely at the humour of Sir Martin Noel. The ancient Knights of Faery-Lond were more faythfull to fayre Ladyes. And I thought, Madam, your Ladiships Interest might at least secured his safe delivery of the book into some hands or other. But lett that passe. I will send Des Cartes with my Book to the Bishop by Roiston,[5] if his Lordship think that safe conveyance, or if your Ladiship please to intimate in your next any way yourself or my Lord of Down thinks safest, I shall committ them to Fortune. I shall send you then also the book of Prae[ex]istence. Dean Rust makes his bargain easily that will have so many hundred pages for one, and that affore hand, without playing the merchant-venturer. How he is improved in prudence and politicks since he travails out of England! I am in tolerable health, I thank God, for the present though I had a shroud cold and cough this winter. I hope your Ladiship is better then ordinary, because you do not complain, the more certain appearance of which good newes would be exceeding welcome to

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[3] Thomas, later Bishop of Killala and Achonry. He had been chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, until his rejection by the Parliamentarians. In May, 1663, he became Archdeacon of Connor.

[4] George Rust, since August, 1661.

[1] Henry Jinks, admitted to Emmanuel 1646–47, M.A., King's College, Aberdeen, 1646, was Fellow of Caius, 1653–97. He is mentioned in the Worthington *Correspondence*, II, 159.

[2] Thrustone.

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[3] Zachary Cradock, admitted to Emmanuel, 1647, was B.A., 1650–51, M.A. (King's) 1654, B.D. (Queen's), 1661, D.D., 1666, Fellow of Queen's, 1654–69. In 1660 he was chaplain to the King, and from 1671 Fellow of Eton.

[4] After the Restoration, Cudworth ejected Ralph Widdrington for "contumacy and neglect of statutes." Widdrington obtained a mandamus from the Court of King's Bench for his restoration, June 20, 1661. On the long quarrel between Widdrington and More and Cudworth, see "Christ's College and the Latitude-Men," *Modern Philology*, August, 1929, Vol. XXVII, No. 1, pp. 35–53.

[5] Richard Royston, bookseller to the King.

Deare Madame

Your Ladiships most humbly and affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

I pray you Madame present my humblest service to my Lord and to the Bishop of Down.

135. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[The original is not extant; this fragment is quoted by More in his Annotations upon Glanvill's *Saducismus Triumphatus,* 1726, p. 389.]

Lisburn, March 3, 1662[3].

. . . I have spoken lately with two simple Country-people who have been much perplexed with two several Persons who have died lately: The Stories are too long to relate: but the Circumstances are such, as I know not how to mis-believe the Stories. The Persons cannot be suspected to have any design, and were altogether unacquainted in the Families of them that appeared, and wholly ignorant of those things in them that they now relate. And have charge to solicite the amendment of some Miscarriages by some Persons interested which they could never hear of, as is supposed, by any other means. There are many other probabilities, but all evaded by several Persons here . . .

136. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[Fragment, in *Saducismus Triumphatus,* p. 389.]

Lisburn, Apr. 29, 1663.

. . . The Relation I sent you of two in this Country, is certainly liable to as little Exception as any one shall meet with; as may appear, by the diligent search some have made for a Flaw and Objection against the Parties, who after all they confess, must needs appear perfectly uninterested, and impossible to have had from any concerned what they have delivered. But they believe, that either Drunkenness, or desperate Melancholy, did by chance enable them to light upon greater Truths than themselves thought of . . .

137. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 23. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at his house in Cowlane in Dublin."]

My Dearest Deare,

It was some dissatisfaction to me to hear nothing of you the last post, but what I had from my sister Rawdon and Mrs Hill[1] (who dined here that day) especially they both assuring me you were in Dublin, and had not gone to the race, which before I supposed when I missed your letter. However the knowledge of your being well, though from other hands, was extreamly acceptable to me. The coach horse dyed yesterday. Maior Strowde[2] had great hopes of him to the last, and did medicine him every day but all to no purpose. The rest continues well, he tells me yet. By this time I suppose you can guesse at the stay you shall make in Dublin, and therefore I hope you will let me know your determinations, and what ever other newes you shall please to favour me with, I shall be very glad to receive from you that am

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[1] Probably the wife of Col. Arthur Hill.

Most affectionately and entirely yours

ANNE CONWAY.

Lisburne, March 21, 1662/3

138. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 210. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisburne these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan in fishshamble street in Dublin, Ireland."]

C.C.C. March 31, [1663]

Madame,

I HAD sooner answer'd your Ladiships last, but that I was resolv'd first to send to London and gett a *Lux Orientalis*[1] and my Letters of Des Cartes deliver'd to Mr Waits according to your direction. Which has beene done accordingly. I am sorry that the distance of place and the impossibility of my going into Ireland deprives me of that great pleasure and satisfaction I phancy I should reape in your Ladiships discourses which you cannot so well communicate at this distance. But I cannot by any meanes be absent from the Colledge. I do not understand the humour of that Gentleman that I sent the first copy of Des Cartes letters to. I am sorry that it has occasion'd this delay, in sending this of mine to my Lord. Which I had done sooner if I had known how this game would go, as that that first was desperate. Those two simple country people which your Ladiship mentioned in your letter may be so for ought I know, but seeing their pretence of having conference with those two ghosts, endes in a sollicitation of affaires in those Familyes where you conceive them unacquainted, it may be rationally conceiv'd that they whose interest it is, of those Familyes may plott with them and informe them of thinges. But this you can best judge who are upon the spott. But I have sent you here a narration enclos'd beyond all exception. A gentleman that lives near the place and slow enough from believing any such things, and one that professes himself not to believe the story of the Devill of Masson[2] (though I count him none the wiser for it) did affirme to a friend of mine, that this is certainly true, and that hundreds and hundreds of men could witness it. My Lord Robarts carryed Mr Montpesson[3] himself to the King who heard all the story, my Lord being by, who after by Dr Carr a fellow of our Colledge, sent me particular notice of it, with the assurance of the truth thereof. Some Hobbians have been at Tedmouth and were convinced. O that Dr Banes that whitleather witt[4] had but had the hap to have been at Tedworth in those transactions. What tough tugging would there have been betwixt the evidence of sense and the prejudicate phancyes that his Taurine blood had hatched against the existence of Daemons. But this Aereall Drummer would have beat a retreat to all his forward conclusions of that kinde. The inclosed is from a very sober hand, an eye witness of part of those feats. I wish it had been better transcribed, but I think the hand is more legible then mine, it is part of a letter from that party to me. You will know something of the man[5] when you have read the book I sent you. I shall suspend the imparting to you of my intentions for the press, whether I have any or none, or what they are, till I heare what they report in Ireland. For in England some say I am turn'd Papist, others that I am writing a book to prove the Pope's Antichrist. When one says no another yea, its ordinarily a good cast. I can not boast of my health, but it is tolerable, God be thanked. I am heartily sorry your Ladiship has been so ill of late. The newes of your better health will be exceeding acceptable to

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[2] Stroude is mentioned several times as if in charge of Conway's stables. In the *State Papers, Ireland, Addenda, 1625–1660,* he is called variously "Major Joseph Stroud" and "Jose Stroude."

[1] *Lux Orientalis, or an Enquiry into the Opinion of the Eastern Sages, concerning the Preexistence of Souls;* the book, published anonymously, in 1662, was the work of Joseph Glanvill; it was republished in 1682, together with Rust's *Discourse of Trust* under the title *Two Choice and Useful Treatises,* with annotations by More.

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant

HEN. MORE.

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[2] Cf. Birch's *Life* of Boyle in the *Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle* (1744), I, 60: "He wrote also the same year (1669) a Letter to Dr. Peter du Moulin, prefixed to the 4th edition of a book, translated by the doctor from French into English, and printed at Oxford, 1669, in 12mo under the title of, *The Devil of Mascon: or, a true Relation of the cheif things, which an unclean Spirit did and said at Mascon in Burgundy in the house of one Mr. Francis Perreaud, minister of the reformed church in the same town.*"

[3] The story of the Demon of Tedworth and the invisible drummer who disturbed the Montpesson family is told at length in Joseph Glanvill's *Saducismus Triumphatus* (1681), pp. 89–118. It was perhaps the most-discussed story of an apparition of the day. Cf. Pepys (June 15, 1663): "Both at and after dinner we had great discourse of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies: in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very scepticall. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the Devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down. There are books of it, and, they say, very true." Addison's play, *The Drummer, or the Haunted House,* is founded on the story of the Demon of Tedworth.

[4] Baines had, from his Cambridge days, remained obstinately unconvinced of the existence of a spirit world—a belief essential to all More's philosophy. In his *Divine Dialogues,* More with a good deal of affectionate humor, pictures him as *Hylobares,* a materialist, and shows his final conversion (which had no basis in fact) through the arguments of *Philotheus* (Ralph Cudworth) and *Bathynous* (More himself).

[5] The inclosure is not extant. It is probable that it was a letter from Joseph Glanvill, since More had just sent the Viscountess his *Lux Orientalis,* and since Glanvill was keenly interested in stories of apparitions, as his *Saducismus Triumphatus* bears witness.

I pray you Madame present my most humble service to my Lord, with my excuse, I sent this copy of Des Cartes no sooner. That volume of Letters will excuse my writing at this time.

139. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 8.]

August 11, 1663. Lisburne.

Deare Sir,

There needes no Apology at any time for your deferring to write, when your leisure doth not well permitt it, for though I esteeme your letters as my choicest treasure, yet I would not have you think that I value any thing at so high a rate, as that I can desire to purchase it with your disease and trouble. I am very glad you have finished that pourtraiture[1] you mention to have so much tryed you. I can not doubt of its being drawne to the life, since it hath so deeply engaged your thoughts and cost you so much paines. I hope I may expect a sight of it shortly, though you forget to tell me whether the copy was yet sent to the presse. When you have [refreshed?] your spiritts spent in your hard study, by some necessary diversions, I hope you will recall to mind againe those thoughts you had for the carrying on of your Cabbala, tis great pity so noble a designe should be laid aside and so gratefull a discovery (as that would be) concealed from the world. Mr Foxcroft[2] and his sonne hath been here with me about a week, he went yesterday forward to London Derry about his businesse, but intends to be here againe before his return. I hope his sonne may be conveniently settled in this country upon that land of the citys he is gone to view by being their tenant, and we are endeavouring to gitt himself some employment in the customes if the farmers are not already concluded upon. I shall not be wanting in my utmost endeavours for him to procure him some employment, which is the best service I can doe for them. I doe much pitty their condition in regard the losse of their estate disables them for providing for their posterity, but I suppose they can want no convenience for their comfortable subsistence having so considerable relations. Dr James[3] brought your book to the Bishop long since but he tells me he deferred presenting his thanks to you till he had perused what is added to the Cabbala, which he hath not yet had leisure to doe. I am sorry you should have any thing to hinder your walking, but I hope your next will bring me the good newes of your feet being restored to you again, which with all other imaginable prosperity is heartily wished you by

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[1] It is probable that this was the portrait from which Faithorne made the engraving used as a frontispiece to the *Opera Theologica.* Cf. p. 180.

[2] George Foxcroft, who had married Elizabeth, sister of Dr. Benjamin Whichcote of Cambridge. Her niece, Mary, married John Worthington, who frequently visited the Foxcrofts when they were in London. Several of the letters in Worthington's *Correspondence* are addressed to him "at Mr. Foxcroft's house in Finsbury Court in Moore Fields near the Wind Mills." A son Ezekiel Foxcroft, who is frequently mentioned in More's letters, was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Mathematical Lecturer in the University. Two letters to Mrs. Foxcroft are included in Worthington's *Correspondence,* one from Whichcote (II, 122), the other from Worthington (II, 228).

[3] The only one of More's Cambridge contemporaries of the name was Henry James, Fellow and later President of Queen's College, but he was not D.D. until 1679.

Dear Sir

Your ever entirely affectionat friend and servant[4]

140. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 220. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan in Fish-shamble street in Dublin." No date; probably November or December, 1663.]

Madame,

I WROTE to your Ladiship the sixt of October, wherein I took the boldnesse to enclose a letter to the Bishop. It is now so long since that I am something solicitous whether those letters came to your hands or not, but most of all anxious concerning your Ladiships health. I could then give you no account of my book,[1] which was but then a transcribing, it is now transcrib'd, and sent to be licensed, but that transaction is not yett finished, and yett I could not abstein from writing to you it being so long since I heard from you. I remember your motion of carrying my Cabbala through the ensuing chapters, and truly your first instigation being so successfull, I had great reason to listen to this second, if I could have found any possibility of undertaking it, my thoughts being charg'd with designes, of more generall use. And I profess I am not mine own in any thing, but am securely tyde up to the dictates of that power that most justly has gott the rule in me. But if I rightly remember, I am affrayd I rejected so serious a desire of yours over bluntly and abruptly, which rudeness your Ladiship will pardon. For I must confess my body is so heated and my spiritts exhausted, that I forgott to use those more ample and decent ambagos that the usuall mode of the world requires and practises. The Bishop[2] in his letter gave an intimation how desireable it was to have my defense of my morall Cabbala enlarg'd, but he has so excellent a stroke with his pen in such subjects, that I shamelessly intimated my desire that he would polish that part and adorne it with the richnesse of his style. Which was a fond intimation of mine consydering the multifarious weighty affaires he may otherwise be engag'd in. For my own part, I profess, Madame, for the present I can not be upon any other designe then the endeavour of utterly demolishing my own will and desire, and earnestly breathing after a perfect resignation of myself to God and his will in all things that shall befall me, that sickness and health, evill report and good report, honour or disgrace, life or death may be alike to me, and that I may complaine of nothing to my self but my being not fully subjected to the will of God in all these. I know nothing of consequence by way of newes, unlesse it be that the invisible drummer is again returned to Monpessons house, and begins to play tricks farr different from the former, but that there will in due time come out a full and exact Narrative of all those pranks. Dr Cread[3] of Oxford should have sett them out, but the papyrs are in the hands of a friend of mine,[4] who had made some consyderable progress in that affair had not a violent fever seiz'd on him, and brought him to the very brink of his hope of enlargement out of this earthly prison into the more open world of spiritts. What is become of Sir John and Dr Bains and when do they returne? If your Ladiship know any thing and can informe me it will be very acceptable,

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[4] The signature is missing.

[1] *A Modest Inquiry into the Mystery of Iniquity* . . . (London, 1664).

[2] Jeremy Taylor.

Dear Madam

To your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,

H. More.

I pray you Madame present my humble affectionate service to my Lord.

141. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 202. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swanne in Fishshamble street in Dublin, Ireland."]

Madame,

This is onely to wish you a merry and happy New Year, and to tell you that I shall have a very sad and unhappy one unless I can be assured under your Ladiships own hand that you are not worse in health then heretofore. For I having wrote two letters since your Ladiships last, which was wrote Sept. 8. (wherein you complained of your being so ill of a most violent and tedious fitt) and hearing nothing from you since, it has cast me into much solicitude concerning your health, and it would be a great refreshment to me to hear that you are not worse in that respect then heretofore. In my first I sent an enclosed to the Bishop. Your Ladiship would much gratify me if you could informe me how the Bishop receiv'd what I answered to his intimations of interpreting the Prophecyes merely into a morall sense. I know his Lordship meant well to me in so intimating. But I could not conceal from him what I am fully persuaded to be true. The having my Idea of Antichristianisme transcrib'd into a more legible hand, and for greater safety copy'd cast that affair much back, it was a transcribing when I wrote to you my first letter, and was sent to be licens'd when I wrote my second, it has now been licensed, at least this fortnight, but nothing printed of it yett by reason the printer was disappointed of the new letter the Founder had promissed. Which now at length is brought home. And I suppose they will begin to print it very shortly. I had lately a box of East Indy knacks sent to me by one that has travail'd much in those parts, amongst other thinges I have a bird of Paradise of the most eminent kinde. I am the more pleas'd with the present because I am confirm'd by ocular demonstration in what I conjectured to be true before, that they have feet,[1] and applaud my own cautiousness in that in this last edition of my *Antidote against Atheisme,* I have so fairly winded my self out of the errour of Cardan, Aldrovandus,[2] and others, as you may see, book 2, ch. 11, sect. 11, 12. I hope your Ladiship is not offended that I did so redily reject your desire of continuing my Cabbala. For my minde was then full fraught with the designes as I thought, of a more indispensable nature, and if we live to see one another, I shall tell you so much by word of mouth, as will be equivalent to a written Interpretation. The truth is the indignitys of some have putt me quite off from all designe of writing any more, it having putt me into a capacity of more seriously consydering my own health. For I have been in such a perpetuall career of studying and writing, ever since your Ladiship left England, that I have consumed the strength of my body, and wasted and wounded my health very sore. I have had a lameness in my right foot this half year. Whether it be gout or what it is I know not. But I hope to bring my body into better tune by studying nothing but a perfect emendation of my own minde, whose morall sentiments are an ineffable pleasure and comfort, and far above all the exercizes of reason is that peace of God which passeth all understanding. I think, I am sure it is that which surpasses all the valuable things of this world. R.W.[3] with his confederates has of late assaulted the Colledge and brought in the Visitour, to out Mr Standish[4] as pretending him the supernumerary (Dean Rust knows the party and the cause) but he being fortify'd by the Kings letters their whole Project was disappointed for that bout. But the peevishness of some men is indefatigable and I suspect there is some very [peremptory?] plott against Dr Cudworth himself, if not against all his friends. I am loath to speak out what I think is at the bottom of it. But there are some have a very aking tooth against such as they would brand with the nickname of latitudemen. What they mean by the word I know not, but I am confident they apply it to such persons, as it were the interest both of the King and of the Church if they were multiplyde into hundreds of thousands. I am rayl'd at and bluster'd against for an Heretick, and doubt not but there are that eagerly desire I were so, though they *feigne* so great zeal against Heresy. But for my own part, I thank God, I finde the clearness of my own wayes and the integrity of my spiritt above the pedantry and calumnys of any man whatsover. And have so unshaken a belief in Divine Providence that I think it is in the power of no man to hurt me though it were in his power to kill me. But this barbarous ungratefulness for all those paynes that I have so faythfully and conscientiously undergone for the publick good has wholy released me from that burdon, and I have now full leasure to repaire if it be possible the losses of my health and strength of body, and to give my minde such private exercizes as may more assuredly work her out of the reach of my most embitter'd enemyes, and if there be any truth in her presages, restore her to such a state of Happiness, as she will be excused from the paines of recording as being unexpressible by either tong or pen. Madame you'll pardon the boldness of my disburdening into the bosome of so noble and faythfull a friend. Which if you could take any pleasure in the papyr permitts no further then the subscribing myself

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[3] William Creed, fellow of St. John's College. During the Civil War he was expelled from the university and became rector of Codford St. Mary, Wiltshire; in 1661 he was appointed to the regius professorship of divinity at Oxford. He died shortly before More wrote this letter.

[4] Possibly Joseph Glanvill, whose *Saducismus Triumphatus* contains the fullest account of the Demon of Tedworth.

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[1] The seventeenth-century belief that the Bird of Paradise had no feet was the result of the account given by Cardan in his *De Subtilitate,* liber 10, in which he declared that he himself had seen this bird three times. More paraphrases Cardan's account in his *Antidote against Atheism* (in *A Collection of Several Philosophical Writings* . . . [London, 1662], p. 74); but on rational grounds More concludes that the story is incredible. In 1658 Pierre Borell, Physician to the King of France, used the belief in such a bird as one of his chief arguments for the existence of other worlds, declaring that since birds without feet are never otherwise found in this world, it is reasonable to suppose that the Bird of Paradise comes from another world.

[2] Ulysses Aldrovandus (1522–1605), the Italian naturalist, whose work on ornithology (*Ornithologiae, hoc est de Avibus Historiae* . . . [1599]) was standard in the seventeenth century.

[3] Ralph Widdrington.

[4] See p. 233 n.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. MORE.

C.C.C. December 31, [1663]

142. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 257. The superscription is gone.]

C.C.C. Febr. 6, [1663–4]

Madame,

I HAVE received yours of Jan. 9,[1] but that before I have not received, the miscarriage whereof putt me into much solicitude concerning your Ladiships health, and into some suspicious reflections upon myself, as if I had too unduly rejected that designe you was pleased to signifyde to me, of my continuing my Cabbala through more chapters. Wherefore this letter was exceeding welcome to me, it easing my minde of these more anxious thoughts. For I hope your old malady has gott no great ground on you, it doing but what it uses to doe, assaulting you more violently when it has forborn longer then ordinary. Your Resolution of making so sutable use of this great affliction is very vertuous and pious, and I doubt not but that he that has made so serious an impresse upon your spiritt, will assist and carry you on in your faythfull endeavours. But I am asham'd that you should think of making me a pattern unlesse such an one as is to be shun'd in things that are faulty. But it is your civility and affection that has framed so high and undeserv'd opinion of me. We Christians want no other pattern to imitate then the Lord Jesus Christ, who is that pattern indeed of perfect Resignation, and of the profoundest humility, of reall and sincere piety to God without Hypocrisy or ostentation, and of a charity so stupendiouse that he did cordially love those men that reproach'd him, tortur'd him, and murder'd him, being content to undergo all this by their hands whom he endeavour'd to redeeme from ignorance, sin, and eternall death, nay to suffer it for this so faythfull and friendly endeavour. Which great example was not propos'd to the world to amuze them and amaze them, but indispensably to engage them to endeavour after the attaining to the like frame of spiritt. Without which all our externall honour to Christ is but a mockery of him and deluding of our selves. For unless we have his spiritt we are none of his. But for the method of attaining to this due accomplishment of minde, which you are pleased to desire me to describe to you, I conceive I have done as farr as words will carry it in my Mystery of Godliness, book 9, ch. 10, 11, 12. Nor do these things require long descriptions, but short advertisements such as I have given there. But the stress of the whole affaire lyes upon the uninterrupted resolution of the [individuall?] and a perpetuall watchfulnesse over the motions of a mans minde, that none of them be brought into externall act, which are contrary to that Idea of holinesse which we are never to lett out of our thoughts, and so to make all the rencounters of our converse a perpetuall exercise and improvement of that divine life that is awakened in us, and where our trialls are likely to be the greatest ever and anon to be meditating afore-hand a resolved due behavior in them, and to impresse upon our spiritts by earnest devotion and serious meditation such a character and conformity to the will of God, and the true Idea of Holinesse, as the importunity of the triall will not easily be able to breake, or dash out. That also is of excellent use, to reflect upon all affayrs of the day, before we commit our selves to sleep, and in thinges that we have done well, to give God thanks, but in what we have at any time found our selves surpriz'd to ask pardon of God, and to seal upon our soules a firme [recognizance?] and resolution not to be overtaken againe upon the like circumstances. All which thinges are to be done with a chearfull carefulnesse, we being assured of our peace with God through the blood of his son Jesus, and with as little show of sadness to men as is possible, and also with as much caution as may be of being led into any unmeasureableness in any thing, by any impulse of Melancholy. Those are the main advisements that occur to my minde, though few, which committed to so faythfull a breast will multiply themselves in their observation. For the life of God once implanted in the soul, if it be faythfully cherish'd carrys its own light with it, and upon occasionall experiences branches itself into unnumberable truths which are better and more easily felt then communicated. I am sorry to hear Sir John and Dr Baines have had their health so ill since their departure from England, but am glad it may occasion their return. My book of Antichristianisme is in the presse, but they have printed not paste 12 sheets though they have had it the month. I hope my Lord holds his resolution for England this summer. We hear here that Mr Rust comes along with you, which newes his friends are glad of. I hope the Bishop, though his detainements may be great, has not bid adieu for ever to England. I wrote to your Ladiship (I think the first of January last) wherein I mentioned something of some rude assaults intended against our Colledge, but God be thanked they have been hitherto frustrated, and were it not true that sometimes very odd thinges are done in the world, it were hopefull, there would be no further attempt. If I could heare some good newes of your Ladiships better health, it would be exceeding welcome to

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[1] This letter is not extant.

Dear Madam

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,

H. More.

Since my writing of this, I heard a rumour in the town as if Dean Rust were dead, which God forbid it should be true. I hope I shall hear the contrary from your Ladiship.[2]

143. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 216. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Lisnegarvy these. Leave these with Mr Henry Wright at the Swan in Fish-shamble street in Dublin, Ireland."]

May 24, [1664]

Madam,

My last to your Ladiship was April 16. I am now for the present at London, but intend for Cambridge within this fortnight or three weeks. I came up partly for divertisement, though I am weary already of the citty and would go back to Cambridge, did not some small occasions detaine me. They have been more nimble in printing my book then I expected, haveing for some weeks together printed off 12 sheetes a week, so that my Mystery of Iniquitie, both parts of it are printed. They are now upon my *Apologia*[1] wherein I answer to those great Objections our fierce friends of Cambridge thought they had against my Mystery of Godlinesse. I was with Mrs Foxcroft yesterday from whom is the unseal'd inclos'd and unlook'd into by me. I hear by her that you will be in England by August, but I was on Saturday with Sir Heneage Finch, who told me he thought you would not be here till toward winter. But I hope Mrs Foxcrofts intelligence is the truer. The Bishop of Downs *Dissuasion from Popery*[2] is very well spoken of by them that read it, though I have [not] as yett given myself the pleasure of perusing it, I have been so untowardly entangled in my [own?] affaires, by reason of the unnecessary trouble has been given me by some mistaken or malevolent persons. I will reserve the copyes I intend my Lord and yourself till you return to England, which hopeing to be so near I easily imagine your Ladiship so taken up with preparations toward your journey that it will be the better kindness not to interrupt you by over long a letter and therefore I abruptly take leave (with my prayers for your happy and prosperous journey) to subscribe myself,

Dear Madam

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant,

H. More.

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[2] The rumor was without foundation. Rust died in 1670.

[1] More's *Mystery of Iniquity* was accompanied by *The Apology of Dr. More, wherein is contained a more general account of the manner and scope of his writings* (London, 1664).

[2] Jeremy Taylor's *A Dissuasive from Popery to the People of Ireland* (London, 1664), went through three editions in its first year.

144. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[*Christ's College MSS* Bb. 6. 7, f. 9.]

May 24, 1664. Lisburne.

Dear Sir

I RECEIVED yours both of the 26 of March and the 26 Aprill, though my sicknesse hath hendered me from giving you an account of them. I have formerly given you some intimation of the great increase of my distemper and other indispositions since this last winter, which doeth not yet abate upon me but contrarily I have been so much worse then I was when I writt last that since good fryday I have not been able to goe abroad, and am very little off of my bed. I find myself very faint and weak, but yet as little strength as I seeme to have, I still indure those violent paines (which I alwayes thought would be accounted intollerable by a stronger body then I ever had), and that more frequently then ever. I cannot dissemble so much as not to professe myself very weary of this condition. I pray God enable me with patience to bear whatsoever my sad fate hath designed for me and give me that entire resignation to his will which I endeavour after and do stand in so much need of. I am troubled my complaints should fill so great a part of my letter, as knowing this to be the worst kinde of entertainment, but because that friendship you are pleased to allow me seemes to give you some concerne in what befalls me, and because I cannot doubt of your hearty prayers for me in all streights and exigencys, I could not forbear the giving you this account of my present condition, which otherwise I should have omitted, being hugely apprehensive of giving any occasion of trouble to you, beleiving your affection makes you put too great a value upon so uselesse a person as I am, and that was it made you expresse a dislike of that argument I gave why you ought not to be discomposed for any accident might arrive to me, which when you have rightly considered of, you will find so solid and true, that you will no longer think the conclusion intollerable, but most decorous and befitting a person of your Judgment and vertue. I know not whether my returne into England be more to be feared, or to be desired, but I am sure if I live so long, there is no body there I shall have so great a passion to see as your self, and though I have at present little reason to promise my self that happinesse, yet I cannot forbear pleasing my selfe sometimes with the thoughts and discourse of what contentment I should take in your company. Our resolution holds (if my health permitts) to begin our Journy from hence the latter end of July, but our road into England will not bring us neerer to Cambridge then Ragley, but I presume so much upon your kindnesse as to hope you will doe me the favour to give us a meeting there, because we shall make some stay there, before we can goe to London. I am heartily glad you continue in reasonable good health. I should more lament the malicious behaviour of your enemys but that I know your mind is to strong to be much disturbed by such ungratfull and unworthy revilings. That *Apology* you mention I believe will be thought by most persons a very unnecessary trouble imposed upon you, but the want of that fourth part you speake of for the compleating your designe in presse, I fancy will be a very considerable losse, should you deprive the world of it. I hear my brother John is in France and expected every day at London,[1] I suppose may be arrived by this time, but I have not yet heard from him. I should be very glad to hear as often from you as your leisure will permitt, and do hope you will alwayes believe (though I should be unable to expresse so much by writing) that none can be more heartily and entirely then I am,

Dear Sir

Your ever most affectionate friend and faithfull servant,

A.C.

145. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 25. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at Mr Rober Brughs an uphosler in the Strand neer Charing-Crosse, London."]

Sep. 4, 1664.

My Dearest Deare,

I WRITT you a long letter yesterday by the post, so that I should not have needed to have troubled you with any thing more, but that Dr Hernshaw[1] perswades me to make tryall of a medison of Mr Boyles called, Ens Veneris.[2] I hade some of the powder from him, but because he bought it, I am fearfull it may not be so well prepared as what you may be able to procure from his owne hand, which I suppose you may easily doe by my Lord of Orrerys[3] meanes, and mineralls are not safely made use of if any error be committed in the making of them. Dr Hearnshaw thinks it good for the scurvy and for a weak stomach, and says Mr Boyle commends it for an invetterate headache, but if you have an oppertunity of discoursing with himself he is best able to give an account of the effects of his owne medison, and it being easie to take I am willing to make tryall of it. I beleive I am hugely afflicted with the scurvy, and am so very much indisposed all over, that I should be very glad to have some discourse with the physitians, if I were at London, but the best time of the yeer for that will be past I fear, before your businesse be dispattched here (after your coming downe) for us to goe up. I hear there are several ingenious peeces of Mr Boyls printed which I have not. I desire you would doe me the favour to buy them for me, and bring them downe with you. I hope you will excuse this trouble I have given you, which I cannot now add anything more to being called upon to goe to church, and therefore shall conclude with my hearty prayers for your health, and remaine

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[1] Finch and Baines returned to England early in the summer of 1664.

[1] Probably the Thomas Henshaw who is named by Sprat as one of the "several eminent persons of their common acquaintance" who in 1658 began to meet with the original members of the Oxford group in London, from which developed the Royal Society. Cf. Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* (1667), pp. 57, 137. A paper presented by him to the Society, *The History of the Making of Salt-Peter*, is given, pp. 260–276. He is possibly identical with the physician (spelled also *Ernshaw* and *Hernshaw*) frequently mentioned in the Rawdon-Conway correspondence, and spoken of by Rawdon (p. 288) as present in Ireland at the time of Jeremy Taylor's death. Adam Leathes, writing to Conway July 18, 1668 (*Cal. S.P. Ireland*, 1666–69, p. 629), speaks of Hernshaw as "one accounted of for as good a physician as any in Dublin."

[2] Cf. *The Philosophical Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle* (1725), III, 589: "The medicine, which I call *Ens Veneris*, made of strongly calcin'd and well dulcify'd colcothar of Dantzic vitriol, and elevated with sal-aromoniac into the form of a reddish sublimate." See also I, 79, 97, 374; III, 656–657.

[3] Roger Boyle, Baron Broghill, first Earl of Orrery, brother of Robert Boyle.

Eternally and most affectionately yours,
A. CONWAY.

146. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 27. No superscription.]

Sep. 9, 1664. Ragley.

My Dearest Deare,

I WRITT to you upon Sunday by your footboy, which I hope you have received, and should not have failed the post following if I had been able, which I suppose Maior Stroud gave you an account of, he went not from hence till last Wendsday after dinner. Tom Price came not hither with our goods till last night. Those things he brought the carriage comes to 16 li which I thought very dear. The hangings are up in my chamber but are something scanty, but I have so contrived it that what is wanting is behind the bed, so that I think they will doe very well when there is a border of wanscoat made round the roome below (because they are so short). I thank you for your care in providing some of that Elixer which you heard commended for the Head-ache, but I shall not be forward to make tryall of any medison upon the report of a confident mountebank nor though others may have found releife by it, except our cases were perfectly the same, and therefore you will not need to be very sollicitous of an oppertunity of sending it downe. I am more inclinable to take of Mr Boyles Ens veneris if you can procure me any quantity of it from himself, especially if he shall encourage me to it upon your discourse with him and give me his directions, because I know he is an ingeneous person, and I have read what he writes of it in his experimentall phylosophy, which book I borrowed of Dr Hernshaw, and doe hope you will doe me the favour to buy it for me because I like it, as also his other bookes lately printed, which I have not but hear much commended from divers persons. Will Price his widow dined here today. She desired me to lett her know, as soone as I had notice of the time of your coming downe, that she might send for a brother of hers which lives 20 miles off that he might help her in the settling of the accounts betweene you and her husband. Mr Foxcroft was here also this day with his two sonns, who presents his service to you. I thought to have delivered his mare to him but Frank contrary to my knowledge was rid out with her, to accompany Maior Stroud who they tell me intended to take him with him to Chester which if he doth (and he is not yet returned) he can not be here till next week, and so I have lost this oppertunity, for Mr Foxcroft stays at Auster[1] but this night. I know not whether I shall see his wiffe before she leaves the country. She is so perplexed with the thoughts of parting from her husband, who goes suddenly upon an employment to the East Indies,[2] but he sayes he will perswade her to come hither when he leaves Coventry (which will be about 10 dayes hence) and so stay till I goe up to London. I think you have done well to give Mr Woodshaw directions to make the house ready against our going up, pray give him order to put that little closett which my Lady Mary Sheldon took out of my chamber (as thinking it to long) into it againe, for I shall not have that exception to it. I should be glad to know if my brother H. Finch doth hear from my brother John. If he doth I suppose he gives him some account of the time he designes to spend in Padua. I suppose by this time my Lord of Orrery is returned, and determined as to his returne into Ireland, and therefore I hope your next will resolve me of your owne comming downe. My Lady is very importunate that you should ingage your Gardener to come to Ragley before he goes into Ireland, that he may give some good directions to hers for the ordering of her fruit, indeed I think it but necessary for her little vineyard is like to come to nothing without his assistance, she would also have some cider made by him. My Lady says both he and his wiffe may be very well accommodated whilest they stay here in a house hard by. I perceive you have given order for orenges and lemmons, if they be not already sent, I could wish half a dozen bottles of good canary were sent with them because there is none that is good to be had at Auster, and last night I adventured upon Ens veneris which Dr Hernshaw had in 3 or 4 spoonfuls of sack, but he hath but a little quantity of it. By this time I suppose I have quite tyred you, it is therefore time to reassure you that I am

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[1] Alcester.

most affectionately and eternally yours,
A. Conway.

147. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 218. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley these."]

C.C.C. Sept. 12, [1664].

Madame,

I have receiv'd yours from Ragley, as also that from Dublin before, to which I forbore to give my answer, partly because your Ladiship was upon your journey, but mainly because I could not make any promise of visiting you at Ragley at the time you desired: And am glad my forbearing to write to the contrary, gave such hope as was anything serviceable for the making your long journey less tedious to you. I am exceeding glad to hear of your safe arrival at Ragley againe, and am nothing so sensible of any injury from my Adversaries as that I was necessarily so long detain'd at London the last time I was there that I have run out within a week or ten dayes all the time that I have statutably allow'd me to be absent from the Colledge, and so by consquence am depriv'd of that exceeding great happiness of waiting upon your Ladiship at this time to kisse your hand, and bid you welcome againe into England. Besydes that for the present I am attaqued by a Quartan, it has offer'd to seize me these three or four times, and the last assault has been more suspicious. I shall see what it will doe this next day. If it should take fast seizure on me, indeed, as some think it will, I shall be lay'd up for all this winter. But I hope it will not, though a mans well day is no fitt time to judge of such events. The truth is I am not much affrayd of an ague, but could rather desire 4 or 5 good lusty fitts to expurgate, by fermentation, those terrestriall and scorbuticall particles, that abound in my body, by reason of my long and anxious study and sedentary life. Some feare after symptoms of any Ague but I must confesse I do not, but having so spare and perspicable a body as I have I have a great confidence that such a disease would prove a welcome cure to me either by discharging my body of this terrene [flatulency?] and heavy melancholy, or els by discharging my soul of the burden of my body, though it be no very great one. But though I can not come in person to wayt upon your Ladiship, yett I have sent my Substitute, a copy of my late book,[1] which whyle your Ladiship reades, you converse with the best part of me, my minde and understanding, but a mans body has neither sense nor reason in it, and seeing that it is the instrument of the soul, is not more then a dead picture, not so much as one of Hoskins[2] drawing. I dare say it is not worth half so much. But if their be any thing in my book that may invite your Ladiships curiosity to read, lett me intreat you to do itt moderately, that you may not prejudice your health by over-much or over-long attentivenesse to any thing. I gott my books, for greater speed, to be bound at London, so soon as I heard of your return, which was last Thursday. I know not whether they will be so handsome as our Cambridge binding, but I hope the present will be never the less accepted from

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[2] As agent of the East India Company. See below, p. 271.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

I am sorry your Ladiship had so excessive a fitt on water. I hope your returne to Ragley will contribute much to the recovery of that share of health you lost in Ireland. Lett me beg of your Ladiship to present my Lady your Mother with the enclos'd. I have sent her also a book.

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148. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 28. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at Mr Waits house in Kingstreet at the three black posts over against Bedford-street end in Covent-Garden, London."]

Sep. 13, 1664. Ragley.

My dearest deare,

I was informed Mr Rob. Boyle lived in London, when I gave you the trouble of mentioning his medison, but if he is in Oxford,[1] I shall be glad if you come down that road, that you may have some discourse with him about it, and procure me some quantity of it, which if he should not have by him, yet he can direct you to buy it of those he knows to prepare it right. (Dr. Hernshaw had his of one that lives at Oxford in whose house Mr Boyle did live). Tis a medison of no great price but it seemes requires much care in the preparation. I am well pleased you resolve upon making your owne house ready against our going up, that we may not be at the trouble of taking lodgings. I think you will doe well to appoynt Mr Woodshaw to take order about the providing of firing, candles, spicery and such necessarys, because he understands how to buy them at the best rates much better then Garret, and if such things are not provided before hand in such a proportion as may be guessed to serve us the winter, we shall pay much more, by buying them as we have occasion. I hope your gardener being with you, you will not forgitt to have your garden in order to be walked in, some one walk without doores being absolutely necessary to make me take delight in any place, though there be a gallery with in. I think it very convenient you should bespeak a coach (and I thought to have reminded you of it if you had not mentioned it) that it might be ready against we come. Whether my Lord Inchequins[2] coach maker be the best, or others, you will be best able to judge if you take notice of the coachs made by them. That which moved me to fancy him was the commendations he had for making of them easy, but a coach that is not very large will never be easy, and therefore I hope you will not dispence with that for the more ease to the horses. It will be convenient also that Mr Woodshaw take care to see that the seates of the coach be well fitted with the finest Downe, because when there is not speciall care taken about that, they always stuffe them with such feathers as are very uneasy. I have nothing more at present to add and therefore remaine

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[1] *A Modest Enquiry into the Mystery of Iniquity.*

[2] James Hoskins (d. 1664) the English miniature painter, uncle of Samuel Cooper. Cf. p. 482.

Most affectionately yours

A. CONWAY.

Pray appoynt Con to visitt Mrs Wotton and inquire of her if she hath heard anything since of the party I writt to her about.

149. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 30. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at Mr Waits house in Kingstreet at the three black posts over against Bedford street end in Covent-garden."]

Sep. 16, 1664. Ragley.

My Dearest Deare,

So soone as I received your letter, I sent for your groome, and gave him order to take up two horses from grasse, that they might be ready for his journy, but because you did not mention which you would have, I was forced to leave that to him. He intends to sett out from hence upon Munday morning early, and so reach Alisbury that night, and call for the horse you left there, and so be with you upon Tuesday. I am glad you intend to see Mr Boyle as you come downe, pray take his directions (if you can procure his medison) for the taking of it, both for the time he would have it to be continued, and the quantity, as also what vehicle he thinks most proper to give it in, because I fear sack may be to hott, that being hott it self. I should be glad to know also if he commends it in scurbuticall distempers. I wonder much my brother John writes to none of his friends. I thought my brother H. Finch heard constantly from him, though he hath not afforded me a letter a long time. My Lady is well pleased you intend to order your gardener to come hither after he hath put your garden in order there. I am apprehensive lest Dr More should not be well, or at least that he may not know how to direct a letter to me, because I have not heard from him since I writt. I desire you would send to his nephew to enquire after him, and acquaint him how he may direct his uncle to write to me. I heare your Brother intends to be here this week. We have had very fair weather here, I hope it will continue, that your journy may be the more pleasant. I remaine

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[1] On his return from Ireland in 1654, Boyle had settled at Oxford, where, with Wallis, Goddard, Wren, Wilkins, Ward, and others, he was engaged upon the experiments and discussions out of which grew the Royal Society.

[2] Murrough O'Brien, sixth Baron of Inchequin in Ireland, had been advanced to the earldom in 1661.

most affectionatly and eternally yours,

ANNE CONWAY.

If you could conveniently bring downe with you Riverius his practice of Physick and universall body of phisick sett out by Culpeper,[1] I should be glad to have them here, having left those I had with Mr Brooks.

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150. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 196. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Auster in Warwickshire."]

Madame,

THIS is onely to informe your Ladiship that I have receiv'd your last. And that I am very glad to hear that it will not be long till you come to London. My Lord wrote me word that he was in this last week to return to Ragley and shortly to bring you down to London. Where God willing I will not faile to wayt upon you. The good newes of your safe arrivalls again into England, was so sovereign a cordiall to invigorate my blood and spiritts, that I persuade myself that it contributed very much to the chacing away my quartain and hindering it from seizing upon me, so as most feared it would. I am I thank God pretty well now, and do verily believe that my Quartan is quite gone, and should be exceeding glad to hear that your Ladiship has recover'd any health or strength since your return into English Ayre. I did not intend to write much at this bout, but onely to try whether my letter will find the way to Ragley by the post. Wch if it doe in my next you may hear more from

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[1] *The Practice of Physick in seventeen . . . books, by N. Culpeper, A. Cole, W. Rowland, Being chiefly a translation of the works of L. Riverius* . . . (London, 1655).

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant

H. More.

C.C.C. Sept. 24 [1664]

151. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 264. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley these. Leave these with Mr Con Magennis at Mr Verney's shop a Barber over against the new Exchange in the Strand."]

Madame,

This is onely to inform your Ladiship that I have receiv'd your last letter, and how sorry I am that it bringes no better tydings touching your health. I was in good hope that your returne into English Ayre would contribute something towards a better enjoyment of your health then in Ireland, but am my self surpriz'd that you are againe so suddenly seized with more then ordinary sicklinesse. But I hope in time your Ladiship may at least recover to that measure of health you had before you went into Ireland. A Doctour here, though not of Physick but of Law, was telling me what good efficacy Coffy[1] has for the taking away of the headache. I know not whether your Ladiship has as yett ever made the experiment. It is a dryer and in that regard may not be improper it may be. But this malady has non-pluss'd so many Physicians and medicines, that it makes a man have a little heart to propose any thing. But it is some relief to my minde, that your Ladiship gives me the hopes of seeing you notwithstanding within so competent a time, which also is a pledge of some hopes of the amendment of your health. I am, I praise God, pretty secure of my Quartan, having had no fitt since I wrote last to your Ladiship, though I have forborne to venture out into the publick, but yett have taken my seasonable walks into the fields when the weather has been inviting. But when I come to London it will be wholly and solely to wayt upon your self and my Lord, otherwise I can divertize my self well enough and better for fresh ayre here then at London, and do half persuade my self that I have sett my Quartan packing by enjoying my studies in a more than ordinary career since I was assaulted with it. For I have renew'd my acquaintance with such Mathematicall Theorems as I was in some measure conversant in before I fell a Theologizing, which was so long, that I had almost forgott all that little I knew in Geomettry [but?] which I have recovered with some advantage, and my health, I hope, into the bargain. But all humaine things are very uncertaine and therefore not to be reckoned upon, no not whyle a man has them. That God would restore you to health, and that you may have a safe and prosperous journey to London are the hearty desires of

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[1] See p. 114.

Dear Madam

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

Henry More.

C.C.C. Octobr 17, [1664]

Madame lett me beg the favour of presenting my very humble service to my Lady your Mother and to my Lord.

152. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CIV.*, No. 16.]

My most honor'd Lord,

It is impossible for me to conjecture in what part of the World you make your abode, and therefore not having any Direction to find you, your Lordship in charity ought to excuse my want of addresses, especially knowing how much of my Soul is alwayes with your Lordship as an attendant. I thought to have gone to Paris this Winter; but finding some convenience here for our studies[1] which that place cannot afford us, and not knowing whether your Lordship hath yet left Ireland, I thought that from hence wee might arrive time enough into England in the Spring. My Lord so soon as I shall understand where your Lordship is fixed, I shall not want in rendering frequent Devotions which though they should not be acceptable to your Lordship yet must be render'd by me who am a tributary to your goodnesse. To tell your Lordship how absolute a power you have over me were to speak something that lookes so like what others speake that mean not what they say, that instead of telling your Lordship that I am entirely your servant, [I] would have your Lordship tell me that I am so: for as I dare appeal to your own justice, which must needs give sentence in my favour, so the promulgating of it by your selfe and owning me in that quality would be the entire satisfying of the ambition of him who is

Your Lordships most entirely devoted servant and

affectionate Brother,

John Finch.

Padova, Novembr 2, '64

153. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 200. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley Lodge near Auster in Warwickshire. Leave these at the post house in Coventry." No date; evidently, from the following letter, written early in March, 1664–65, from Conway's London house.]

Madame,

This is onely, according to promisse, to informe your Ladiship how we are here.

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[1] Finch and Baines had been studying anatomy in various hospitals in Italy. In December, 1663, Finch returned to his former post as lecturer on anatomy at Pisa.

We have gott safe, God be thanked hither, and though I was sore sick, as I may say so by the way the first two dayes, yett this last brought me well with my Lord, who God be thanked, was very well all the way we came. We wanted nothing but your Ladiships excellent good company on our journey, which want also destroys the pleasantness of the noble furniture of the house and delightfulness of the Garden. But I hope it will not be long wanting, though my self shall not in likelyhood enjoy it. I finding two letters so earnestly hastening me away to Cambridge. My Lord is gone out this night, and I feare will not return soon enough to write, but he sayd urgently he would next Tuesday. In the mean time, according to his commands I have sent the inclosed, which was to have come to you before. The letter speakes the buisinesse. But there is yett another which he gave me in charge, which was to desire you to send word to Tho. Round that the reason the Irish beasts have not yett come over is, because they could gett no sea men in the North part of Ireland to transport them for fear of being press'd, which made them go on towards Dublin to finde those that would there. As for my affaires they stand thus, if they are worth taking notice of. That book that was sayd to be sent to be licens'd so many weeks, or rather some four weeke ago, is not as yett offer'd to the presse, or to the licenser (which is just as I foretold you) nor likely to be in hast so far as I understand by T.S. letter.[1] There will be a *feat embaras* in this buisinesse. Thats a word I learnt by going into France with your Ladiship, but I need leave the certifying of spelling of it to you, if I have missed, but our affaires will stick as two coaches in a strait way, that are a mutuall hinderance to one another. That is the thing I would have sayd, though I would not have it done. That other book so long threaten'd against me,[2] I found here ready to welcome me to London, with the judgment not onely of him that sent it me, but of the whole University as I am informed, viz. That it is the most villainous libell for insolency and the ordures of language, for wrathfulness and maliciousness of spiritt, for the perpetuall cavillings of its pretended reasonings that ever saw the light with the name of an Authour and the leave of an Imprimatur. This is the character relation that goes of it (as I am inform'd) generally at the University. And I thank God I am not a jott mov'd with the abuse of the writer. Their infamy will return upon their own heads. But I am not fallen upon by one hand alone, I am spar'd by neither sexe. For I am also inform'd that the Marchionesse of Newcastle[3] has in a large book[4] confuted Mr Hobbs, Des Cartes, and myself, and (which will make your Ladiship at least smile at the conceit of it) Van Helmont also to boot. This is all for the present, saving that I am as ever

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[1] Thomas Standish, later Master of Christ's College. It is impossible to conjecture what this book was. As More's letters suggest, he and other latitudinarians were the target for numerous attacks during the early Restoration years.

[2] From succeeding letters, this seems to have been *Some Observations upon the Apologie of Dr. Henry More for his Mystery of Godliness,* by Joseph Beaumont, who was at this time Master of Peterhouse. He and More had been practically contemporaneous at Cambridge until Beaumont's ejection in 1644. During his retirement at Hadleigh, Beaumont composed his poem *Psyche,* which was published in 1648, and has been more than once compared with More's earlier *Psychozoia.* Beaumont returned to Cambridge in 1662. He seems to have been one of the most active of the group which criticized the moderation and rationalism of the Cambridge Platonists. After the publication of More's *Grand Mystery of Godliness,* Beaumont wrote a series of *Objections* to which More replied in his *Apology.* Cf. p. 177.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships humble devoted servant,

Hen. More.

I pray you Madame, present my very humble service to my Lady your Mother with my very hearty acknowledgements for her great civilitys at Ragley. Madame, I had like to forgott one principal thing I thought of which is to desire your Ladiship to forbeare reading any thing that has any consyderable difficulty in it, though your head will permitt it, but husband your strength as much as possibly you can, that you may the better recruit your strength.

154. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 32. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at his house in Queene-street. Leave these with Mr Sissons at the Post-office in Covent-Garden. London."]

My dearest dear,

If it had not been to give this enclosed a conveyance, I should scarce have writt this post, but I am not sorry for this occasion both in regard I may be prevented the next, by being worse then I am at present (my condition athreatening it at this time) as also because I am willing to remind you as soone as possible of what I mentioned here that you would doe me the favour to see if my Lord of O[rrery][1] his interest in the Arch Bishops or Lord Chancellor may procure D.M.[2] a prebends place in Westmester, or some better preferment, more sutable to his deserts. I doubt not of your using your utmost endeavours in it, and I shall be very glad to hear what may be expected from them, when you have conferred about it. Pray present him my hearty affection and services and hasten to me the good newes of both your safe arrivals in towne, and let me know what Dr Willis said to Con if he mett with him. I pray God keep you in health. I remaine,

Most entirely and affectionatly yours,

A. Conway.

March 10, 1664[5] Ragley.

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[3] Margaret (Cavendish), afterward Duchess of Newcastle. See p. 178.

[4] *Philosophicall Letters: or Modest Reflections upon some Opinions in Natural Philosophy, maintained by several Famous and Learned Authours of this Age. . . . By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle* (London, 1664).

[1] Roger Boyle, Baron Broghill, first Earl of Orrery.

[2] Evidently, "Dr More."

If any of my friends seems to take it ill I doe not write to them, I must desire you to make my excuse for I am not enough at ease to write many letters.

155. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 250. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley these. Leave these with Mr Garret at my Lord Conwayes house in Queen street."]

Madame,

About three weeks ago I wrote to yourself and to my Lord. Which letters I suppose came to both your hands. I heard of my Lords going down and your sudden designe of going to the Bath, which made me in hopes that your Ladiship was consyderably better then you were when I was with you. But I hear of the frequency of your fitts since my Lords return for which I am very sorry. I must recurr to my old advise that you would study very little. I am glad Mrs Foxcroft is with you. I hope she will divert you with some confabulations or other. I could heartily wish myself with your Ladiship againe, if it were not for those crosse statutes of the Colledge. But some friends have been so buisy lately with their might and spight, that they had like to have given me a long play day. They articled very peevishly against Dr Cudworth, butt their chief design so farr as I see was against me. This is no more then strategem of the old Serpent, to putt Christians into beasts skins and then to worry them. The first they did in that infamous pamphlet,[1] the second they attempted in this mischievously ment assault. But the Archbishop, as I am informed, has suppressed this designe, and understands pretty well the imperviousnesse and bigotisme of some of my Adversaries. So that I keep the saddle yett, though not in a journey to Ragley. I have layd asyde all thoughts of answering that foul Pamphlet, and the rather because I understand it will please the Archbishop of Canterbury the better. If it were not for the personall lyes in it, I should not weigh it a straw, for all their enquirys were answered before they were writt if any reads the Apologia with his Observations. I must aske your Ladiships pardon for an omission in my last, that I forgott to tell you that Dr Ridsley made that powder himself, and how sorry he was that it had so ill effect with your Ladiship. He had tryde it often he sayd, and never knew it have any such effect. The party I had in my eye for Ireland is or is suspected so far entangled in marriage-ventures that I am affrayd I shall be quite disappointed of all hope of dealing with him. I am dressing up my Ethicks[2] as your Ladiship phrases it. I hope I shall have transcrib'd all within this 3 weekes or there abouts. For writing is very tedious to me. I long to hear some good newes from your Ladiship of some amendment of your health, then which nothing can come more acceptable to

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. April 24, [1665?]

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[1] Probably Beaumont's, already referred to. *Philosophiae Rudimenta complectens* . . .

[2] *Enchiridion Ethicum, praecipua Moralis* (1667).

I had sent Dr Hernshaw the book he spoke to me of, writt against Dr Willis, but I find it of no esteem at all. I suppose Mr Wilson hath receiv'd a copy of my book which I left with Mr Garrett[3] for him. I pray you Madam present my very humble service to my Lady your Mother, and to my Lord, who I hope will take it well that I do not afflict him with my bad hand.

156. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 191. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley in Warwickshire these. Leave these with Mr Garret at my Lord Conways house in Queen street. London."]

Madame,

I WAS infinitely recreated with the sight of your Ladiships letter so soon as I saw the superscription, it giving me the hopes of some considerable degree of recovery out of your late tedious distemper, but when I had perused the contents, my joys were much abated. I pray God send you good of your Opium[1] for I never phancyed such kind of medicines. But we must believe Artists in their own art. The weather begins now to be very hott which necessarily should contribute to the easing of your paines, and your body as much as any medicine. I earnestly desire to hear better newes concerning your Ladiships health. But the more calamityes a man is surrounded with it screws up a mans mind so much the higher, to lay hold on such things as neither the dysposition of Nature nor the malice of the Devill or man can disturb us in. Wherefore Madame I beseech you do not grieve nor lament any troubles you conceive are intended for me from the rage or spight of my adversaries. For to tell you the truth I am very little or nothing myself troubled at them. They will either upbraid to me the want of virtue, if I be unprovided and begett it in me, or exercize that I have, to the glory of God and my unspeakable comfort. I hope I am provided for greater evills then it will be in their power to bring upon me in hast. I believe they have a great mind to sue me out of my fellowship if they can, and out of the University. This week, I think this very day does R.W.[2] bring his accusation against Dr Cudworth and the Colledge I think where I suppose he will not spare me if he can in any way injure me. But I thank God I am not at all disquieted with any feare whatsoever, being well assured not onely of my own integrity and innocency, but that I shall suffer for well doing, and that which I would not have undone again coelum ruat. I know whose servant I am, it is he that is faythfull and true, and I am resolv'd, with his assistance to be so to him. I am still of your Ladiships opinion touching that pamphlet, and shall not meddle with it unlesse I finde they would build upon it as a ground to do me mischeif, as if it had prov'd me still guilty of those doctrines that the Objections would fix upon me. If the intended answer to my Mystery of Iniquity proves as sober as the person is represented that makes it, I shall have it may be, an engagement there to a Reply. But till I see it I can determine nothing beforehand.

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[3] The "Mr. Garrett" who is frequently mentioned in the superscription of letters addressed to Conway's house in London; probably his agent.

[1] See p. 113.

[2] Ralph Widdrington.

My Lady of Newcastle has sent two more Folios of hers to furnish my study, the one of poems,[3] the other which is far the bigger, of letters wherein I am concern'd, above 30 of those letters being intended for a confutation of sundry passages in my writings.[4] She is by farr a more civill Antagonist then Dr Beaumont, I wish your Ladiship were rid of your headache and paines, though it were no exchange for those of answering this great Philosopher. She is affrayd some man should quitt his breeches and putt on a petticoat to answer her in that disguize, which your Ladiship need not. She expresses this jealousie in her book, but I beleave she may be secure from any one giving her the trouble of a reply. I think I did not signify in my last, that my Lord Maydstone, the Earl of Winshilseas son[5] is of our University. He and my Lord Hunstainton[6] was at my chamber not long since together with my Lord Robars his son.[7] I have had severall civill commendations from my Lord Hunsintons mother, who is Contesse of [Dover?] upon the account of my writings, who is really an understanding person, as I am very well informed. She is sister of Sir Robert Murray of the Kings Bedchamber.[8] Thus am I applauded on the one hand, whyle others fling brick batts at me or at least do *lapides loqui,* but there does nothing really wound me but your Ladiships paines and headache, which it should please God to give you some consyderable easement from it would more rejoyce me then any mischief my adversaries can do me can amate[9] or trouble me, though I think some of them would murder me if they could. But it is not yett that time of day, though I can not be assur'd, but they may desire things were in that condition. But I hope God will fortify me against all. Greater is he that is in us then he that is in the world. Your Ladiship can not be more desirous of my company then I am of being with you which shall be with the first opportunity; in the mean time that God would give you strength and patience and perfect submission and timely relief from it, this is the earnest prayer of

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

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[3] Probably the *Poems and Fancies* (1653), of which a new edition had appeared in 1664.

[4] See p. 179.

[5] William Finch, Viscount Maidstone, son of Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchilsea, was admitted Fellow Commoner at St. John's, in 1664.

[6] John Cary, fifth Baron Hunsdon and Earl of Dover, matriculated at St. John's in 1624; no son of his is mentioned in the *Alumni Cantabrigiensis.* His wife was Abigail, daughter of Sir William Cockayne, Lord Mayor of London; the Earl died in 1677, the Countess in 1667–68, and only one daughter is said to have survived infancy.

[7] The three older sons of Baron Robarts of Truro had all been More's pupils. (The name is spelled *Robarts* in the matriculation entries of the older boys, *Robartes* in the entries of the younger.) John was admitted in 1648, and died young; Robert was admitted in 1648, Hender in 1650. Two younger sons by the second marriage were also students at Christ's. More's reference here must be to Francis Robartes, the later musical composer and writer on the theory of sound. Charles Robartes was admitted in November, 1672.

[8] Sir Robert Murray (Moray) was the son of Sir Mungo Moray of Craigie in Perthshire.

[9] *Amate* (obsolete before 1700), "to dis-

C.C.C. May 15, [1665].
I never read [Pansophia?],[10] so that I can give no judgement of it. I will write againe to your Ladiship so soon as I see any issue of our affaires here. I pray you Madam present my very humble and affectionate service to my Lord. I shall now shortly send back Andronicus Rhodius[11] to Mr Garret. I believe Mr Garret took notice of my directions left with him of sending the book I left there to Mr Wilson. But it is very uncivill to trouble your Ladiship with the returne of any such things.

157. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 184. "To the Right honorable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley these. Leave these with Mr Garret at my Lord Conways house in Queen street, London."]

Madame,

In mine as I remember of May 15 I promised to give your Ladiship an account of that great affair of the Colledge which seemed to threaten so much danger to Dr Cudworth and myself, and though that buisiness be not over yett because the last hearing thereof is deferr'd till a fortnight hence I could not but take this opportunity of informing your Ladiship how things are likely to succeed. Dr Widdrington has charged Dr Cudworth with the utmost he can, with many things and most of them so petty that I hope his ill-will will be more manifested thereby then his power of doing any great mischeif. What concernes me in this charge is only discontinuance. To which the answer was given in (all is transacted in writing), that besydes my sicknesse, it did not appear that I had discontinued more then is allowable by Articles. To which R. Widdrington declin'd to make any reply. For I was pretty well armed against him, in that examining the Manciples book I found that my discontinuances the last year had not been so much but that adding that part of my late discontinuance at Ragley which reach'd to New Years day, hereto, would fall within the allowance of the Articles. And then from New Years day till my return to the Colledge, it was not passing two or three days at most above the Statutes allowance. But I know now how it came to passe, that it was bruited in the town that Dr Widdrington had layd a charge against me that I had discontinued one whole day above the allowance of the Statutes, as I was told by some friends at my chamber. I do not conceive any danger this bout, but we shall see more certainly about a fortnight hence what will become of all. My great solicitude is about your Ladiships health. It would be an instante relief to my minde to hear that you had any ease from either the season of the year or any medicine.

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may, daunt, dishearten." Cf. Charles I, *Answ. Declar.*, May 19, 1642: "The great labour still hath beene used to amate and afright Our good Subjects." *NED.*

[10] Possibly Petrus Laurenbergius, *Pansophia, sive Paedia Philosophica* (Rostoch . . . 1633).

[11] Probably *Paraphrasis in Ethica Nichomachia, Graece, Latine, per Heinsium* (Lugd. Bat. 1607, 1617), the only one of the works of Andronicus published in England at this time.

That God would strengthen you and support you in all your paines and agonies, and sanctify your sicknesse unto you to the greatest advantages is the earnest prayer of

Dear Madam
Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,
HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. [Jun] 5, [1665]
I pray you Madame present my most humble service to my Lord, to my Lady your mother and the rest of the friends with you.

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158. *Lord Conway to Sir John Finch.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXLIX,* No. 84. Draft; no signature.]

[June, 1665]

My Dearest Brother,

It is so many ages since I have had the honor to write to you, that I finde my selfe under a load and weight, first to acknowledge the great obligations I owe you for the present of glasses and other rarityes which you sent me, though I have not beene so fortunat as to reseave them for they are all miscarryed, and 2ly to give you an account of those severall occurrences which have befallen us since our return in September last, wth a full expectation to have performed both these to you in person, but now I feare those hopes are condemned to an eternall night by the long employments which I forsee you will have in forreigne parts.

At my arrivall my Lord of Orrery setled me such an interest with Mr Secretary Bennett, now Lord Arlington,[1] as makes me dayly obliged to him for favors, among other things my Lord of Orrery told me he desired to setle a friendship betweene the Secretary and my Brother, the Solicitor. I that had no greater passion then to shewe that your friends could remember you in your absence made answer, that I could easily make as much pretended friendship as he wished, but I would not assure him of a reall friendship unlesse he made satisfaction for an iniury he had done to you about 2 yeares since, by promising my Brother an employment for you, and afterwards would not performe it. This falt was promissed to be redeemed and had been donne very opportunely upon the death of Mr. ONeile in the Kings Bedchamber[2] but that your being knighted rendred you uncapable thereof. Soone after his Lordship made you amends in Specie by that employment which you now enjoy,[3] and to tell you the truth he is a person of the greatest honor and merit that ever I was acquainted with in my life, and you will finde yourselfe more happy under his protection, then if you had had the choice of all the Court, for his Power and readinesse to oblige is greater then any mans.

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[1] Henry Bennet, afterward Earl of Arlington, who in 1663 was made a baron with the title of Lord Arlington.

[2] Daniel O'Neill, soldier, royalist, and postmaster-general died October 24, 1664. Cf. Pepys' entry for that day: "This day the great Oneale died: I believe to the content of all the Protestant Pretenders in Ireland." Edward Savage writing to Sancroft (*Harleian MSS* 3785, f. 19) said: "Mr. O'Neile of the Bedchamber dyed yesterday, very rich, and left his old lady all." The "old lady" was Lady Catherine Stanhope, Countess of Chesterfield, whose third husband O'Neill had been. In October, 1664, a warrant of the Lord Chamberlain admitted James Hamilton to be groom of the bedchamber in O'Neill's place.

My Wife hath never yet been able to reach London since she came into England, and now she writes to me that she intends for Bathe, so I am going to wait upon her thither. She hath been afflicted all this winter with paines in her body, especially on her right side which they call Scorbutick humors. Dr Willis[4] from Oxford hath been with her often, and is at present her Phisitian. She desired me to excuse her not writing to you, and to assure you, that nothing but an absolute incapacity should have hindred her. I pray let me heare from you.

I am now setled in my house in Queenstreet, and desire to heare from you as often as you can, for I may possibly be serviceable to you, some things I desire to know for my owne pleasure and satisfaction, as your entry, and reception, the rest relating to your service may be if any thing of importance betweene the English and Dutch should fall under your negotiation, and 2 ly I must tell you they build infinitely upon you for Intelligence in the discharge of which you will lay downe to your selfe the assured foundation of what ever you can desire from hence, and I hope bring you in to succeed Secretary Morrice[5] in his office, which I think more eligible[6] than removing to Constantinople. I am

Yours

[No signature.]

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159. *Henry More to Robert Boyle.*

[In *The Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle,* 1772, V, 512–513.]

Christ-Church College,[1] June 5, 1665.

Sir,

I RECEIVED your excellent Treatise of Cold a good while since, but deferred to return my thanks that, upon the perusal thereof, I might be enabled to do it the more amply. But my occasions have been, and still are, such, that I cannot yet give myself that full pleasure of thoroughly perusing so singular a treatise, and of so select a subject. But so far as I have gone, I am sure it affords extraordinary delight to the reader, and is no ways unworthy of so illustrious an author. Sir, you will infinitely oblige posterity, by the records of your so faithful and multifarious experiments which you have transmitted to them in your severall writings. They certainly are of far greater consequence, as your last has but justly taken notice, than the framing of any hasty hypotheses, though witty, and within some circuit of considerations, pretty coherent. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturae judicia confirmat;* it is the saying of Cicero somewhere, but an undoubted prognostic of a durable honour done to your name, whose repute with posterity must have no such firm foundation, than the constancy of nature, of which your writings will now find so true a copy, as that future appeals will be made to them amongst the learned, as to the judicature of nature herself. This is the due acknowledgment, that all the world owes you, but none can make more readily and willingly than,

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[3] In March, 1665, Finch had been appointed Charles II's Resident at Florence at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

[4] See p. 16.

[5] Sir William Morice, Secretary of State since 1660. He was frequently criticized for his lack of familiarity with foreign languages and his ignorance of foreign affairs. In 1668 he resigned his office and retired from active life.

[6] "Think more eligible" has been substituted for "I should like better."

[1] The editor has so misread More's usual abbreviation, "C.C.C."

Honoured Sir,

your most humble, and affectionate friend and servant,

H. More.

160. *Henry More to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.*

[In *A Collection of Letters and Poems, written by several Persons of Honour and Learning, upon divers important Subjects, to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle* . . . 1678, p. 90.]

Madam,

I was very much surpriz'd when your Servant saluted me from so Illustrious a personage; but when he produced those noble Volumes as an intended Testimony of your Ladiships respect, the unexpectedness of so great an honour made me suspect the Messenger of a mistake, and that he presented me with what was meant fitter for the Colledge, or at least to some more worthy and considerable person than myself. But he persisting still in the same story, my doubts were swallowed up into admiration of your Ladyship's singular and unparaleled goodness; which seems to me to be Corrival with that excellency of your Wit, and to seek an equal share of Glory in searching out Objects of such condescending Acts of Civility and Bounty in these obscure corners of Academical Retirement, as the other in piercing into the greatest difficulties and the most dark and abstruse Recesses of Philosophy. Madam I humbly crave pardon for my boldness, and impatience that I offer so hastily to return thanks for so eminent a Favour, before I have well computed the value thereof, nor as yet fitly polished and adorned my Stile, by a longer converse with your Ladyship's most Elegant and Ingenious Writings. But the cause of defects in this kind being so freely confessed, your noble candour will be pleased to accept the rude reality of these speedy acknowledgements, made by

Thrice-Excellent Madam,

Your Ladyship's most Humble and Thankfull Admirer,

C.C.C. June 9, [1665] Henry More.

161. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 234. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley in Alcester near Warwickshire. Leave these at the post house in Coventry."]

C.C.C. [June] 29, [1665]

Madame,

I received a letter from Mrs Foxcroft at Ragley, wherein I understand how ill your Ladiship is handled with your sickness and paines. Which is a very great affliction to my self to hear of. I pray God support your Spiritt, and enable you to go through so great a triall, with due patience and submission to Divine Providence. It is the abundance of your kindness to me that you are so solicitous concerning my affaires here, and the opposition of my Adversaries. Of which I have wrote two letters, the one May 15, the other June 5. Neither of which Mrs Foxcroft takes notice of in her letter. Indeed the second she could not have [hers] bearing but the date of June 6, though I received it but the last week. So that I am in some hopes it may not have miscarry'd. In that letter I signifyde to your Ladiship that the maine charge was intended against Dr Cudworth, Dr Widdrington loading him with whatever his malice could invent or catch at. But it is the judgement of all men that I hear say any thing, that the things are so frivolous and so common to all, that it can not amount to any danger to him. I am collaterally concerned in this charge but onely as to the point of Discontinuance. But I have this advantage, that my late Discontinuance at Ragley did so divide it self into the last year and this current, that I have not transgressed the statute above 2 or 3 dayes. Some in the town to make sport with it reported at the coffy house, that R. Widdrington had layd a charge against me that I had discontinued a whole day above the allowance of the statute. The Master[1] gave in answer touching me that besydes that I had been ill of late, that it did not appear that I had discontinued otherwise then was allowable by statute: which R. Widdrington when he replyde to other thinges, declin'd to make any reply to, as finding, I suppose, himself at a losse to do any great hurt in that point. And this is the onely point that concerns me in the whole Charge. For other things the moderation of their Superiours and my own Integrity, I conceive, keepes them of. But Ra. Widdrington had petitioned the Archbishop against the Colledge as a seminary of Heretics. I perceive by Mrs Foxcrofts letter a desire in your Ladiship of my returning to Ragley, which I should willingly do but that I am necessarily detain'd here till my year expires, by reason that my allowance of time is more then spent already. Onely, if the plague should spread hither into the University, as they say it increaseth much in London,[2] then it will be free for every one to go whither he pleases. But my presuming to return there may happily look like a peece of rudeness rather then civility, though I should not make any stay here so soone as the plague once appeares to be in the town. And therefore I will not take that boldness upon me unless I have in the interim an express warrant and information that no one will be affrayd of it or dislike it. Wherefore if your Ladiship be not in case to write if any one els signify so much to me it shall suffice. Our Colledge buisiness is not yett over. There is one day more of hearing and then we shall have a fuller prospect of what will be the issue of it. But that day is not yett appointed. When there is further newes of this affaire you shall hear further from

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

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[1] Ralph Cudworth.

[2] The great plague of 1665.

I suppose Mr Garrett does still live in my Lords house in Queen street. If he left it before my last letter was sent that might occasion the miscarrying of it. If he be gone I must send by the post from Cambridge. I pray you Madam present my very humble service to my Lady your Mother and to my Lord. Mistress Foxcroft I suppose does not expect that I should write to her because I have writt all in this to your Ladiship, save onely my kind respects to her and to her son.[3] I sent his letter by my sizar to the Viceprovost of Kinges. I pray God keep you Madame and send you some consyderable ease from your paines.

162. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 275. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley in Warwickshire near Alcester." In another hand: "Leave this at Coventry."]

Madame,

I HAVE but just so much time to tell your Ladiship that I receiv'd Mrs Foxcrofts letter, and that it is likely, if the sickness come to Cambridge at the first appearance thereof I shall sett out towards Ragley. Concerning the Colledge affaire I know not what will be the end of it. A long rabble of accusations was fram'd by Dr Widdrington against Dr Cudworth, which the judges or Referees look upon as matters of small weight. But he has interserted one accusation at random, on purpose to seek a pretense to have the Masters accounts reaudited by the Vice-chancellour, whenas they are legally ratifyde by the Colledge. This is to pick quarrels and to finde a pretense of casting the charges of the late sute upon the Master. They push hard at the Latitude men as they call them, some in their pulpitts call them sons of Belial, others make the Devill a latitudinarian, which things are as pleasing to me as the raillery of a jack-pudding at one end of a dancing rope. For I understand not the looseness of their language nor whom they mean, nor what they would have. I believe to all sober men such thinges cannot but be unsavoury. But the world is the world, which could make no good man afrayd to leave it, and to come into the order of a better scheme. But so long as I am in it and forever I am

Dear Madame,

Yours most affectionately

H. MORE.

C.C.C. Jul. 10, [1665]

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[3] Ezekiel Foxcroft, Fellow of King's College.

CHAPTER FIVE

Valentine Greatrakes

I.

ALL too frequently, during the years that followed, More had reason to recall his forebodings. His had not been a solitary voice; other prophets had cried through England that the day of judgment was at hand. In 1665 and 1666 they bowed their heads submissively, and with grim triumph proclaimed to the cowering world: "Behold the wrath of God!" Plague and fire in fatal succession devastated the land. Two hundred years later, Huxley dispassionately pronounced judgment against the faults of the seventeenth century which had actually brought the punishment upon their heads; but had a Huxley in 1666 dared to declare "that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, Divine Judgment, than the fire was the work of any political, or any religious sect; that they were themselves the authors of both plague and fire, and that they must look to themselves to prevent the recurrence of calamities, to all appearance so peculiarly the result of the wrath of God, or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy"[1]—had he so declared in 1666, he would have been fearfully condemned by a shuddering and stricken multitude, to whom fire and plague were alike the personal instruments of God's vengeance—though whether directed against anti-Protestant Papists, bigoted Puritans, dissolute Cavaliers, or mankind in general seemed a trifle doubtful.

Sternly submissive to the justice of God in all things that touched the nation or his own life, More could understand that fire and plague together were insufficient punishment for men who openly dared God's wrath; he could with profound humility convict his own soul of unforgivable sins; but as so often before, he found his mind torn by the conflict between Reason and Passion when he surveyed his blameless friend—"scarce anything to be found like her, since the Primitive times of the Church."[2] Yet the microcosm of Ragley reflected the disturbance of the macrocosm; and Anne Conway's "little world of man" strove to "outscorn the to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain." Even the insensitive Heneage Finch, feeling the terror of "this dreadfull time of Mortality," took occasion to write one of his infrequent epistles to his brother-in-law, begging him to assure him that all was well at Ragley.[3]

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[1] *On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge* (1866). Sprat, in his *History of the Royal Society,* took a position not essentially different from that of Huxley (cf. ed. 1722, pp. 120–124). The opposition which his work aroused came largely from such passages as this, in which he showed himself in advance of the orthodox position of the generation.

[2] Ward, *Life,* p. 208.

[3] *S.P. Dom., Car. II, CXXXI,* No. 15.

Lady Conway's sufferings had never been so great in all the years of her illness; indeed, for the first time, More makes use of the word *agonies* to describe them. The pain was constant; the paroxysms more frequent. Yet she refused to be confined entirely to her own room, walking daily in the garden when her strength permitted (she had written to her husband, "I hope . . . you will not forgitt to have your garden in order to be walked in, some one walk without doores being absolutely necessary to make me take delight in any place, though there be a gallery within"); occasionally even venturing farther abroad in her great coach lined with softest down ("Take care," she wrote,[4] "to see that the seates of the coach be well fitted with the finest Downe, because when there is not speciall care taken about that, they always stuffe them with such feathers as are very uneasy"). Once at least, as her letters show, Lady Clifton came with her children to Ragley, and the sisters met for the first time since their mother's death. Most human of all is the glimpse Anne Conway gives us in these letters of a situation any woman will recognize with amused sympathy—"contriving" the hangings of her room so that the casual eye shall not realize that she had not had enough material.[5] Not only did she keep up the duties of her household in spite of intense pain, but she found time for reading and writing, and even set herself new intellectual fields to conquer. Conway, inviting Heneage Finch to be their guest in August, 1665, remarked:[6] "She hath been very little out of her Chamber this summer, except it be sometimes to take the ayre in her coach, you will finde little alteration in her countenance or strength. She is fallen very hard to the learning of Greek, but that she endures extremities of paine, though not alwayes alike, is not to be doubted."

Of the plague itself during that dreadful summer, there is little mention in the "Conway Letters," for at the first warning of its arrival in Cambridge, the University had been disbanded, and More, upon the insistence of the Conways, had gone to Ragley. Conway, too, left the city as soon as possible. In his letters alone do we find some details. His seemingly callous preoccupation with his "goods" rather than with human life is entirely characteristic of this period when men were hardened by habit to the daily loss of life. But because Warwickshire remained, as Conway says, "yet very free," there is nothing in these papers to approach the vividness of the first-hand accounts we find in Pepys, with the gradually increasing horror from the first entry on, "the hottest day that ever I felt in my life," when he noted, "This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind, that, to my remembrance, I ever saw." The growing toll Pepys reflects in his careful statistics week by week. "Forty last night," he remarks, "the bell always going." It is Pepys, too, who gives us the best picture of London become a city of dead men, deserted by all the living who could find means or opportunity to leave, peopled only by ghosts and men haunted by ghosts.[7]

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[4] P. 229.

[5] P. 226.

[6] P. 266.

[7] *Diary,* June 7, August 15, August 16, August 26, 1665.

There is little of this in the sparse accounts from Warwickshire; but the year, for another reason, marked an epoch in the lives of the Conways. Every known sort of treatment having been tried and found ineffectual, the desperate Viscountess was only too willing to make use of any means for relief. Therefore the news of strange and almost miraculous cures in Ireland, reported in the news-books, seemed to come in answer to prayer. Conway himself makes the first mention of what was to be an extraordinary episode not only in the life at Ragley, but in the lives of thousands of men and women in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and London, which was to cause excitement in the Royal Society, and which even the judicious Mr. Attorney Finch declared "made the greatest faction and disturbance between clergy and laymen that any one has these 1000 years."[8] On July 26, 1665, Conway wrote to his brother-in-law of "one Mr. Valentine Gertrux, of Youghall, in Munster, that is said to cure all diseases by the touch, or stroking of his hand." His scanty information may be supplemented by the autobiographical account of himself which Valentine Greatrakes later wrote in his own defense.[9] He had been born on February 14, 1628, the son of William Greatrakes of Affane in the County of Waterford "one that had liberal education and a competent estate left him by his father." His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knight, one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland. It was she who directed her son's education after the early death of his father. Greatrakes attended the free school of Lismore, which had been erected by Robert Boyle's father, the Earl of Cork; he had been designed for the university, but the rebellion forced him, with his mother and the younger children to escape into England, where an uncle provided for him. In Devon he studied "Humanity and Divinity" with "a learned and reverend man, John Daniel Getseus, an High-German minister." But the uncle died; and the mother had younger children to provide for. Greatrakes therefore resolved to return to Ireland and throw in his lot with his native country. Necessity, in the form of Cromwell's orders, drove him into the army, and he became a lieutenant in the regiment of the Earl of Orrery. When, in 1657, the greater part of the army was disbanded, Greatrakes retired to country life, and at Affane, the home of his ancestors, devoted himself to his "little estate," which he improved to such an extent that, he said, "I thank God I live as comfortable as he that has thousands."

These details were necessary in Greatrakes' account to disprove the charges that enemies brought against him in England, that he was an illiterate and ignorant mountebank, an indigent beggar, who, by lying and deception, had imposed upon thousands of credulous people. During all these years, Greatrakes continues, he had had no intimation of any unusual powers in himself. But shortly after the Restoration, a change took place. "About four years since," he writes, "I had an impulse, or a strange persuasion in my own mind (of which I am not able to give any rational account to another) which did very frequently suggest to me that

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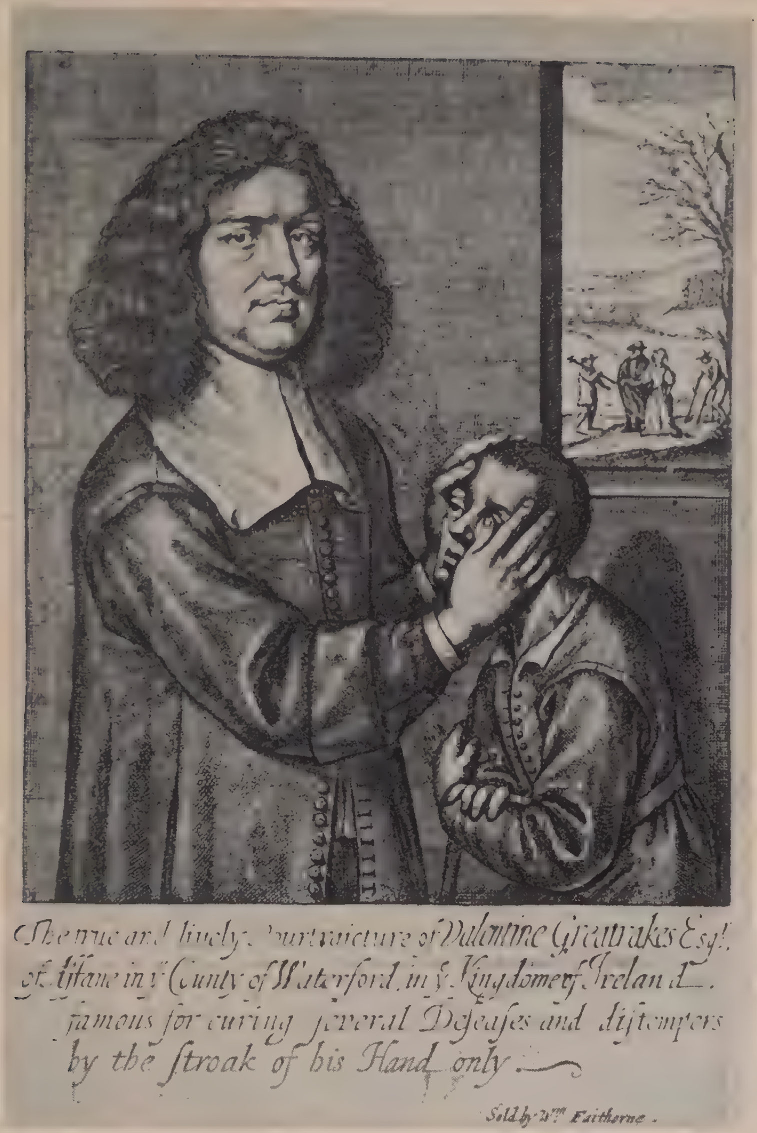
[8] *Rawdon Papers*, p. 211.

[9] *A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatraks, and Divers of the Cures by him lately performed. Written by himself in a letter addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq* (London, 1666). The "stroker's" name is variously spelled Greatrakes, Gertrux, Greatraks, Gertorex, Greatorex.


The true and lively Pourtraicture of Valentine Greatrakes Esq.r
of Affane in ye County of Waterford, in ye Kingdome of Ireland.
famous for curing ſeveral Deſeaſes and diſtempers
by the ſtroak of his Hand only.
Sold by Wm Faithorne.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES, THE IRISH "STROKER"

From A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatraks . . . written by himself, *1666*.

there was bestowed upon me the gift of curing the Kings-Evil, which for the extraordinariness of it, I thought fit to conceal for some time, but at length I communicated this to my wife, and told her, I did verily believe that God had given me the blessing of curing the King's Evil; for whether I were in private or publicke, sleeping or waking, still I had the same impulse; but her reply was to me, That she conceived this was a strange imagination."

The impulse was stronger than his wife's skepticism, and he at last made an experiment which he describes in detail, as the result of which he proved to the satisfaction of his wife and his neighbors that he did possess the mysterious faculty. At the evidence of this gift, he says, "My heart melted into tears." Rumors of his power spread rapidly throughout the districts round about, and people came for many miles to be "touched" for their diseases, for, as his capacities grew, he found himself able to cure not only one, but many ills. He declared proudly that he had never taken money for a cure, and that he had made use of his extraordinary power only for the purpose for which God had intended it. His fame in Ireland was therefore primarily among the poor and illiterate; at first those higher in the social scale merely shrugged their shoulders. Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Dublin, in his reply to Conway's inquiries on July 29, 1665,[10] indicates the usual point of view. Conway, however, was not discouraged by the Archbishop's skepticism. A more diplomatic and potent intermediary was found in Greatrakes' commanding officer, the Earl of Orrery, who appealed to the healer on the score of his sympathy for the suffering. Greatrakes was moved; but he still hesitated. The journey to England, particularly in midwinter, was unpleasant if not actually dangerous, his time of return uncertain. Meanwhile there was the "little estate" and there were his wife and children. The Earl of Orrery suggested a substantial reward, which Greatrakes at first scornfully refused. But the tactful Earl at last prevailed; the money, he assured Greatrakes, would be given him, not in payment for his mysterious power, but as compensation for the expenses which his absence from home would inevitably entail. After some hesitation, Greatrakes agreed, and the arrangements were made.

Early in January Valentine Greatrakes embarked. It seemed for a time that his worst fears were to be realized: for several days the ship was tempest-tossed in the Channel, and off Lizard Point was driven so far from its course that it was feared the rotten vessel would go to the bottom. One of the sailors Greatrakes always remembered—a Papist, "whose ignorance," he says, "I pitied; but whose zealous trust in the protection of the Virgin and St. Nicholas I failed not to admire; forasmuch as when all others were clamoring for wives and parents, this sailor quietly prayed and showed no concern."[11] Greatrakes arrived at Ragley on January 27, 1665. "It was a dull day, threatening snow, and a sharp north wind had fringed the river Arrow with ice; but a knot of people, chiefly tenants on the estate, lingered at the Park boundary."[12] At last Greatrakes appeared. The group which had gathered at Ragley to greet him was a distinguished one, for no matter what the opinion of the Archbishop of Dublin, there were those in England who were ready to be persuaded. Family tradition declares that Jeremy Taylor was among the guests;[13] certainly George Rust, Dean of Connor was there, and Henry Stubbes, the irascible, later to make capital of the occasion. More had come from Cambridge, and had brought with him Worthington, Cudworth, and Whichcote. To More the surpassing importance of the experiment was the possibility that Greatrakes might be the instrument of Lady Conway's relief; but even apart from that, he shared with Cudworth, Rust, and Worthington, a keen interest in the actual operation of these cures. Years before he had pondered the case of Matthew Coker, who claimed a somewhat similar power, and had concluded that while the basis of the abilities might well be supernatural, it was entirely possible that there was a natural explanation for such cures, which man did not yet know. Such was the general impression also of the Royal Society, of which More had since become a member.

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[10] See below, p. 262.

[11] This story is preserved in family tradition, and is related by C. J. Langston, in "Lady Conway and Valentine Greatrakes, the Stroker," in the *Argosy* (1880), XXX, 378–387. The article, which contains several details noted nowhere else, is a semi-imaginative sketch, written, the author says "by one who knows perhaps more than most people" about Ragley. I am indebted to F. S. Darrow for the information that the author was rector of Beoley, Worcestershire. The incidents which the author relates are evidently founded upon family tradition, heard perhaps in childhood;

Before he attempted the cure of Lady Conway, Greatrakes consented to try his skill upon some of the tenants, who begged his aid. His success in these cases is attested by More, and by Conway himself,[14] who seems to have been greatly impressed with the Irishman. After several days of preliminary experiment, Greatrakes came at last to his climactic attempt, upon a morning when, according to tradition, the sun was shining, "for," said he, "the sun, Madame, is a great healer and composer."[15] Certainly everything was in his favor, his audience and his patient entirely convinced of his power. There they stood, silent, expectant, undoubtedly one of the most remarkable groups which this extraordinary century ever assembled, these members of the Royal Society, theologians, and philosophers of high distinction, breathless with expectation as this simple Irish "stroker" laid his fingers upon Lady Conway's head. As the moments passed, however, hope turned to doubt, doubt gave way to despondency. For Greatrakes' mysterious power—like the power of the greatest physicians and chemists of the day—failed completely before Lady Conway's disease. Day after day he repeated the experiment, but to no avail. Conway wrote sadly to Rawdon in February:[16] "Mr. Greatrax hath been here a fortnight tomorrow, and my wife is not the better for him; very few others have failed under his hands, of many hundreds that he hath touched in these parts." His failure in the case of the Viscountess, however, did not lessen his

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but either family tradition, or the author's memory, has confused many of the facts. Van Helmont is shown in the sketch as present during Greatrakes' visit, which was impossible, as he was never at Ragley before 1671.

[12] Langston, p. 383.

[13] Conway's letter of February 9, 1665–66 (see below, p. 268), would seem to indicate that Taylor was not in England at the time of Greatrakes' visit.

[14] See below, p. 268.

[15] Langston, p. 382.

[16] *Rawdon Papers,* p. 212.

reputation either with the popular or with the learned group at Ragley, who gathered daily during the period of his stay to see him cure dozens who were brought before him. All agreed that he was no charlatan or mountebank; his sincerity and humility in regard to his powers appealed to them greatly, for Greatrakes, unlike Coker, had never asserted his infallibility, nor did he pretend to miraculous powers.[17] Many were the theories in regard to his cures, some of which are reflected in the "Conway Letters," others in More's works and other pamphlets of the period. "What Greatrakes did," said More in one of his discussions of the matter,[18] "was done in the face of the world, seen and attested by Physicians, Philosophers, and Divines of the most penetrating and accurate judgment." Here speaks the member of the Royal Society.

One of the "many pleasant passages" of Greatrakes' visit, to which Conway refers,[19] remains in family tradition.[20] Near the ruins of the priory of Cookhill, not far from Ragley, lived an old couple, John and Alice Slade. Alice was not only a supposedly incurable invalid, but the village whispered that she was "possessed." Nightly, she declared, she was "summoned" by a figure prepared for burial, which sighed and called her in a far-off voice. Each night the figure appeared and disappeared, always through a slab in the old cottage floor, and often even in broad daylight, as the old woman lay on her pallet, she could hear the sigh and far-off murmur, calling, calling, calling. The story was repeated to More by someone who knew of his keen interest in spiritistic phenomena—so inevitable a part of his whole philosophy of the existence of spirit. Promptly he set out, Greatrakes and doubtless others of the *virtuosi* accompanying. Here was a ghost made to his hand. Arrived at the cottage, they found the miserable old pair, and while Greatrakes devoted himself to the cure of the suffering body, More became the minister to the mind. To his surprise—for he had had too many experiences with the credulous imagination of villagers to have been convinced in advance—as he approached the slab and bent over it, he too could hear the sighing and far-away murmur. But confident though he might be of the existence of spirits, his own scientific temper, as well as his common sense, had taught him always to suspect a natural before a supernatural cause. With the aid of bystanders, he raised the heavy stone, and found an entrance, common enough in priory ruins. Into the narrow passageway he descended, until he came at length to what proved to be a great vault. Around him were human bones and feebly grinning skulls; beside him was the tomb of Lady Isabel de Beauchamp; and at the entrance a plain elm coffin, on the lid of which was burnt, "Margaret Dyson, MDLXXIII. R.I.P." He stood in water, and the walls about him dripped continually. By the light of the taper which flickered and threatened to go out, he found at last a rill, intercepted by a fragment of rock, over which the water forced its way, dropping at intervals with a gurgling, sighing sound which reverberated through the hollow vault. More returned, wet and shivering, to the kitchen above, to find Alice Slade, standing for the first time in years, in the sunlight which streamed into her homely kitchen. Another body cured; another ghost laid; and these two curious physicians returned to the great hall.

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[17] This aspect of the case greatly interested Coleridge and Southey. The latter in his *Omniana,* II, 144 ff., discusses at some length both the cures and More's theories about them. More has much the same thing to say in the *Scholia* to his *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus* (1712), p. 52.

[18] *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus,* p. 41.

[19] See p. 268.

[20] Langston, pp. 383–384.

"Finding her Ladyship's pain incurable by me," wrote Greatrakes,[21] "I resolved speedily to return home; but at the entreaty of my Lord Conway I remained with His Honour at Ragley three weeks or a month, where many hundreds came daily to me from divers counties, and many were cured of their disease and distempers, and many were not; from thence at the entreaty of the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Worcester, I went thither (where I met with several high distempers and diseases, many whereof I bless God were cured) resolving to stay four or five dayes with them but in the interim I received an order from the Lord Arlington, by command of his Majesty, to come to White-Hall, which I forthwith observed (being glad to be freed from so great crowds as were at Worcester, where I was like to be bruised to death) resolving within three or four dayes to return to my Lord Conway's again, but by the entreaties of Justice Godfrey and others, my honoured and worthy friend, I was persuaded to stay in these parts, daily doing what good the Lord enabled me."

The scenes at London were indescribable. Greatrakes must have looked back upon Worcester as a peaceful memory. At Whitehall he was besieged by a clamoring mob, which bruised and trampled many of the cripples who had made their painful way thither; when his chamber in Gray's Inn became known, the courtyard was thronged night and day with curious crowds, some beseeching aid, many come out of mere curiosity to see the "miracle-worker." Here Greatrakes met with no such courtesy and understanding as he had found at Ragley; his cures were greeted with suspicion, his failures, not with philosophic explanation, but with jeers and threats of personal violence. Success brought with it only jealousy and spiteful charges of charlatanism, theft, cheating, gross immorality, and atheism. The ballad writers plied a lusty trade among the crowds who came to the "cures" as to a bear-baiting. The mildest of the many charges professed against him are named in one such ballad:

> Some Griefs you thoroughly cure, and they are these:
> A rich man's Golden Plurisie finds ease,
> And presently you cure, as 'twere by slight,
> A heavyhearted Purse, and make it light.[22]

In his defense against these and other charges, Greatrakes was ably assisted by many of the leading scientists and theologians of the day, who were thoroughly persuaded by personal observation, not only of his honesty, but of really remarkable powers. The possibility of curing the King's Evil by touch was, after all, accepted unquestioningly in a period when Louis XIV, three days after his coronation, "touched" more than 2500 people in Rheims, and when Charles II set aside certain days for the same duty. For centuries it had been taken for granted that kings possessed this power. Shakespeare, in *Macbeth*,[23] pictures a scene which caused no more doubts in his own generation than did its repetition a century later when Samuel Johnson's parents took him to be "touched" by the Queen:

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[21] *Brief Account,* pp. 39–40.

[22] This ballad, the rest of which is characteristically obscene, is in the *Luttrell Collection of Humorous, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous Ballads,* in the British Museum. It is entitled, "Rub for Rub: or an Answer to a Physicians Pamphlet styled, The Stroker Stroked." Of the many pamphlets which appeared in connection with Greatrakes, one is of particular importance, for it had its origin

> *Malcolm.* . . . Comes the King forth, I pray you?
> *Doctor.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
> That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
> The great assay of art; but at his touch—
> Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand—
> They presently amend.
> *Macduff.* What's the disease he means?
> *Malcolm.* 'Tis call'd the evil;
> A most miraculous work in this good king;
> Which often, since my here-remain in England,
> I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
> Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
> All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
> The mere despair of surgery he cures,
> Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
> Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
> To the succeeding royalty he leaves
> The healing benediction.

The "Testimonials" which Greatrakes published, together with his *Brief Account*,[24] offer an imposing array of names. In the first series, Robert Boyle personally attests seven of the cures, each of which is described in detail. John Wilkins and Benjamin Whichcote follow, the latter declaring that he had himself been present both at Ragley and in London at many of the cures. Cudworth, too, professed his gratitude publicly for the curing of his little son, while George Rust goes into even more details in regard to cures actually witnessed at Ragley and London. No one could tell on which side the bellicose Henry Stubbes would fight, but it was always safe to assume that where there was a quarrel, there would Stubbes be. This time he came to Greatrakes' defense, though the tone of his pamphlet, and his addressing it without permission to Boyle, offended rather than aided.[25] Completely vindicated with all those whose opinion mattered to him, and

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in that party which at Cambridge was violently opposing the latitudinarians. It is called *Wonders No Miracles: or, Mr. Valentine Greatrakes Gift of Healing Examined . . .* (London, 1666). A note in the copy in the British Museum declares: "The anonymous author (a clergyman) had also publish'd 'The Countess of Bridgewaters Ghost' before this, for which he was tried and imprisoned for slander." The author insists that the cures of Greatrakes are only another evidence of the propaganda spread by the latitudinarians against Church and State.

[23] IV, iii, 140–156.

[24] Pp. 43–96.

[25] *The Miraculous Conformist, or An Account of Several Marvailous Cures performed by the stroaking of the Hands of Mr. Valentine Greatarick . . .* By Henry Stubbe, Physician at Stratford-upon-Avon (Oxford, 1666),

indeed the hero of the hour, Valentine Greatrakes, after another brief visit to Ragley, and a final unsuccessful attempt to relieve the Viscountess Conway, returned to his "small estate" at Affane, and settled down again to his placid life, passing from Anne Conway's except for an occasional message which he sent, informing her and More of some unusually interesting manifestation of his power.[26]

II.

The plague had subsided, and England breathed once more. Conway soon followed Greatrakes to Ireland. The bird of calm sat brooding on the wave; but it was the false calm before a greater storm. Hardly had Conway arrived at Dublin, when pursuing letters reached him in which he read the bewildering news that the great city of London lay in ruins. If the "Conway Papers" offer but sparse information in regard to the plague, they amply requite that debt in a letter written to Conway by an unknown correspondent, which remains one of the most complete of all accounts of the Great Fire.[27] Who wrote the letter we cannot tell; nor does it matter, for so great a devastation left no room for personal reflections; the utter objectivity of the account is one of its virtues. From those dramatic words which must have leapt from the paper before Conway's eyes—"Alas, my Lord, all London almost within the walls and some part of it which was without the walls lyes now in Ashes"—we follow breathlessly that "most lamentable devouring Fire" as its destructive fury burned down all the new houses on the bridge, as it came on into Thames street, turned, bent upon itself, leaped backward to the Tower, "so that in six houres it became a huge stream of fire at least a mile long." We feel the mounting horror of the fortuitous circumstances: the lack of water, the tempestuous east wind, the helplessness of man. The very list of names of streets and buildings is a staggering one; churches, markets, bridges, even prisons, "and all the little lanes and alleys" it took with complete and catholic impersonality. Bearing their freight of memory these names come to us today with a double poignancy, for these were places old when the unknown writer wrote, yet those which took their places are to us as ancient again, charged with a history which he did not aid in making. It is one of those tremendous catalogues, like Homer's of the ships that went to Troy, like Milton's of the angels that fell to Hell. The succession of words rises in crescendo, with majestic connotations. Name follows

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The pamphlet is dedicated to Thomas Willis of Oxford. A note in a seventeenth-century hand, in the British Museum copy, declares: "H. Stubbe told me he writt this booke as a snare in hope some of the clergy would write against him."

[26] One of Greatrakes' most notorious failures was in the case of Sir John Denham. On March 3, 1666, the King sent for Greatrakes to treat Denham. (*Cal. S.P. Ireland, 1666–1669*, p. 52.) The result of the treatment is suggested in a letter written on April 17 by George Walsh to Henry Slingesby (*Historical MSS Commission, Report on Ormonde MSS, N.S.* [1904], p. 339): "Sir John Denham is now stark mad, which is occasioned (as is said by some) by the rough striking of Greatrakes upon his limbs; for they said that formerly having taken the fluxing pills in Holland, and they not working, they rubbed his shins with mercury . . . but it loadged in the nerves till the harsh strokes caused it to sublimate."

[27] See below, pp. 276–278.

name, one detail succeeds another; the syllables beat into our minds; sight and sound are astounded, as we see the firebrands blown from one center of conflagration to fall upon a roof and make another center, as we watch while men both in city and suburbs carry away their goods, all day and all night, "by Carts that were not to be had but at most unhumane prices," as we hear through confusion which paralyzes understanding "the fearfull cryes and Howlings of undone people," punctuated by the sullen cannon beating down the houses around the Tower, playing continually upon "all that was fired," in a dogged effort to save the national treasure, varied occasionally by the sudden fearful shock of explosives as still another building is sacrificed to the hideous deity of fire. It is a scene like the devastation in the *Trojan Women* of Euripides, where, echoing through the sound of the great wall's crashing, we hear the lament of Hecuba for her vanishing city, while the finality of the choral words punctuates her passion and her grief. Two centuries and a half later, we echo, as Conway must have when he read the words for the first time: "I beleive there was never any such desolation by fire since the destruction of Jerusalem, nor will be till the last and general conflagration."

Yet once more frail and impotent humanity emerges victorious from the fate that would crush him. Like a great symphony, the account of this unknown writer, having overwhelmed us with the ferocity of circumstance which man does not make and cannot control, for an instant stills the crashing discords and lets us hear, in momentary, clear relief, a tale of the simple courage of humanity. As in a Shakespearean chronicle, we watch a king become a man. This is not the debonair gallant, whom we know so well, the profligate Charles of history, but a Henry keeping watch while his people sleep; all that is left of the once-great city, writes the chronicler, "is acknowledg'd under God to be wholly due to the King and the Duke of Yorke." It is that passage which strikes the mood of the victorious conclusion: "Men begin now everywhere to recover their spirits again, and think of repairing the old and rebuilding a new City. . . ." This is man triumphant over Fate; man as so often before and since, turning even in the smoking ashes to building the new out of ruins of the old. It is a courage which demands for its perfect expression the music of a Beethoven—or perhaps, better still, the paradoxical intensity of Pascal: "Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows he dies."

III.

It is not strange that in such a period of plague and fire, lightened by the appearance of the "miracle-worker," a philosopher should have produced his deepest and most searching work. In those years when men found themselves questioning more insistently than ever problems of God, and the universe, and themselves, there were few books to which thoughtful Englishmen turned with more sympathetic interest than those twin-born sons of Henry More's, his *Ethics*[28] and his *Divine Dialogues.*[29] Impersonal chroniclers of the history of thought have passed by much in the work of the Cambridge Platonists, valid in their period, which has not lived into ours; but these two books have found in generation after generation respectful consideration, sympathetic appreciation, real affection, from philosophers, churchmen, and poets. They are the high-water mark of More's genius, the climax of his thoughtful life. It is as if he had known that these were his swan song, that circumstances were thenceforth to carry his mind into strange and tortuous paths, to demand his efforts in struggles whose meaning should perish with their age. Almost as if in farewell, he has written in these two books for the last time *himself.*

In the *Ethics* a reader may come close to understanding this man who had been both tortured adolescent and the "merriest Greek" of all; whose chamber, his biographer declares, was an almshouse for the needy; who never doubted God's Providence, but bowed before the superior wisdom of his suffering friend; who has seemed to every student who ever read his life the fine flower of Cambridge Platonism. But we find him even more characteristically in the other work; for the *Divine Dialogues* have that delightful reality which comes only from reminiscence. We who have followed the fortunes of this group, who have seen them separately and in their relation to each other, need no introduction to either the setting or the characters of these dialogues. We come into the scene, and look about us with the pleasure of old familiarity. This "philosophical arbour," this quiet bower—is it a corner of Ragley, or the Fellows' Garden of Christ's College? As we survey these men there gathered together, we need no cast of characters. These are the actors in our own story, whose progress in their tragi-comedy we have ourselves portrayed. Yet dream-license has been taken; the dramatist's imagination has brought to a quiet corner of England friends in reality far removed. Here they all are: Conway, the "pious and loyal politician"; Worthington, perhaps, the "man of criticism, philologie and history"; Cudworth, the "zealous and sincere lover of God and Christ and of the whole creation," near whom, always present, yet rarely speaking, sits Bathynous, the thoughtful man, intent yet restrained. His face is older than when we saw it last, that proud line of nostril and lips softened now by understanding, yet the hazel eyes are still "vivid as an eagle's." He is the poet and chronicler of the group, Plato at the feet of Socrates. All of them, we begin to see, are gathered there, divergent as their own ideas may be, to offer correction and admonition to two young antagonists of the story. One of these is present when the curtain rises; in the gently humorous portrait of a young "enthusiast," laughing, lovable, irrepressible, "a zealous but airy-minded Platonist and Cartesian," we recognize with pleasure John Finch, and gratefully acknowledge the superiority of art over life, for Finch is as we would remember him, not the somewhat pompous Sir John, but the perennial youth who was More's pupil. The real antagonist comes upon the scene a little later, Hylobares, "a young, witty, and well moralized materialist." We know him even before he appears, and realize with amusement that all these years More had longed to say the last word in the dispute which began when Thomas Baines and he had read Descartes together in this very garden. Once more we are grateful to art; this is not that Doctor Baines who during the last years has crossed our pages, a stodgy, broken man from whom life had taken its toll in gout and palsy and heavy seriousness. In the pages of the *Divine Dialogues* Baines remains forever the provocative youth, full of shrewd promise.

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[28] *Enchiridion Ethicum, praecipua Moralis Philosophiae Rudimenta complectens . . .* (London, 1667). Only one translation has ever appeared, made after More's death by one of his pupils, *An Account of Virtue: or, Dr. Henry More's abridgment of morals, put into English . . .* (London, 1691).

[29] *Divine Dialogues, containing sundry disquisitions and instructions touching the attributes of God and his providence in the World . . .* (London, 1668).

When we have closed the fine old leather covers, and laid aside the yellowed pages of this volume, it is not the theology and philosophy which remain. It is rather the effect of the whole. We have been with these men, seeing them and hearing them, knowing them and loving them, as More knew and loved them. We too have sat at the feet of the "lover of God" and been convinced; we have listened to the plaintive music of More's theorbo, and heard in the calm evening his fine clear voice raised in one of the hymns he made to the glory of God; we have tasted with these epicures the flavor of old wine and fragrant fruit, have smelled with them the "aromatick eglantine," have felt upon our faces the evening air of Cambridge, cool across the marshes, have listened in drowsy silence to the last notes of the birds. As from the *Ethics* one may come away with a glimpse into a nature rarer than those we know, so as we leave this quiet group in the Christ's College gardens, we go forth, slowly and reluctantly, shut out, like our first parents, from a garden of the golden age. The flaming guardians of that gateway, Time and Circumstance, have closed from us forever a simple and idyllic life to which we may not again return.

IV.

One philosopher who might have sat with that group in the arbor was not there; and though his name does not occur in the *Divine Dialogues,* it must have come sadly to the minds of these men as they sat together. Jeremy Taylor lay dead in Ireland. As in the case of his early years in that country, the "Conway Papers" offer some details in regard to his sickness, death, and burial which have not been otherwise known. It is clear that he had been in failing health for some time. Conway wrote to Rawdon in February, 1666, while the "stroker" was still at Ragley: "I am confident Mr. Greatrix would recover . . . the Bishop of Down."[30] The situation in Ireland had been enough to tax the strength of a man who had not already endured the trials and sorrows through which Taylor had passed. He had thrown himself with fervor into the labors of his bishopric, and the never-ceasing struggle against the Presbyterians, looking back with longing to those early days of leisure when he could think and write. At the end of his life, Jeremy Taylor was a lonely and disillusioned man; one by one his friends in Ireland had died, and all his efforts to be sent back to England had been in vain. One of the few interests which remained was his occupation in building a new church at Ballinderry, upon which he spent both money and energy which he could not afford. His generosity and unselfishness, indeed, have led his biographers to the conclusion that Taylor was a man of wealth when he died; but Sir George Rawdon's letters to Conway show clearly that he was not only in modest circumstances, but that the money he possessed was so involved that, had it not been for Conway, his very funeral expenses could not have been paid.

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[30] *Rawdon Papers,* p. 214.

Though the news of Taylor's death saddened his friends, it was received by those in authority as perhaps not an unmixed misfortune, a position suggested by a sentence written by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on August 27, 1667:[31] "Though we have lost a very learned man in the Bishop of Down, yet I am glad he left no more trouble behind him, he was of a dangerous temper apt to breake out into extravagancyes, and I have had till of late yeares, much to doe with him to keep him in order, and to find diversions for him. Now those feares are at an end." Far different was the tone of that fine funeral sermon preached by George Rust, his successor in the see of Dromore, who in his conclusion seems prophetically to have spoken also his own farewell; in a brief time he was to die, as Taylor had died, and his bones were to be mingled with those of the Bishop of Dromore: "He is fixed in an orb of glory, and shines among his brethren-stars, that in their several ages gave light to the world, and turned many souls unto righteousness; and we that are left behind, though we can never reach his perfections, must study to imitate his virtues, that we may at last come to sit at his feet in the mansions of glory."

V.

So much for the greatest of these churchmen. But what of those two younger philosophers, the "airy-minded Cuphophron," and the "witty and well moralized Hylobares," whose paths had led them so far from the quiet gardens of Christ's College? Although John Finch's name has appeared infrequently in the letters of these past years, much had happened in his roving life since the occasion when he and Baines, on their way from Holland, had spent four or five days in Cambridge with their old tutor. In 1661 the companions had requested consent of the College of Physicians to leave England for Italy; though the request was granted, they did not actually depart until October, 1662. In Italy they remained for several years, Finch working on anatomy, Baines reading and studying, since the palsy prohibited any sort of surgery. During a part of 1663 they were at Rome and Naples, whence Finch sent back reports of curiosities to the scientific societies, particularly to Prince Leopold of Tuscany. There is no question that Sir John Finch was one of the important links between the new scientific movement in Italy and that in England. He had early come in contact with those predecessors of the Royal Society, the *Accademia del Cimento* and the *Académie des Sciences.* Finch constantly reported to the *virtuosi* in England progress in continental experiments, and communicated English discoveries to his Italian associates. Upon his return to England, he had been one of those who on the fifth day of December, 1660, had "resolved to meet together weekely . . . to consult and debate concerning the promoting of Experimental Learning," and his signature, with that of Baines, appears in the first Journal-Book of the Royal Society. Both when he returned to Italy, and when, a number of years later, he went to Constantinople, he acted as agent of that society, investigating extraordinary tales of novelty and discovery.[32]

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[31] *Carte MSS* (Bodleian Library) 45, f. 222.

In 1664 he was expected home,[33] but as before, he delayed his departure, at first intending to go to Paris for a time, then determining to stay in Padua until spring. During the Conways' stay in Ireland, the correspondence almost ceased, because of difficulty of communication; but upon their return to England, letters once more began to pass between them; and we may follow in them the course of the wanderers with some certainty until their return. Among the various duties which fell to the lot of a man in Finch's situation was that of acting as guardian and mentor to the sons of his relatives and friends, who were sent to the continent to complete their education. Various references in his letters show that he acted in this capacity for at least three of his nephews, though one has a suspicion that the actual mentorship was undertaken by the more exacting Baines. The Earl of Winchilsea, Ambassador to the Grand Signior, wrote in 1666, to Heneage Finch, to make arrangements for the education of his heir, Lord Maidstone, who was at this time More's pupil at Cambridge, begging Finch to " send him to your brother in Italy and have him to remain with him a year or two."[34] Heneage Finch himself the previous year had sent to his brother his own son, Daniel, later the second Earl of Nottingham, a serious and saturnine youth, known to his contemporaries as "Don Dismal," who was the subject of Swift's satire, and of the ballad, "An Orator Dismal of Nottinghamshire," as well as "Don Diego" in *The History of John Bull*. From Rome, whither he conducted the young man, Baines wrote to both Finch and Conway of his progress, in addition giving some details in regard to the death of the Pope and the situation which it caused.[35] With one of his letters went a gift from the Duke of Tuscany to Lady Conway, which he had ordered made when he realized her long illness—a set of invalid appliances, which Baines and Finch describe in detail,[36] common enough today, but almost unheard-of in the seventeenth century. In spite of himself, Finch was forced to accept the fact that his sister might never leave her bed again.

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[32] It was undoubtedly Finch of whom Sprat wrote in his *History of the Royal Society* (1667), p. 126: "In Italy the Royal Society has an excellent privilege of receiving and imparting Experiments, by the help of one of their own Fellows, who has the opportunity of being Resident there for them, as well as for the King. From thence they have been earnestly invited to a mutual intelligence by many of their most Noble Wits, but chiefly by the Prince Leopoldo, Brother to the Great Duke of Tuscany, who is the Patron of all the inquisitive Philosophers of Tuscany." Finch's notebooks preserved among the family manuscripts, contain sentences which indicate that he constantly kept a record of anything likely to be of scientific interest. The paper of instructions given him by Oldenburg, Secretary of the Royal Society, upon his departure for Constantinople, may be found in the *Burley Papers,* II, 6 ff. During his earlier trips to Holland, also, Finch sent reports of scientific interest to Prince Leopold. Cf. Malloch, *Finch and Baines,* pp. 35–36 for letters of much interest.

[33] Malloch says, p. 43, that Finch returned to England in 1664; and Lady Conway's letter of May 24, 1664, mentions the fact that he is expected. But Finch's letter of November 2, 1664, contradicts those statements, as does Lady Conway's of September 9, 1664.

[34] *Burley Papers,* I, 423–424.

VI.

DURING the years which had elapsed since Greatrakes' trial and failure, the situation at Ragley had grown constantly more depressing. There seemed now little hope of any cure or relief. It is noticeable that in the letters which passed between More and Lady Conway after Greatrakes' departure, discussions of "physick" play little part. Conway returned from Ireland to find his private affairs in as sad condition as the public, for he wrote Sir George Rawdon in October of that year:[37] "At Ragley I met nothing but the sad condition of my wife, whom I could not see all the while I was there, tho' I stayed a fortnight." Duties of state forced him to proceed to London where he spent the winter in the lonely magnificence of his new Queen-Street mansion, receiving from Ragley only depressing reports. His letters from this time on become more and more concerned with news and gossip of the Court, less and less with affairs in Warwickshire. Inevitably his associations were leading him away from his wife's side. Through his eyes—and remarkably clear-sighted eyes they were—we catch many a memorable glimpse of life in Restoration London; we hear his shrewd comments on an England struggling in the aftermath of war, and a London attempting to rebuild itself from chaos. We relish with his own keen interest the gossip and scandal which he sent in his letters to Rawdon and Essex. Thus we find on one page the story of the mysterious attack on the Duke of Ormonde, which was a ten days' scandal in London;[38] the sudden death of Lady Denham, who "died poisoned in a cup of chocolate" as rumor declared, and which more than one scandalmonger laid at the door of her husband;[39] most amusing of all, we find in Conway's pages an intimate picture of the appearance at the English Court of Mary of Modena, and like Conway watch with twinkling eyes the outraged ladies in waiting as they scurry from the room, leaving only the gentlemen to appreciate—no doubt as accurately as did the candid Conway—the charm and the limitations of this new royalty.[40]

Often during those years Conway had reason to recall the magnificent picture which his unknown correspondent had drawn of the devotion and loyalty of

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[35] See below, pp. 284–285.

[36] See below, pp. 281–282.

[37] *Rawdon Papers*, p. 219.

[38] See p. 325.

[39] *Rawdon Papers*, p. 227.

[40] See p. 376.

Charles II during the Great Fire, and to reflect cynically upon paradoxical man, at once the "glory, jest, and riddle of the world." For, as if in reaction from the heights of those days, Charles in the years that followed, sank to the depths. Capable of real devotion while Rome burned, he both fiddled and danced during the anxious days when it sought to rise from its ashes. Early in the January which followed, Conway wrote to Rawdon, while men in London still cleared away the debris from the foundation on which they hoped to raise the "new modell" of their city, while, too, the Queen lay ill of a fever:[41] "I supt with the King last night at Lady Castlemaine's and was with them till two o'clock this morning. . . . They were very merry, and not sensible of the troubles and dangers which I fear are drawing in fast upon us." "Last night," he wrote at another time to Essex,[42] "my Lord Tresurer carryed me to my Lady Shrewsberryes, where there was Nell Gwyn, the Duke of Buckingham, and Mr Speaker, about three a clock in the morning we went to Supper, were very merry, and drank smartly." It was the same ironic contrast which Pepys had noted, when on the New Year's Eve after the Fire, he wrote: "Thus ends this year of publick wonder and mischief to this nation, and therefore generally wished by all people to have an end. . . . Publick matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed; nor, as matters are now, can any fleete go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of money; the City less, and less likely to be built again, everybody settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, and negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us!"

Yet even in the midst of growing social duties and pleasures, Conway did not entirely neglect those other interests which until now had held first place in his life. Tenderness for his wife still echoes in his letters, with none of the weary impatience we find later. In the midst of his employments he found time to remember those long talks in quiet gardens with More and Cudworth, and attempted to find them preferment.[43] A change was coming over Conway, it is true; in time we shall look in vain for those characteristics we recognized so readily in the loyal Philopolis, who put his country before himself, and his God before both; yet to his honor be it said that even in a corrupt court, surrounded by too many of those who desired only to "creep and intrude and climb into the fold," he never entirely forgot the lessons he had learned from the Cambridge Platonists of tolerance and moderation and the existence of eternal and immutable values.

The situation at Ragley was a sad one. Lady Conway had grown definitely worse, until in the winter of 1666–67, her life was despaired of. Again and again Conway reports to Rawdon that he can give "but a very sad account of your friends at Ragley, where my wife continues in great misery and I believe very near her last." Letters from other correspondents echo the depression. From Cambridge More wrote anxiously. The correspondence was pitifully one-sided now. When letters did arrive from Ragley, they were in the hand of an amanuensis. Even when he was at the Hall, there were long periods when Lady Conway was too ill to see him. More than once we find him facing the imminent prospect of her death. Nothing better illustrates the growth of his understanding and sympathy than his mood in these later letters. Where earlier he had taken refuge in clerical words, he now writes simply and from the heart. Before, his sentences had been filled with logical insistence upon the necessity for belief in the immortality of the soul. Now he feels rather the desolation of human life bereft of what it loves: "to us whom you leave behind, this change cannot but be grievous, and the absence of so deare a friend intolerable."

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[41] *Rawdon Papers*, p. 228.

[42] *Stowe MSS* 203, f. 209.

[43] See his letter, pp. 298–299.

But the adventure of Lady Conway's life was not yet finished; as so often in the past, her body, that seemed too frail to bear the assaults of those storms of suffering, fought its way back from death. Although her life hung in the balance for over six months, yet by the end of the autumn of 1667 she was out of immediate danger, and even able to take up some of her interests and tasks, able to sit up in bed—perhaps by means of those "mechanical contrivances" sent her by the Duke of Tuscany, able on some days to rise for an hour. Of all the letters dealing with this period, none is more delightful than the only extant letter of her mother-in-law,[44] the Dowager Lady Conway, with its inimitable spelling, its humor, its love of gossip, and its tenderness—to say nothing of its account of the diet of "porke and bakcon and beef" upon which this poor invalid was fed!

Lady Conway temporarily out of danger, life settled down once more into what seemed a placid groove. The quiet correspondence with More went on, with its discussions of books and ideas. Conway continued to divide his time between Ireland and London with occasional short visits to Ragley. Life marked time, nor did any of the group suspect that still another adventure was in store for this quiet invalid who, though she had lived in the dark much, had not lived in obscurity, and whose life, bounded for nearly twenty years by the four walls of her chamber, was more filled with true excitement than that of many a rover on the high seas, whose voyages led him over trackless ways to strange lands and strange people. They could be no stranger than those among whom the Viscountess Conway's last intellectual voyage was to carry her, nor did an adventurer sail the open seas under a captain whose life could vie in interest with that of Francis Mercury van Helmont.

163. *Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 204–207.]

Dear Brother,

I THINK I was not ill advised to remove my goods out of Queen-street house; for within a week after, one of the maid servants died of the sickness; and my house there is shut up, where I have two servants more, that I cannot tell whether they be dead or alive; and yet I could not rid my goods so clear, but that I reckon I shall be a loser by 2 or 300 l. by this misfortune; besides the uncertainty and danger of clearing my house, when it shall please God to deliver us from this great judgment that hangs over us. I hope the 300 l. from Mr. Currance[1] is not sent, for I know not either how to receive it or pay it, there not being one of my acquaintance remaining in London, nor will I venture to send one thither, where they died almost 1100 last week, and probably will be double this week: it is also extremely spread in the country, but our county is yet very free, thanks be to God.

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[44] See below, p. 291.

The chief business, however, of my letter at present, is to send you this inclosed transcript of a printed paper, containing this and many other particulars of one Mr. Valentine Gertrux of Youghall, in Munster, that is said to cure all diseases by the touch, or stroking of his hand: and not only this paper, but our news book, and common report makes it so great that I wonder you make no mention thereof. I writ last week to Mr. Tandy[2] and the Archbishop of Dublin[3] about it, and am very desirous if his actions do answer the fame, to use all means possible to get over to my wife, and I would entreat you to enquire into it, and endeavour to get him prevailed with to come to Bristol, where my horses shall meet him and bring him hither: this is not only my opinion, but Dr. More's and Dean Rust's, who are both here, and judge her very unlikely to receive help any other way. This gentleman was formerly a Lieutenant in Col. Phayre's regiment,[4] and possibly may be known to Major Stroud: if it be so, I shall be glad you would speak to him from me to go to him, and come over with him. I have received yours of the 11th instant with my sister's receipt, for which I give her many thanks. I have advised with Garret about the hemp-seed, and he thinks, considering he cannot go into Flanders because of the sickness, it may be provided in England, if you desire it; and that, for the future, 2 or 3 acres of land in the Tunny Park, which is newly stubbed up would furnish you plentifully. If the cranes which you mention do live and will thrive, I intend, God willing, to have them brought over tho' it be by an express messenger; and in the meantime, it would be convenient to employ some such person about them as would be fit to bring them over. I pray acquaint John Totnal that I desire him to get some beehives at the Tunny Park; for if ever I live to come into the country, I believe I shall use a great deal of honey, as I do at this present, and have, I thank God, kept myself a great while thereby free from any fits of the stone, and do daily void so much gravel by the use thereof, as is hardly to be believed. My wife doth not approve of employing Major Stroud to the said Mr. Gertrux, but desires that Mr. Tandy may transact the whole business, and also come over with him, if it be requisite, towards which I pray let him be supplied with money or any thing he may want. I have not heard from my Lord of

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[1] "Mr. Currance" is occasionally mentioned in the Conway-Rawdon correspondence in the *Irish State Papers,* usually in connection with financial matters; no information is given in regard to him.

[2] Cf. p. 159.

[3] Michael Boyle, afterward Primate of Ireland and Chancellor.

[4] Greatrakes was actually in the Earl of Orrery's regiment.

Orrery since his removal from London, and therefore I intend to send an express messenger to him next week, and not forget my cousin Robert Conway's affair. So I rest,

Yours, etc.,

Conway.

Ragley, 26 July, 1665.

164. *Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Dublin, to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Ireland, CCCXIX,* No. 117. The writing is very faint, the signature almost indecipherable. "Michael Boyle, [Arch]bishop of Dublin" is added in another hand.]

Dublin, 29th July, 1665.

My Lord,

Upon the receipt of your Lordships concering Lieutenant Gratrix I imediately sent for him and acquainted him with your Lordships desires, and importuned him to serve your Lordship what he could towards the recovery of your excellent Lady. This I did in pure obedience to your Lordships commands but not out of any expectation that he could in any way be conducible to your Ladyes health; but all that I could say unto him avayl'd but little, he would not be persuaded by any argument that I could use to cross the seas, but he was pleased to express himselfe somewhat rudely upon this accompt, That he would not goe thither for any Lord whomsoever. I advertis'd Mr Tandee therewith, and advized him if he thought it worth his employment to engage some other friends to treate with him who are most conversant with him, and who indeed are his greatest and almost his sole idolaters, but I do not finde that his success hath bin greater then myne, he will not be prevayled with. And indeed my Lord, I do not suppose that his attendance on your Lady would in any degree gratifye your Lordships expectations. I shal not deny but by the common report, especially of ordinary people, and of those who were on the same side with him in the last wars he is cryed up to have done divers cures, but this I know that severall of knowne integrity who have bin persuaded to make tryall of him, have return'd from him in the same condition they went unto him without the least improvement or alteration, onely that by his excessive labour and frications he hath at present abated something of the payne where the Ache hath bin fixed in some outward parte, but imediately after it returned againe. An indeed my Lord, after one whole houres discourse which I had with him, allowing him the supposition that many of his pretended cures were really performed, he gave me no other satisfaction that his power of healing was convey'd from God but that his work was good, and that the divell could not be the author thereof, and that it was a secret impulse which moved him thereunto which he could not disobey, which are pretensions which have bin always taken up by the greate impostors in the world, and have bin as often refuted. In briefe my Lord for I shal not trouble your Lordship with all the impertinencyes that past betweene us, I looke upon the man as under a strong delusion, and infinitely misguided by his owne imagination (for he now dreames of nothing but convert-ing the Jew and Turk) and do verily beleeve that a short time will manifest even to his credulous followers the extreame vanity of his undertakings. There are many others who have much severer thoughts of him in regard of his greate talking, and his little doeing, and of the society he most frequents who may have some ill designe to manadge under the countenance of his reputation, and possibly not without some grounds of reason; but as I will not chardge himselfe with any such seditious purposes, so I will not undertake to acquit those who follow him for though he himselfe may be led onely by the conduct of a wilde fantasy, yet his prosilytes may propound who themselves found other use of his esteeme among the vulgar. I humbly desire the [present]ment of my owne and my wifes very humble service to your noble Lady and your selfe, and am

Yours Lordships most affectionate and humble servant,

Mich. [Dublin]

165. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 34. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at Oxford."]

My dearest deare,

I was disappointed in my expectation of hearing from you by the cariour upon Fryday, but I hope by the returne of this messenger to be assured of your health, and that nothing but urgency of businesse made you loose that oppertunity of sending. My sister Clifton with her children came well hither upon Thursday last, tis so long since we had a meeting, that I think we shall not now agree to part, till you are ready to returne, especially considering that the Parliament intends so short a session. Therefore I must entreat you to let me know your designed time of returne as neer as you can guesse at it. My Lady is contented to furnish my sister with her coach and two horses, but shee hath no harnois for them, the postillion says he thinkes he can make shift with two of my Ladys but you must send harnois for the other four from Oxford (for he says all ours was left there) either by the cariour, or by a horse on purpose. My Lady will not consent any one shall drive her horses but her owne coachman, and our postillion is not willing to ride postillion with him, so that I shall have much adoe to accommodate my sister to my mind, besides that her coachman wants our livery. But when you have sent the harnois, I will make the best shift I can in ordering the rest, and those I suppose are uselesse to you having but two horses with you. I thank you for the provision you sent here the last week, and for your care in intending the same this and doe desire you would give order for the same course to be continued every week whilest my sister stays. She presents you with her humble service and so doth the rest of our company. I must intreat the favour of you to be very carefull in giving this enclosed a safe conveyance to my Brother J. Finch, but if you can not learne from my brother how to doe it, I desire it may be returned to me againe. I have nothing more to add concerning my self, except that it pleaseth providence still to exercise me by the continuance of my sad affliction I shall not send to Dr Willis this week, because I have but newly begun the tryal of his last prescription, and therefore cannot give him any account, but have little hopes it should succeed better then the rest have done. I pray God continue you in health, and be your constant guide. I am

Most affectionatly yours

ANNE CONWAY.

Oct. 22, 1665, Ragley.

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166. *Henry More to Robert Boyle.*

[In *The Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle,* VI, 513.]

Christ-Church College, Nov. 27, 1665.

Sir,

I HAVE forborn all this while to return you thanks for your kind acceptance of that small signification of that respect and honour I have for your person and virtues; because, till within a few days ago, I had no information of the affair that was in the subject of the enclosed letter. But now I can tell you, with what great thankfulness Mr. Fleetwood does embrace the terms specified in your letter, and also how glad his brother, my acquaintance,[1] now in the town, is of this opportunity given to his brother, the physician (for that is his employment) to improve himself under so excellent and knowing a person. When you have use for him, if you please to send me word, he shall have notice of it, and wait upon you. I am much obliged to you for your favourable judgment touching my idea. If any thing like you thus by pieces, I know you will find a new pleasure in considering the congruity of the whole; but most of all, if your leisure and patience will ever permit you to pursue my Synopsis also, and compare it with the idea. What you conceive of so free speaking and writing, that it is likely to procure me many adversaries, I am not only of the same opinion, but have the certain knowledge and experience of it; and may very likely find the effect of it in a rude manner this very day; Dr. Sparrow[2] visiting us this afternoon: but knowing so well what is at the bottom, I shall, I hope, bear cheerfully whatever he is able to do against me. For I heard one say, that he protested he would prosecute my opinions so long as he lived. And what opinions nettle him and Mr. Thorndike[3] most, is not hard to conjecture. I must confess, it is very hard for me to suppress my zeal for the protestant religion; and I thank God it is so. You see how the case stands with me, and therefore you will excuse me, if I abruptly take leave to subscribe myself,

Honoured Sir,

your most humble, and affectionate servant,

H. MORE.

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[1] Probably Francis Fleetwood, D.D., Canon of Exeter.

[2] Anthony Sparrow, D.D., Bishop of Exeter in 1667, of Norwich in 1676, at this time Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

[3] Herbert Thorndike, Fellow of Trinity College, was in 1643 Master of Sidney College, but was kept out by Minshull, who held the King's order.

Sir, I heartily thank you, for your care in directing me to so excellent a medicine, as you specify in your note against my quartan; but my quartan, as it happened, was cured by this diatrion, fasting, sack, and mathematics; especially Oughtred's *Clavis;* of this more when we meet. If they out me out of Christ College, my abode will be more at London.[4]

167. *Elizabeth, Lady Finch,*[1] *to her son, Daniel Finch.*[2]

[*Burley Papers,* I, 404.]

Nov. 30, 1665. Oxford.

Dear sonne,

I WAS mighty glad to receive your letter from Florence, because I was afrayd of your taking physick at Venice, but now you are come to your uncle and Dr Baines my mind is at rest, for I am sure you will want nothing that they can help you to, and I hope in God that you will now recover your health for I hear you are very melancholy and that makes mee beleive you are not well. I pray remember mee to your uncle and Dr Banes with great affection, and bee sure to watch yourselfe that you do not stoop, for it is neither handsome nor wholesome. I hope to bee shortly at Kensington, for the sickness abates very much; there dyed last week but 652 of the plague, and this week but 300; but the worst is that it is still dispersed in every parish a little, and God knows what it may come to agayn next summer. I go next week to Ragley to visit my Lady Conway, then I return hither and go to London if God please. Where ever I am I shall not cease to pray for you that God would blesse you, and make you a blessing to your father and to your most affectionate mother.

168. *Lord Conway to Sir Heneage Finch* [?].

[*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCXLVI,* No. 94. The letter is torn, and the ending, with date, place, and superscription, gone. Evidently written early in August, 1665.]

Most deare Brother,

I HAVE had the honor and happinesse to receive two lettres from you, but the first had not the fortune I could have wisht of coming to my hands before I [met] my Lord of Orrery, with whom I had much discourse on the way to Blewmoris[1] where I left him a shipboard, he told me the particulars of many kindnesse you had done him, but not of any one that he had donne for you, only he said that he had provided you should have 2000 li presented you, and 4 or 500 li a yeare in lands in Ireland for one of your yonger sonns. I made no hast in writing to you of this, because I knew not how to direct my lettres to you into Kent, as also considering the Irish Parliament met not till November, and that probably I should have the happinesse to meet you at Oxford in Octobr where I thought it would be time enough to advise about any thing that might be for your service in these affaires. It was written to me long since that the 200li [from] the 49 men was returned to you, if it be not let mee know it and I will also take care of it. My Wife hopes you will make her a visit being but one days journy when you come to Oxford. She hath been very little out of her Chamber this summer, except it be sometimes to take the ayre in her coach, you will finde little alteration in her countenance or strength. She is fallen very hard to the learning of Greek, but that she endures extremit[ies] of paine, though not alwayes alike, is not to be doubted. I know not whether you have heard of the fame of one Greatrix in Ireland, many papers were printed at London this summer, of wonderful cures that he did by the touch of his hand, my Lord of Orrery being particularly acquainted with him, and having lettres from himselfe to assure his Lordship that he would [cure him] of the Gout, we could doe no lesse then encourage Deane Rust one [of the] worthiest Clergymen in that Kingdome, who was very forward himselfe [to wait on my] Lord of Orrery to bring Greatrix hither, whose returne we expect every [day. My] Lord of Orrery stayed but one night in Dublin[2] so that you cannot have an [ ] Packett to his Lordship till it have overtaken him in Munster. I admired [and hon]oured my Sister more that could stay so long at Kensington, I never [la]ment the burning of any House heere or the want of another, but this time that I may not invite you both hither, for I thank God we are in a good aire, and a very healthfull pleasant place. My Lord of Orrery acquainted mee with your great favor in putting me into the Bill, in which I valew your kindnesse more then my other expectations. The last letter you sent me was from Dr Baines, who was in a very bad condition of health and who I verily beleeve will kill him selfe ere long by his i[n]te[m]perance[3] by which my Brothers returne will be the more hopefull, in the meane time I know they condemne me for not writing to them, which I omit partly because [it] will signify little from this place, and partly for want of an addresse to Florence. My Wife presents her service to you and my Sister most affectionate[ly] and I beseech you to present mine to her in all obedience and to esteeme me[4]

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[4] Another long letter from More to Boyle, discussing the exception taken by Boyle to More's *Enchiridium Metaphysicum,* is included in Boyle's correspondence, *Works,* VI, pp. 513–515.

[1] Heneage Finch's wife, who had been Elizabeth Harvey, daughter of William Harvey's younger brother Daniel.

[2] Later second Earl of Nottingham and sixth Earl of Winchilsea. He was at this time completing his education by continental travel. See pp. 257–258.

[1] Beaumaris.

169. *Valentine Greatrakes to Sir George Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers,* pp. 207–209.]

Sir

I WAS at your lodgings before I left Dublin, but missed the happiness of meeting you there, and my occasions not giving me leave to stay longer, made me depart so abruptly. I went home by the way of the Queen's Country, which caused me to stay so long that your letter was at my house before me, so that I could not answer it last post. Sir, I thought fitting to send Dean Rust's letter unto you, which when you have perused, I shall desire you to return by the post to your servant, who resolves, by the first vessel, to sail for England: and therefore I shall desire you'll take some speedy course for the payment of the £155 which I desire may be paid to Sir Thomas Stanley,[1] a Parliament man, now in Dublin, to my use (which I design for the purchasing of the thirds which by the bill I am to lose) and that on receipt he would signify so much to me by a line or two; but you need not let him know to what end you pay it, for it's my desire, according to Dean Rust's advice, that nothing in your affair might be known. I know it will seem strange to all that know me, that I who never received pension or gratuity from any man hitherto, should propose any thing of a reward to myself now:[2] but I hope when it's rightly considered, how that I run the hazards of the enraged seas, the winter, leave all my concerns in the time of settlement, at so great uncertainty, and forego the comfort of my family, it will not seem strange: for no one can be just to his family that runs such dangers without consideration, which barely could not move me to run such a course, but that I hope in God I may be an instrument in his hands, to free the lady from those distempers which she labors under. Several and most that ever came affected with those dolors her Ladyship is tormented with, all having been cured. Here is a lady (by name Mrs. Mackworth) in the house with me, that came out of Shropshire (that fruitlessly had made use of the best physicians in England), that would at first word have given me £200 if I would have gone to her, who was, through the cancer in her breast, and the stitches, and the aches in her body and bones, reduced to such extremity, that hardly did ever any creature endure greater: nor was there ever a more perfect skeleton, and now, praised be God, the cancer is nigh quite gone, and she is freed from all her aches and stitches, and grows fat, and is as merry as ever she was. I must desire you to let me know the name of my Lord Conway's house, and nigh what market town it lie, and what course I must take from Bristol thither. I must beg your pardon for my prolixity,

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[2] He landed in Dublin August 7, 1665, and reached Charleville August 11.

[3] Conway must refer to Baines' assiduity in study, since the impression given in all that is said about him is that physically he was temperate if not ascetic.

[4] The remainder is torn off.

subscribing myself (Sir)
Your humble servant,
VA. GREATRACKS.

Affane, 9 December, 1665

170. *Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers,* pp. 212–214.]

Dear Brother,

I HAVE received yours of the 29th January, but the former letter therein mentioned to have been written to me at your coming to Dublin, is not yet come to my hands. Mr. Greatrax hath been here a fortnight tomorrow, and my wife is not the better for him: very few others have failed under his hands, of many hundreds that he hath touched in these parts. I must confess that before his arrival, I did not believe the tenth part of those things which I have been an eye-witness of, and several others of as accurate judgment as any in this kingdom, who are come hither out of curiosity, do acknowledge the truth of his operations. This morning the Bishop of Gloucester[1] recommended to me a prebend's son in his diocese, to be brought to him for a leprosy from head to foot, which hath been judg'd incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly: that is, from a moist humour, 'twas immediately dried up, and began to fall of; the itching was quite gone, and the heat of it taken away. The youth was transported to admiration. The Dean saw this as well as myself, but it is not the hundredth part, and I am confident the least of forty that we have seen, among which are many pleasant passages, done purposely to satisfy our curiosity and experience. So that I wonder he had not a greater esteem in Ireland; but after all this I am far from thinking them miracles or that his cures are at all miraculous; but I believe it is by a *sanative virtue* and a *natural efficiency*,[2] which extends not to all diseases, but is much more proper and effectual to some than to others, as he doth also dispatch some with a great deal of ease, and others not without a great deal of paines. This inclosed is a letter of his to his wife, which I desire may be sent carefully to her; and as to his concernments in Ireland, I fear he doth not mind them so well as he ought to do; probably Sir Thomas Stanley may informe you how they stand, and if you can do him any service, I shall take it extreme kindly, for he takes a great deal of paines about my wife, and is very affectionate to do all that lies in his power.

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[1] Sir Thomas Stanley is mentioned occasionally in the *State Papers,* 1663–65, usually in connection with Greatrakes, whose affairs he seems to have managed during Greatrakes' visit to England.

[2] Greatrakes insists in his *Brief Account* also that at no other time did he accept money for his cures.

The King is now at London, and the sickness abated to 30 this week. I have got two couple of right decoy ducks and a drake, such as will fly abroad every night and return in the morning; these I will send over within a fortnight, and I will send to all the decoys in England till I have brought mine into such a condition as it ought to be. I am very glad to hear from my sister that Ned is out of the danger of the small pox. I had a letter also from my brother Francis. I am confident Mr. Greatrix would recover him, or the Bishop of Down,[3] for I do pretty well know what distempers he can cure, and what he cannot cure.

So I rest yours, etc.

CONWAY.

Ragley, 9 February, 1665[6]

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[1] William Nicholson was Bishop of Gloucester from 1661 until his death in 1672. During the early years of the Civil War, he had maintained himself by keeping a private school with Jeremy Taylor and William Wyatt.

[2] This theory of More's which he first propounded in connection with Coker (cf. p. 115) received much credence during Greatrakes' visit; reflections of it may be found in the letters appended to the *Brief Account*.

[3] Jeremy Taylor.

171. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 238. "To the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley in Warwickshire. Leave these with the Postmaster at Coventry."]

C.C.C. March 17, [1666]

Madame,

I MUST ask pardon of your Ladiship for not being so good as my promisse and intention. For I made account to have writt to you much sooner then I do, as I intimated in my letter to My Lord. For I was then indifferently well and had a minde to be as merry as I could with my black nagg I rode on, and to make My Lord and yourself merry to at the reading of my letter. But I had then a griping in my body, and a looseness though not much, but they were far more the next day as if I had taken some violent Physick, so that I was faine to keep my chamber for three or four days together, and therefore had not the opportunity to informe my self so timely of the Colledge affairs. Yesterday we had our accounts for this last Michaelmas which will be finished on Monday, but severall things are differ'd till the next accounts, which are to be in Easter weeke, which being so very near I can not with any conveniency return till after Easter. I expect also to hear out of the country besides that the Vicechancellour has as yett done nothing at all farther touching that maine affaire betwixt Dr Cudworth and Dr Widdrington. So that I must intreat your Ladiship not to take it ill, if I come not till after Easter. When it will be most seasonable in severall other regards. For I hope also by that time that Matthew will be return'd out of the north. But I shall have occasion to write to your Ladiship before then. I perceive by a letter from London that Dr Stubbs his papyr is out about Mr Greatrakes,[1] touching which the resentment of serious men is such as I suspected would be. For they look upon his management of the matter not so advantageous for Relligion, etc. But I think he is universally noted for what he seems not over ambitious to conceal. I will bring Mr Boiles Hydrostaticks[2] with me, which I made bold to carry away upon a presumption I should sooner have returned. It is a very pleasant discourse, though I be not altogether satisfyde that his paradoxicall Inferences from the experiments are true. There will be a Spiritt of Nature for all this,[3] and I think for anything that ever will be alledg'd to the contrary, or excogitated to evade the unrelish of that principle. I remember your Ladiship out of Ireland enquired touching that story of Mr [Tollard?][4] fortelling the day of his own death. I heard since I came hither a story of greater wonderment and of no less credibility, touching Mr Newman (he that made the Concordance)[5] that whyle he was well did many moneths predict his own death, the very hour of it, and that day that he dyde, rose very well, and after some meditations and studious fitts in his study, and after, some exhortations to his Family, and praying with them, when he had rose from prayers, and sett himself down in his chaire, he having said those words, Now good Angel, do thy office, he presently gave up the Ghost. This was writt from New England to one in Yorkshire, as I am told by a fellow of the Colledge that came lately thence. I should be exceeding glad to hear that your Ladiship growes any thing better this spring (the warmth of the year begining to returne) then which nothing can be more welcome news to

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[1] *The Miraculous Conformist.*

[2] Robert Boyle, *Hydrostatical Paradoxes, made out by new experiments (for the most part Physical and easy)* (Oxford, 1666).

[3] The idea of the Spirit of Nature is one of More's most characteristic theories, which he frequently debated with Boyle and others.

[4] No other reference in the letters or *State Papers* helps to determine the name.

[5] Samuel Newman (1600–1663), B.A., Oxford, 1620; nonconformist. To escape punishment he emigrated and settled in Massachusetts. His *Large and Complete Concordance to the Bible* was published in 1643; other editions appeared in 1650, 1658, 1683, with a fifth edition in 1720.

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

H. More.

Madame lett me beg the favour of presenting my most humble service to My Lady your Mother and to My Lord, and my kind respects to Mrs Foxcroft and Mr Foxcroft to whom the enclos'd is from Mr Doyley[6] I pray God restore you to some measure of health by some good meanes or other. Dr Whitchcott[7] sett out for London this last Tuesday.

172. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add MSS 23,216,* f. 90. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley in Warwickshire near Auster. Leave these with the Postmaster at Coventry."]

C. C. C. Mar. 23, 1666.

Madame,

I am glad my letters came safe to your Ladiship. I wrote since to Mrs Foxcroft to know how your Ladiship does, and though I am exceeding sorry for the sadnesse of your condition, yett it is some content to me that you are not worse then when I left you. I pray God support your spiritts in this great affliction and send you ease and comfort. What Mrs Foxcroft writes of the Girle is consyderable, but best to have been judged on if a man had been present. There's a man here in the towne awhyle ago, that came to me and told me a very consyderable story of a house haunted which himself had, and had left it as he sayd by reason of that trouble. There was a light attended the apparition perpetually. He had thereof felt cold, it spoke once and being struck at with a sword, as he told me, it vanished. It hit this man upon the breast, and thrust its body upon him once. The man had a minde, that I should goe to the house, but I told him I had not the curiosity, being fully enough persuaded, there were such apparitions, but told him withall if he would give me the story in black and white, and declare no more then he would be deposed on, I would communicate his case to some friends and acquaintances and try what they would doe. He said he would, but since I have not seen him. I am sorry neither my Colledge affaires nor country suffer me to wayt on your Ladiship before after Easter. I wrote to Mrs Foxcroft on purpose to excuse my delay to your Ladiship. I quite forgott to send you Sir John Finch's verses;[1] but I know not whether my forgetfulnesse in this point or my mindfulness is the more tolerable: They are a very melancholy copy of verses, and it is in obedience to your Ladiships commands more then any allowance of my own judgement that makes me send them. I have sent you the originall but keep a copy of them myself, as an ingenious monument of Sir John's Melancholy. There is that of a poetical charme in them but your Ladiship is so well fortify'd with the sacred principles of Christianity and sound Philosophy, that you'll easily remember that your brothers mournfull Muse is but like a Melancholy fitt of Musick, reaches only the passions, offers nothing of reason, why we should be sad. What ever there is of Theologicall or Philosophicall difficulty insinuated in the verses I know your Ladiship will easyly solve which makes me all the better satisfyde with my adventure of sending them.

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[6] Oliver Doyley, who had entered King's College as a scholar from Eton in 1634. He was B.A., 1638, M.A., 1642, and Fellow for nearly fifty years.

[7] Benjamin Whichcote, who had been provost of King's, but, since his ejection, Rector of Milton in Cambridgeshire. He was Mrs. Foxcroft's brother.

They talk here of hopes of peace. I pray God send it. Your Ladiship will not do well to lett Mrs Foxcroft read those verses without this Antidote. The Referees of her Husbands case[2] have or will report to the King that they have concluded as most fitt, that Sir Edward Winter and his son be sent for hither into England, but that Mr Foxcroft keep his place there where he is. This Dr Whitchcoat told me this day, for very good newes. I was with her son Ezekiell and communicated her postscript to him. I wrote word to Mrs. Foxcroft that Sir Charles Wheeler[3] carry'd the Burgesses place here but by six voices. She did not intimate to me what Bromly[4] that was that was at Ragley. I hope she will in her next. Mrs. Cudworth and Dr Whichcoat present their humble service to your Ladiship, and their kinde remembrances to Mrs Foxcroft. That God would be pleased to strengthen you and restore you to health is the earnest prayer of

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[1] Finch's commonplace books contain numerous verses some of the last "designed for my dear Lady Conway now in heaven." The "very melancholy copy of verses" here referred to may be those which Malloch quotes, pp. 47–48, with a later date, beginning "Build me my Mansion in a Cypresse Grove."

[2] Cf. *Burley Papers,* I, 441–442; Consul Lannoy to the Earl of Winchilsea, October 12, 1666: "I cannot but give you some small account of the late unhappy differences at Fort St. George. The (India) Company sent out this year thither Mr. George Foxcroft, their agent, requiring Sir Edward Winter home; appointing him during his stay to be second in Councill. Mr. Foxcroft was received very civilly, the fort and all things belonging to his place and quality as agent (put) in his command some months past, when he calls to account some persons of that country, servants to the Company as brokers or otherwise, men of great estates, which they have raised by abusing their masters, and secures them within the fort. This Sir Edward could not digest, knowing that by their examinations, his owne actions would be brought to light. . . . In some few daies, his passion flew so high that he leaves the fort. . . . Afterwards, enters the fort armed, with a great many followers in a mutinous manner. . . . Soon after, when he (Foxcroft) and the Council were waiting for the bell to call them to morning prayer, they heard a tumult in the court yard. . . . The Agent and his sonn, with two of his Councill, Mr. Jer. Sembrook, and Mr. Wm. Dawes, tooke their swords and run downe stairs to appease the tumult, where they were beaten downe, the old Agent, his sonn and Mr. Sambrooke wounded in divers places, and Mr. Dawes killed. The others were made prisoners, and Sir Edward has now the fort and town in his possession. . . . The good old Gentleman is unhumanly used, and his life threatened."

[3] Sir Charles Wheeler had been B.A. of Trinity, 1638–39, and Fellow from 1640 until 1644 when he was ejected. He was a colonel in the Royalist army and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles II. From 1667–79 he was M.P. for the University of Cambridge.

Dear Madam,

Your most affectioately devoted servant,

Hen. More.

I desire my humble respects may be presented to my Lady Dowager and my Lord Conway if he be returned. I heard his name read today among the Commissioners for examination of Accounts.

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173. *Valentine Greatrakes to Lord Conway.*

[*Rawdon Papers,* pp. 210–212. Indorsed, "Received 3 May, 1666." Evidently from the reference to "my Lord General and Prince Rupert" written April 24, 1666.]

My Lord,

The *Virtuosi* have been daily with me since I writ to your honor last, and have given me large and full testimonials,[1] and God has been pleased to do wonderful things in their sight, so that they are my hearty and good friends, and have stopt the mouths of the Court, where the sober party are now most of them believers and my champions. The Kings doctors this day (for the confirmation of their Majesties belief) sent three out of the hospital to me, who came on crutches, and blessed be God, they all went home well, to the admiration of all people, as well as the doctors. I shall not need any testimonials more than what I shall have here. I shall speedily commit them to the press, and then farewell to Court and City. Sir Heneage Finch says that I have made the greatest faction and disturbance between clergy and laymen that any one has these 1000 years. I have hardly a testimonial but there is the hands of 3 or 4 doctors of physic to it.

For news it's this—Sir Jeremy Smyth with his squadron is returned into Plymouth (but without the Smyrna fleet.)[2] My Lord General and Prince Rupert went yesterday for Whitehall to the fleetward.[3] The plague is decreased 16 this week. The city is very still, and the court in close mourning.[4] I have sent your

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[4] See below, p. 278.

[1] Many of these Greatrakes published in his *Brief Account.*

[2] The fleet of Admiral Sir Jeremy Smith had met with serious storms in February, so that it had been rumored lost.

[3] Cf. Pepys, April 23, 1666: "To White Hall, where I had the opportunity to take leave of the Prince, and again of the Duke of Albemarle; and saw them kiss the King's hand, and the Duke's; and much content, indeed, there seems to be in all people at their going to sea, and they promise themselves much good from them." The purpose of the expedition was to prevent a junction of the French and the Dutch.

[4] Because of the death of Donna Luiza, Queen of Portugal, widow of Juan IV, and mother of Queen Katherine.

Lordship a basket of lemons and oranges, and wish your honor and my Lady all the happiness of this world (and all that belongs thereto) and I shall ever remain your most obliged and grateful friend and servant.—In great haste,—

Va. Greatracks.

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174. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 188. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Auster in Warwickshire. Leave these with the postmaster of Coventry."]

Madame,

Your letter found me here returned to Cambridge about a week ago, but I forbore to write any thing, being desirous to have first some prospect into the affaires of the Colledge, how things were likely to succeed. The accounts are adjourn'd till next Munday. But if your Ladiship be pleased to send Matthew by Tuesday or Wednesday come sennight, so as to be here by that time, which will be the 9th of May, I shall the next day, God willing, sett out for Ragley, to wayt upon your Ladiship. I am heartily sorry to hear you are confin'd so much to your bed. I was in some hope that your strength would rather be more upon the rise of the spring. Dr Cudworths little son has received reall good from Mr Greatrakes,[1] and Mr Boyle told me that he had been a spectatour of at least 60 performances of his. I believe that gentleman is likely to doe him more creditt then any body. Mr Boyle resented Dr Stubs his letter very ill, I perceiv'd by what he sayd to me.[2] I know not how the Doctor will come off. I was twice at Kensington; din'd there once when we drunk your and my Lords healths. Mr Solicitour[3] and his Lady was very civill to me. They would have had me lyen there all night.

The gentlemen in the arbour[4] do talk on as your Ladiship conjectures, they are in their 3 meeting. Which if I had a papyr which is at Ragley, I think I could finish before my returne thither. When I have done these dialogues I will vex myself with no more scribbling. Mr Hunks[5] gave me a visitt at London. He is, I believe, in a strait condition. I promised I would write to your Ladiship in his behalf, that you might speak for him to my Lord. He look't methought something therly[6] on't. I will give your Ladiship no further trouble of my scrawlings for the present hoping shortly to wayt upon you. In the mean time, committing you to Gods gracious keeping I abruptly take leave and rest,

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[1] Cudworth's testimony in regard to his son's cure is included among those given by Greatrakes in his *Brief Account*.

[2] Birch in his *Life* prefixed to Boyle's *Works*, discusses the Greatrakes case at length, pp. lxxvi–lxxxv, and quotes the letter which Boyle addressed to Stubbes, showing his resentment at Stubbes's use of his name in his *Miraculous Conformist*.

[3] Heneage Finch, Solicitor-General.

[4] The "gentlemen in the arbour" were the characters in More's *Divine Dialogues*. Cf. pp. 254–255.

[5] A series of letters written by Conway, now in Doctor Williams' Library in London, suggests that F. Hunks was a distant relative of the Conways, with whom they had some disagreement over money, which he declared was owed him by the estate.

[6] *Therly* (usually *therle* or *thirle*), gaunt, lean, hungry-looking.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. April 28, [1666]

175. *George Rust to Joseph Glanvill.*

[Fragment quoted in *Saducismus Triumphatus* . . . London, 1681, pp. 90–94. No date is given, but the letter was evidently written in March or April, 1666.]

The great discourse now at the Coffee-houses, and every where, is about Mr. G., the famous Irish Stroker; concerning whom it is like you exepect an account from me. He undergoes various censures here; some take him to be a Conjurer, and some an Impostor, but others again adore him as an Apostle. I confess, I think the man is free from all design, of a very agreeable Conversation, not addicted to any Vice, nor to any Sect or Party; but is, I believe, a sincere Protestant. I was three weeks together with him at my Lord Conwayes, and saw him, I think, lay his hands upon a thousand persons; and really there is something in it more than ordinary; but I am convinc'd it is not miraculous. I have seen pains strangely fly before his hand, till he hath chased them out of the Body, Dimness cleared and Deafness cured by his touch; Twenty persons at several times, in fits of the Falling-Sickness, were, in two or three minutes, brought to themselves, so as to tell where their pain was, and then he hath pursued it, till he hath driven it out at some extream part. . . . But yet I have many reasons to perswade me, that nothing of all this is miraculous. He pretends not to give Testimony to any Doctrine, the manner of his Operation speaks it to be natural, the Cure seldom succeeds without reiterated touches, his Patients often relapse, he fails frequently, he can do nothing when there is any Decay in Nature, and many Distempers are not at all obedient to his touch: so that I confess, I refer all his vertue to his particular Temper and Complexion, and I take his Spirits to be a kind of Elixir, and universal Ferment, and that he cures (as Dr. M. expresseth it) by a sanative contagion. . . .

176. *Lord Conway to Sir Edward Dering.*

[*Stowe MSS* 744, f. 113.]

Honored Sir:

I hope you will pardon my importunity in behalfe of this bearor Mr. Greatraks, who came to this place purposely on my Wife's account, as I know you have heard long since, and though he hath donne her no good, yet I have observed in him so much worth, and integrity, that I holde my self obliged to doe him all the service I am able, and this I shall abundantly discharge if I can prevaile with you to be his friend, before whom his businesse will depend, though upon the worst of Titles which is the Doubling Ordinance, yet I hope by your favour he may get through, without losse of the land, and I shall esteeme your kindnesse to him at the highest rate imaginable, being assured that he will deserve it at your hands, and that if it lye in my power to acknowlwdge the same, it shall ever be with the utmost services of

Your most affectionate and obedient servant,

CONWAY.

Ragley, 20 June, '66.

177. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 37. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway. Leave this with Mr. O Neile at the Post office in Dublin, Ireland."]

My Dearest Deare,

THE newes of your safe arrival at Dublin was very impatiently wished for by me, and therefore you may imagine was proportionally welcomed this day, that I had the happinesse to receive your letter. I would not tell you that I doe now make use of the first possibility I have been in to write, since you went (for fear you should make any unpleasing reflections upon it) but to free my self from your censure of having neglected your commands. I returne you many thanks for all your letters in which you have obliged me by expressions of kindnesse infinitly beyond my deserts, and by giving me a more timely account of your journy by land, then you seemed to promise, satisfied my sollicitude beyond my expectation. I wish this papyr could represent to you the gratefull sense I have of all those great obligations you have laid upon me, for then I am sure you would find my representment as great as have been the the expressions of your affection, or at least as great as the highest effects of friendship (and such have been the effects of yours to me) can possibly imprint upon humane nature. When I seriously reflect upon these considerations I find that wise saying experimentally true, *Beatum est dare potius quam accipere,* for questionlesse to oblige is an uninterrupted pleasure to an ingenuous person but to receive kindnesse bigger then one is capacitated to returne (though the defect proceed not from any error in the will but from fate) I am sure cannot be done with out some mixture of Anxiety. Receiving this enclosed from Col. Wheler,[1] I have made Dr More write to Dr Cudworth to befriend him in the Election, at your request, guessing that to be your mind, but I know not how to acquaint him with so much his letter not being sent by his footboy (as he mentiones) but by a poor man living 20 mile off that knew nothing of him. Mr Tho. Kempton dyed last Fryday, contrary to Dr Stubb his prognostick, who but the night before said he would not dye that bout. Mary dyed also of a feavour last Sunday. I am glad you converse sometimes with your little pocket companion[2] and spend serious thoughts upon it. Tis certainly highly difficult to attaine to that perfection it points at, but well worth our greatest diligence because without it tis impossible to be happy, though in the middest of the greatest externall enioyments. I have not heard from my brother H. Finch since you went and therefore I suppose there is no certainty yet of the successe of our fleet, though we are said to be victorious. My Lady is very well and gone this day to visit my cosin [being?] no otherwise to any of us that I know of, then usuall, which is kind enough, I have nothing more to add but my being,

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[1] See p. 271.

[2] Probably the *Theologia Germanica.* Cf. p. 109.

Most affectionately and unalterably yours,

A. Conway.

Aug. 6, 1666, Ragley.

178. —— *to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCL,* No. 36. No date or signature, but obviously written in September, 1666. This letter, one of the most complete of the extant accounts of the Great Fire of London, has been printed in modernized form in Sir Walter Besant, *London in the Time of the Stuarts* (1903), pp. 262–265; in *London and Westminster* (1868), I, 124–129; and in part in Walter George Bell, *The Great Fire of London* (1920), pp. 114–115.]

Alas, my Lord, all London almost within the walls and some part of it which was without the walls lyes now in Ashes; a most lamentable devouring fire began upon Sunday morning last at one of the clocke at a Baker's house in Pudding Lane beyond the Bridge, immediately burned down all the new houses upon the Bridge and left the old ones standing, and so came on into Thames street, and went backwards towards the Tower meeting with nothing by the way but old paper buildings and the most combustible matter of Tarr, Pitch, Hemp, Rosen, and Flax which was all layd up thereabouts so that in six houres it became a huge stream of fire at least a mile long and could not possibly be approach'd or quencht, and that which contributed to the devastation was the extream drynesse of the season which layd all the springs so low that no considerable Quantity of water could be had either in the Pipes or Conduit, and above all a most violent and tempestuous east wind which had some times one point towards the North, then again a point towards the South, as if it had been sent on purpose to helpe the fire to execute upon the City, the commission which it had from heaven. From Thames street it went up Fish-street hill into Canning-street, Grace-church street, Lombard street, Cornehill, Bartholomew Lane, Lothberry, Austin Fryers and Broadstreet northward, and likewise into Fen Church street, and Lime street, burning down all the Churches, the Royall Exchange, and all the little Lanes and Alleys: as it went from thence Westward it swept away Friday street, Watling Street, Cheapside, Newgate, Markett and the Prison, Pater Noster Row, St Sepulchers and so up to Smithfield barrs and down to Holborne bridge. Also all Pauls churchyard, the roof of Pauls church, Ludgate hill, part of Fleet street, Black fryers, Whitefryers, and all the Inner Temple till it came to the Hall, a corner of which had taken fire and was there most happily quencht as likewise in Fleet street over against St Dunstans church, else for ought appears it might have swept away Whitehall and all the City of Westminster too which is now left standing together with all the suburbs: viz. the Strand, Covent garden, Queen's street, Lincoln's Inne feildes, Holborn as farr as the bridge and all Hatton garden, Clarkenwell, and St. John's street. Of the City itself from the Tower unto Temple barr remaynes only all Smithfeild and St Bartholomews, Aldergate street and part of Broadstreet, the fire being stopt there before it came to Sir Eliab Harveys whose house together with Sir John Shaws and Gresham Colledge and so forward are preserved: all Bishypsgate street, Leaden Hall street, Duke's place and so to Aldgate. But 'tis fitt your Lordship should know that all that is left both of City and suburbs is acknowledg'd under God to be wholly due to the King and Duke of Yorke who when the Citizens had abandoned [all] further care of the place, and were intent cheifly upon the preservation of their goods, undertook the work themselves, and with incredible magnanimity rode up and down giving orders for blowing up of Houses with Gunpowder to make voyd spaces for the fire to dye in, and standing still to see those orders executed, exposing their persons not only to the multitude but to the very flames themselves, and the Ruines of buildings ready to fall upon them and sometimes labouring with their own hands to give example to others, for which the people do now pay them as they ought to do all possible Reverence and Admiration. The King proceeds to releive daily all the poor people with infinite Quantitys of Bread and Cheese and in this is truly Gods vice-gerent, that he does not only save from fire but gives life too.

I beleive there was never any such desolation by fire since the destruction of Jerusalem nor will be till the last and general conflagration. Had your Lordship been at Kensington you would have thought for five dayes together—for so long the fire lasted—it had been Doomsday and that the Heavens them selves had been on fire, and the fearfull cryes and Howlings of undone people did much increase the Resemblance: my walkes and Gardens were almost covered with the Ashes of Paper Linnens, etc., and peices of Ceiling and playster work blowne thither by the Tempest.

The losse is inestimable and the consequence to all publique and private affairs not presently imaginable, but in appearance very dreadfull, yet I doubt not but the King and his people will be able to weather it out, though our enemyes grow insolent upon it.

The greatest part of the wealth is saved, the losse having cheifly fallen upon heavy goods, Wine Tobacco Sugars, etc. But all the mony in specie plate jewels etc. was sent into the Tower where it now lyes, and the Tower it selfe had been fir'd but that it preserved it selfe by beating down the houses about it playing continually with their Canons upon all that was fir'd and so stopt the progresse.

So great was the general despair that when the fire was in the Temple Houses in the Strand adjoyning to Somerset House were blown up on purpose to save that house and all men both in city and suburbs carry'd away their goods all day and night by Carts which were not to be had but at most unhumane prices. Your Lordships servant in Queene street made a shift to put some of your best chairs and fine goods into your rich Coach and sent for my Horses to draw them to Kensington where they now are.

Without doubt there was nothing of Plott or Designe in all this though the People would fayn thinke otherwise. Some lay it upon the French and Dutch, and are ready to knock them all on the head wheresoever they meet them, others upon the fanatiques because it broke out so neer the third of September their so celibrated day of Triumph, others upon the Papists because some of them are now sayd to bee in Armes, but 'tis no otherwise then as part of those Militias which are or ought to be in a posture everywhere. All the storys of making and casting of fireballs are found to be fictions when they are traced home to that which was sayd to be thrown upon Dorset house was a firebrand seen by the Duke of Yorke upon the Thames to be blowne thither, and upon notice thereof given by his highness was for the time quencht. But there could be no plott with out some time to form it in, and making so many partyes to it, we must need have had some kind of Intelligence of it, besides no rising follows it nor any Army appears any where to second such a design, above all their hath been no attempt upon the King or Dukes person which might easily have been executed had this been any effect of treason.

Men begin now everywhere to recover their spirits again, and think of repairing the old and rebuilding a new City. I am told this day by Mr Chickly the City have sent to the King to desire a new Modell. Vaults are daily open'd wherein are found immense quantitys of Pepper, Spices, and Wines, oyls and sugars, etc. safe and untoucht though the houses were fired, but all the cloth layd in St Faiths church under St Pauls is burnt. Gresham Colledge is sett apart for an Exchange and Post office. Leaden Hall is to supply the uses of Guild Hall. And with out doubt when the Parliament meets as much will be done towards the restoring of the City and in it of the Kingdom to its ancient Lustre and esteem, as can be expected from the Piety of so Dutifull an assembly. I find every man resolv'd never to submit to a base peace what extremityes soever we undergo, yet I see no man unwilling to hearken to a good one.

179. *Henry Bromley*[1] *to Mrs. Foxcroft.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CLXXVII,* No. 61.]

Madam,

THAT I have not beene my selfe to wait on my Lord Conway and to enquire of my Ladyes welfare and the rest of that noble family I am most heartily asham'd. It hath often been in my thoughts, but as the best thinges are often longest deferr'd, so hath this duty and service till the season of the yeare and my Lords absence makes it more inconvenient and difficult. The depth of winter could not keepe my wife from Ragly if in the least she might be serviceable to my Lady Conway, or your selfe. Should she not be affected with the sad condition she apprehends that noble Lady to be in, she must forget Christianity and Good Nature, and her owne misfortune, in being Denyed the happinesse of seeing one she so much Honour'd. But the consideration of my Ladyes Wisdome and Christianity as it is a support to her selfe in her Great afflictions, so to her Ladyships frends that have the most exquisite sense of her sufferings. Being they beleeve she hath learnt to Glory in Tribulation also and to find that Great mystery and secret of Christianity that tribulation worketh patience, which is not in experienced Christians like the vainglorious boast of the Stoickes, but from inward experience of the shedding abroad of divine love in the heart, or at least the patient waiting for it till the soule hath past the severall fires it meets with in the way to Paradise. One of which sensible paine may be (by the simpathy betwixt soule and body) if we rightly know how to beare and manage it.

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[1] A Henry Bromley of Upton, county Worcester, is mentioned in the *Alumni Oxonienses,* as having matriculated at Oriel College, April 1, 1642, aged sixteen. He is said to have died in 1667. Bromley, as appears later, was one of the Quakers through whom Lady Conway's interest in the sect came about.

My Brother is not at this time with us, neither hath he beene above once here these 8 yeares past. When that dreadful fire was in London, he was in the country, with some of the family with whom he most resideth. What foresight he had of it I know not: they were all removing into the country. The Dr only staid to sett his house, and had not remov'd his goods, the greatest part of which were devour'd and involv'd in the common calamity. My Brother lost about 30 li worth of bookes, most Greeke and Hebrew. The great Biblia Polyglot being what he is most troubled for. They seeme to apprehend there will be a third woe more dreadfull then the former. They were in London the last raging Pestilence, and some of them beheld the terrour of the fire. They communicate not their thoughts at this distance by letters to me. I advise to the contrary, neither would they (I presume) if I were with them, because I have severely censur'd some of those visionary phantasmes which have beene represented to them as either delusory or uncertaine in their meaning and interpretation. A vision to the inward and outward sense, may proceed from spirits good and bad, and to Apprehend all propheticke and Oracular, is dangerous and often confuted by experience.

My Brother, I beleeve, hath a zealous and good intention in his associating himselfe with that Family. He left the university[2] when he was to have beene elected fellow of All Soules in Oxford according to the statutes of the house as kinsman to the founder, which are the best fellowships at Oxford. At the election day he went to Bradfeild, and never returned to Oxford againe, expecting to draw wisdome out of a clearer fountaine, and to be call'd by God to preach the Gospell. The best in this world have Good and Evill in them; both are likewise discernable there. I hope their Good principles will at last predominate. My Brother being a great lover of the Scriptures in their Originall, when he comes into this Country

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[2] The "brother" is evidently the Thomas Bromley who later writes to Lady Conway. See p. 365. But no Thomas Bromley of All Souls is mentioned in the *Alumni Oxoniensis*, nor is any Thomas Bromley mentioned as from Upton; the only possibility is the Thomas Bromley who matriculated at Oriel College on November 22, 1650, about whom no further information is given. Nothing can be found of the "Family" with whom he resided.

I will send him to wait upon you. The Lord prepare us all for his will, and for those dreadfull Judgments which are approaching, preparatory to those mercyes which the Church is yet to enjoy. Those that come out of this furnace like the Gold more refin'd, will be more capable of the blessinge, which may be more efficacious then in former Ages, and like an Elixor (as is hop'd) to the world. We sent the last weeke for my Brother,[3] but he was gone to Wilton, where he had not beene for many yeares. Mine and my wives most humble service to both the Honourable Ladyes in that family, to your selfe and son from us all, especially from my Brother, who was so much oblig'd to all the family. He continues still in his old distemper. Your messenger is in so much hast that I can only assure you that I am

Your humble servant

HEN. BROMLEY.

Upton-upon-Severn, Novemb. 5, 66.

180. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 91. "For the Right honorable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley in Warwickshire."]

Christ. Coll. Cambr. Feb. 2, 1666/7.

Madame,

I ATTEMPTED to wayt upon your Ladiship the morning I left Ragley but heard how exceeding ill you was by Madameysell. For which I was exceeding sorry, but most of all that this illnesse is grown so much of late upon you, that it makes me many times hopelesse, though to favour my own affections, I force my self sometimes againe to hope against hope. I know to one under so great paine and torture the thoughts of that last change is not onley not terrible but pleasing, and so much the more to one to whom God has given so firm a fayth in those glorious promisses of a life to come, and a blessed Immortality after death. But to us whom you leave behinde this change cannot but be grievous and the absence of so deare a friend intolerable. And though this may seem a peece of injustice in us who are thus sad at that which will be so measureably for your Ladiships advantage, yett this greife is but a just testimony to that extraordinary goodnesse whose converse we shall want in the absence of your person. It is a melancholick world upon both publick and private respects, but the saying so will not diminish it but encrease it. I wish rather I were able to suggest any thing to your Ladiship, that might have any efficacy in it to help you to beare those intolerable paines withe more ease and patience, but am not a little pleased God has so replenished you with grace and wisedome, that it is very hard for any one to suggest anything to you, by way of advice that yourself has not already in a readinesse to make use of, and that little German companion[1] is at hand to converse with as often as your Ladiship has so much respite as to be able to read. All is sayd in one word, to make it our buisinesse to withdraw our Spirit as much as we can out of the spirit of this world, and to take our rest entirely in the will and Spirit of God. This I pray God make us all to doe.

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[3] This is evidently another brother, John, whose death is mentioned on p. 421.

[1] The *Theologia Germanica.*

My nephew is just now come to town so that I may in that regard be in a speedyer capacity of returning to Ragley. But our colledge affaires will detaine me something longer. For the fellowes are not yett all returned. My Lord, I thank him offering me the use of his horses against that time, and I will send word so soon as I see whenabout it will be. But if the sickness should girt up againe, I may happen without any further to do to take hackneys here and come away. That God would be pleased to mitigate your paines and preserve us in these dangerous times, is the constant prayer of

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

My very humble service to my Lady Dowager and Mrs Foxcroft. Her son was with me here yesternight very well and a la mode in his best. He has employment in the Colledge, so that it has hindered him from coming to Ragley heretofore.

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181. *Thomas Baines to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 47; in the hand of an amanuensis.]

Rome, March 17, [1667].

My most Honoured Lord,

I DARE not write to my Lady, for writing makes mee strongly inculcate and repeat upon myselfe, Hir person, virtues, and those obligations which I have received from Hir Ladyshippe, which I can hardly at any time barely think off without paying my teares to Hir condicion. I beseech you therefore (my very good Lord) to owne my integrity so far as to present me for such a person as I have now professed myselfe to bee, to my most Honoured Lady, and withall in my name to present Hir Ladyshippe with these small conveniences (of which you have a bill of lading) given to mee by the Great Duke, and made according to the forme of those thinges, which the Great Duchesse uses when shee lyes sicke in bed. I had also given mee by the Great Duke a night cap of His, which I make bold to present to your Lordshippe, being deceived if the fashion does not please you. But, my Lord, I am very sorry that as yet I am able to bring out nothing but these trifling inconsiderable testimonyes of my Divotion, nourishing still within myselfe to the height old professed service; hopeing that your Lordshippes most noble brest is not alltogether dispossessed of that affection which your Lordshippe once had for mee. I esteemed it my great happinesse at Florence, as also I doe it here in Rome to have lighted upon Mr Boyle[1] a person and a Branch too of that family which I very well knewe your Lordshippe had a great esteeme for, upon which account I was resolved to bee as serviceable to Him as I could, and accordingly prosequuted my intentions, but I met with so much civility and ingenuity, as likewise from Mr Hall[2] his governour, an able person, that looke what was in mee I could not but pay them upon there owne score, so that this attempt coming to nothing, I must attend future occasions to prove myselfe what with all humility and divotion I subscribe

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[1] Roger, son of the first Earl of Orrery. See *Cal. S.P. Ireland, 1666–69,* pp. 470, 677, for his father's references to his travels.

my lord

Your Lordships most obedient and most obliged servant

TH. BAMES[3]

My Lord! I crave leave to trouble your Lordship with the presenting mee in all humble service and highest devotion to my Lady Viscountesse your Lordshippes mother. Mr Finch presents your Lordshippe and my Lady with his most humble service.

182. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 46. Evidently a postscript to a letter of Baines. March 18/28, 1667.]

My Lord,

THE Doctor has sent your Lordship the enclos'd from Rome and he forgott to mention in his letter the Brescia Pistoll Barrell he sent your Lordship with the Cap. Those thing he sends my sister which were given him by the Great Duke, are of singular use for her that keeps her bed: being very ingenious contrivances to sitt at all heights in the bed, and have the use of a table. It goes upon screws, and everything is to be unscrewed. The glasses within the bed pan is to be taken out by unscrewing the handle and taking the handle quite of for then it opens. All the other screws are obvious enough. My Lord, I have sent your Lordship 3 chests of Florence wine, and a Jarr of Oyl, and because 'tis rarely good, a Jarr of choice Anchovies to eat with it.

I have enclos'd here the continuation of my Discourse[1] which by sheets I will constantly transmitt. I shall entreat your Lordship to let my Sister have it when your Lordship thinkes she can be able to read it. My Lord, the length of this cannot hinder mee from writing to my Dear Sister, since shee has satisfaction in it. God Almighty prosper you both, and make me so happy as once more to see you. I am most unfeignedly my most honour'd and Dear Lord,

Your Lordships

Most obedient and humble servant and most affectionate Brother,

JOHN FINCH.

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[2] Dr. John Hall, later Archdeacon of Killaloe.

[3] *Sic.*

[1] Finch was writing a "Cartesian Discourse," part of which is included in his *Journal*, in the *Burley Papers*.

183. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 48.]

Livorno, Aprill 1/11, 1667.

My Lord,

I AM to beg your Lordships pardon (and Beseech your Lordship to obtayn it for me from my Sister) for being silent last week, for now my Lord I cannot for give my selfe the least omission. But the truth is my Lord the enclos'd sheet, the Continuation of my Discourse, was deceitfull and tooke up more time then I imagined in transcribing. I hope the former sheet in mine to your Lordship of March 18/28 is come to hand, if any mistake their way, upon notice I shall supply the miscarriage.

My Lord I am to give your Lordship a 1000 thankes for those continuall remarques of kindnesse your Lordship is pleased to publish, by the constant Discourses your Lordship has with my Brother, who renders mee highly sensible of those endearments no man could place upon mee but your Lordship who studyes to undoe me by the strange method of your obligations, which are so order'd by your Lordship that you rob mee of the very possibility of acknowledgment. My Lord, I will not thinke to make the Impression upon your Lordship of which I have so Deep a sense; but this I will solemnly avow, that nothing in this World exercises a more absolute dominion over all the faculties of my soul then my most honour'd and Dear Lord Conway. And I as solemnly protest that nothing in this World makes me wish my selfe a thing of esteem so much as that I might give your Lordship somwhat that was of Value. But my Lord let me be as I am or can be, I can and doe give your Lordship what is invaluable and what the Power and Riches of the World cannot Purchase, a heart most unfeignedly full of service and affection, and let this my Lord keep me still in your Lordships esteem.

My Lord the Length of my Dispatches to my Lord Chancellour[1] and my Lord Arlington[2] keep me from writing the Enclos'd Copy with my own hands, which is a Copy of the Account I send my Lord Chancellour of a troublesome affayr here.

The Newes that is fresh here is that 24 Turky Vessells from Alexandria bound for Canea[3] were mett with the Venetian and Malta fleet and all but 6 taken and sunk. There were severall French Vessells that were forc'd by Imbargo to serve them. My Lord, his Majesty blessed be God hath gayn'd by opening a Trade where not [a] Dutch ship appears so great an awe and Dread upon all men that the Italian unbeliever is now become a Convert in his reverence to his Majesties Person and Conduct. Five Dutch vessells were onely designed for the Mediterranean and one was sunke goeing about Scotland, and 4 the other day carry'd to Angiers.

I sent his Majesty the last weeke a letter of thankes from the Republic of Genova for the obliging Civilityes my Lord of Winchilsea plac'd upon their Ambassadours at Constantinople. The Duke of Savoy getts not the supplyes he expected and so is before Genova with 6000 men onely and in a Posture rather to be beaten then Beat. I have not time at present but in my next I shall acquaint your Lordship with something of publick use. The Small Case in this Bill of Lading encloses those contrivances for my sister the Doctor presents her, and a cap and payr of Pistoll Barrells he presents your Lordship. To these I have added 3 chests of Wine, 1 Jarr of Rare Oyl, and another of as good Anchovies. I wish your Lordship much mirth in the using them. Dr Baines is with my Nephew[4] at Rome newly returned from Naples. Oblige me to lett my Brother know so much, and my sister and excuse my not writing, the multiplicity of Dispatches giving mee onely leave to assure your Lordship that I am most unalterably

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[1] Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

[2] Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington.

[3] On the island of Crete.

Your Lordships
Most humble and most Obedient Servant and
most affectionate Brother
John Finch.

184. *Thomas Baines to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 52. In the hand of an amanuensis.]

My most Honoured Lord!

It is now a moneth since I wrote to your Lordshippe from this place, and tooke the boldnesse upon mee of presenting small trifles to my Lady and youselfe. Your Lordshippes letter I sent open to your Brother Sir John Finch, and it is well I did, for Hee hath corrected a mistake, for in mine to your lordshippe, as Hee tells mee, I mentioned only a capp, whereas in mine to Him was made mention of a cap and a paire of pistole barrells, the mistake was not great, they both making but one inconsiderable trifle: but bee it what it will, it falls out by chance in this, as it will alwayes necessarily succeed, that I shall speake of lesse then I shal doe in all points of service that shall in any manner concerne your Lordshippe.

Our Newes here is of a strange sort of insolency commited by a dutch Baron in the very Antecamera to the roome where the cardinalls were performing the holy function of washing the pilgrimes feet upon Holy Thursday, which Baron attempting to enter in and being roughly treated by a Switcer one of the popes guardes, out with his sword, and ranne him through in two places, so that hee fell downe dead, the Baron is escaped and not yet found, but the price of three hundred crowns set upon his head, and the freeing of two Banditos to him that discovers him, tis thought hee is in the French embassadours house.

This function of washing the pilgrimes feet was this yeare performed by Cardinall Barberini our English protector which used to bee done by the pope, who this yeare could not attend it by reason of his sicknesse, which for the best I can learne stands thus.[1] His disease is an ulcer of the bladder having urined many dayes together blood and corruption, which certainly in a short time will end his dayes, but how soon I cannot tell, and that they about Him have the same apprehensions is certaine, for all the malefactory prisoners are removed out of the common Gooles, into the strong Castell of Saint Angelo, for heere as soone as a pope is dead, the keepers set open the prison doores, otherwise the people would breake them open. Yesterday my curiosity carried [me] to his pallace upon Monte Cavallo, where we found all the dores of His Anticamera shutt, partly I suppose to bee out of noise, but cheifely I believe because all the furniture is carried away, where that this very morning Hee had called for his coffen into His chamber, convened all the Cardinalls before Him, made a sermon to them in Latin of halfe an hower long, and sent them all out with weeping eies; this day I heare that Hee is better, bee it as it will bee. Wee are resolved to stay heere a fortnight longer and if Hee dyes a weeke more to see the towne put into the handes of the new roman militia, and the conclave setled, and so to your Brother, for of my absence from Him I am not a little impatient.

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[4] Daniel Finch, later second Earl of Nottingham, and sixth Earl of Winchilsea, son of Heneage Finch. See pp. 257–258.

[1] Pope Alexander VII died May 22, 1667.

My lord, I must tell your Lordshippe that this is the third letter I wrote to you, which are unanswered, and in case they do not produce one from you, to give the comfort and assurance of your ancient love and favour, and that you are what you used to bee my ancyent patron, I shall not dare by letter to repeat my service any oftener, but shall never cease in my heart with all divotion to bee, and in my actions sincerely to professe myself to bee

My most Honoured Lord,
Your Honours most faithful and most obedient servant

Rome, Aprill 16, [1667] Tho. Baines

185. *Henry More to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 296. "To the Right honourable Edward Lord Viscount Conway at his house in Queen-street these." No date; perhaps July, 1667.]

My Lord,

This is onely, according to promisse, to certify your Lordship of my safe returne to Cambridge, and in what capacity I am of returning so soone to Ragley as both your Lordship and my own desires would carry me thither. But I finde the condition of my affaires both here and elsewhere to be such that I can not be free till a moneth or thereabout at soonest, Which I am very sorry for, that it will be so long till I have the honour to wayt upon yourself and your excellent Lady in the place where, bateing the sad scene of her unsupportable paine and sicknesse, I am so well accommodated with all thinges sutable to my Genius, and such as might give perfect contentment and delight. When I left the town I heard very hott and hopefull rumours of peace, which are here freshly renew'd at Cambridge, I should be glad to hear it ratifyde from some good hand. Which would make both Ragley and every place els more pleasant to

My deare Lord
Your Lordships most humble and affectionate servant,

C.C.C. Hen More.

186. *Sir George Rawdon to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCXXIII,* No. 56.]

Lisb. 10 Aug. 67.

My Lord

Having written lately att large to your lordship, I did not think of giving you the trouble soe suddenly, but that I think it necessary to acquaint you with the apprehensions wee have of a change, my Lord Bishop of Downe having ben very ill these 3 or 4 daies past. The Doctors have more hope of his recovery this morning then was yesterday, when my Lord Primate tooke leave of him, I have insinuated with his Grace the fittnesse (if our Bishop happen to dye) and worthines of the Deanes of Connor and Armagh to succeed for it will be 2 Bishopricks hereafter, and would advise if I knew how your Lordship would putt to the helping hand. But such things are soe suddenly done that att the distance you are att, I do not see how it may well bee. Hee hath made his will, and hath not above 2000 li in all to dispose (of which the 600 li is [preserved?] for his lady and 2 daughters.) I was yesterday att Portmore where the hay is all made to a very little, and that all is not much, the meadows prove very thin and short this dry yeare. I tooke the paines to walke and consider all the trenches with Jo: Totnall and Mr Mildmay and was about the old church, and finde work inough necessary to be done ere they bee better. I was with my Lord Primate att Belfast on Thursday att dinner with the Earl of Donnegall and was very much importuned by Mrs Squire who is in a miserable condition of want, to write to your Lordship of whose helpe and charity she hath great hope and would not believe but your lordship would have given some order for her if you had not gone away soe suddenly.

I know not what to think of Symon your keeper, he hath soe many mischances. He hath found 2 fatt buck last week dead and putrified, one whereof was the bald buck and supposes they were coursed in the night and that some body kil'd a 3d and stollen it away. I tell him soe small a parke he having been a deere stealer himselfe may easily if he were diligent be preserved. Wee cannot finde out any to suspect. One of them seemed to have been pincked with a dagg,[1] but noe such signe upon the other. I have had a lease of bucks out of Tunny and a warrant I gave Dr Colvill and another to my Lord Bishop which are redily served by that keeper, and the Judges and company that have been here never had any fatter or better in their lives. Wee shall not gett the Tenants removed this All Saintes out of Portmore park with any conveniency nor hath your Lordship stock for it, onely the inconvenience is this near park (which I call the spring park) will I doubt not keep all your stock of Deere now in it, this winter without good store of Corne. John hath gotten some oxen of the Tenants and some grasiers into Tunny Parke and wee are indeavouring to husband it the best we may. My Lord Primate often did remember your Lordship and my Lady and was much pleased with the place and his welcome. I most humbly present my duty and service and my wives and remaine,

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[1] "*Dag,* a kind of heavy pistol or handgun formerly in use," *NED.* The transcription in the *Calendar of State Papers* suggests "pinched by a dog"; I am indebted for the reading which I suggest here to G. B. Harrison, Esq.

Your Lordships most obedient servant,

GEO. RAWDON.

Mr Harrisons Brother the Controller is dead and hath left 5 or 6000 li.

187. *Sir George Rawdon to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCXXIII,* No. 62.]

Lisb. 14 Aug. 1667.

My Lord

THAT which I feared (as I writt on Satterday) is come to passe, my Lord of Downe dyed about 3 yesterday afternoone,[1] and hath left a sad Family, and if I had not mynded him of it as I did, to make his will, he had dyed intestate, for this 3 or 4 dayes, the violence of the feaver made him uncapable of that worke. Wee have ben much mistaken in his estate, hee hath very little more then the 1500 li in the Earl of Donnegalls[2] hands and the 600 li your lordship is to pay, and hath noe mony in the house: soe that if wee supply them not with 100 li upon account of your lordships debt I know not how the funerall charges will bee defrayed,; here are 2 doctors came from Dublin to them and other expences, that the good Lady cannot defray without borrowing as the Deane of Connor[3] affirmes to mee, Deane Marsh[4] is goon up to Dublin, I suppose having some hopes of beeing his Fathers successour in the Bishoprick of Downe and Connor, and I have employed all my interest to my Lord Primate, and my Lord Chancellor and mentioned your lordships favor and kindnesse for the Deane of Connor, to succeed in the see of Dromore.[5] About which that your lordship be pleased to write to my Lord Lieutenant p[er]happs it may come in tyme to [per]fect the worke, if not, least letters may be sent over to Court for some other, I thinke your lordships interest here may give a stopp to it, but in this affaire your lordship knows better then I am able to advise how to manage it. I am wryting to my Lord of Orrery as you direct in your letter of the 30th of July, which I received last post, and shall desire his intercession to my Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor in the Deanes behalfe, who I have advised with and by his owne letter your lordships will understand his desires. I had 4 phisitions att supp here last night and Doctor Hinshaw[6] is of opinion that my ladyes Ague will ease her much of her paine and headache, but that when the ague leaves her it will returne againe. Your Lordships relation of her condition makes me full of sad thoughts, together with this sadd occasion of the Bishops death, and the affliction of his good Lady. I have been very importunate with my Lord Primate and Lord Chancellor that the halfe years Rent due next Michelmas may be reserved for her and the 2 daughters unprefer'd. His Lordship desired to be buried in the church he built at Dromore, or at Ballinderry, yf it shold be consecrated before his death, which it is not. They are putting his body in serecloth, which will not be buried till the Deane of Armagh returne. Mr Harrison is gone also to Dublin to gett his Brother (the Comtrollers) will proved who 'tis said dyed rich. I spoke to him, if hee had ready mony to dispose, that if your lordship had occasion for any you might have it, which he said you may command, for I do not see you can have any supply from hence yf the Bishops 600 li bee paid. The hopes of peace incourage the traders to inquire for butter, but the cheapnes of cattle and corne give very little hope of the tenits getting mony or their rents, a cows price is now 10 or 12s, which is a sadd story. Wee expect assignments for 6 months, these 2 postes, for that all the Army have received them except your lordships Troop and myne and others that are to have Sir Hen: Finches penny per acre assigned in parte, and between Sir Dan[el Bellingham] and Mr Bence[7] they are so long a preparing them that ours are not come, nor can be had out yet, though solicited for every day, and when they shall come unlesse a power be sent with them according to the clause in the act, from those commissioned to distryme[8] I doubt they will pay it willingly. Another mistery in our abstracte I understand not, these 6 months are mentioned to end the last of March whereas the Army is in arreare since the last of June [16]66, which is 9 months, and noe reason can I learne for it. I intend for Colrana,[9] Derry, to my Lord Dungarvon, who desires mee there about some thing he is order'd to doe there, and had gone away today but for this sadd occasion. I suppose hee knows the reason of it. Sir Hen: Tichburne[10] is dead, so his lordship is Marshall. I shall long very much to heare how it is with my deare Lady Sister whose alteration by this Ague I feare will not have the effect to ease her head ake paine. I pray God complet her and preserve your lordships health and life which is the daily praier of

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[1] This letter seems to be the only extant first-hand account of Jeremy Taylor's death. Together with Rawdon's two other letters on the subject (pp. 286 and 289) it affords a number of details evidently unknown to his biographers. Although Heber and Gosse both surmise that Joanna Bridges outlived her husband, neither finds any evidence; Rawdon's letters are clear on that point. It is curious that Rawdon makes no mention of the one son of Taylor who lived to maturity; as it happened, he predeceased his father by a few days, but his death could not have been known in Ireland.

[2] Arthur Chichester, Earl of Donegal.

[3] George Rust.

[4] Taylor's son-in-law, the Dean of Armagh.

[5] George Rust was Taylor's successor; Marsh was appointed Bishop of Limerick on October 28, 1667.

Your Lordships most obedient servant

GEO: RAWDON.

I besseech your lordships my most humble duty may be presented to my lady mother.

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[6] See p. 225.

[7] Probably Alderman Alexander Bence, who is occasionally mentioned in the same volume of the *Calendar of State Papers*. "Mr. Bence" in the political cipher employed by Conway and others is Lord Arlington. Cf. *Cal. S.P. Ireland, 1666–69,* p. 691. The cipher is given in the same volume, p. 694.

[8] Distrain.

[9] Coleraine.

[10] Sir Henry Tichborne, governor of Drogheda.

188. *Sir George Rawdon to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCXXIII,* No. 87.]

Lisb. 31 Aug: 67.

My Lord,

I HAVE ben abrode this 9 or 10 daies att Colrane, and on my way to Derry, where and att Castle Doe and on the sea-coste, the Lord Dungannon hath bene about a month and desired mee to come to him, but first my Lord Primates stay here in the house a weeke and the Bishop of Downes condition shared mee soe long that the Lord Dungannon and I mett not till his comeing away at Newton, att Mr Phillips in his returne to Charlament, hee is now Marshall of the Army by Sir Henry Tichburnes death as I think I told your Lordship in a former letter. Before wee knew of any peace likely to bee so suddenly the Lord Lieutenant commaunded his kepe into these northern partes. He hath putt a Garison into Castle Doe. Last post brought your lordships of the 20th instant which my wife sent to finde mee by one of my Troop, who missed mee, and soe brought [it] back even now that I have not tyme to give your lordship account of all the particulars by this post, and am full of sadnes to consider the trouble your lordship was in by my Ladies weaknes and the sicknes that hath ben in the family and your owne danger, that feaver being accounted infectious. I admire more and more at my brother Frances his humor, why cannot hee (if hee be in such danger) retire into Ireland, which he may safely doe by sober journeys by the way of Scotland, heere he may be safe and want noe freedome of welcome and accommodation, that this house can afforde. He hath some small dette here, but I will undertake they shall not be troublesome to him in that kinde hee apprehends, his person to bee in England. His sister and I suspect there is something else in the wynde as a woman, but this onely to your lordship, for wee have noe ground of certainty for it, but his desire to live in obscure places, and not appear among his friends.

As to the Information your lordship hath had of the disorders at Portmore house, I hope it is a clere mistake as to the removing of Trees, for I was lately there my selfe examining the orchards, and found nothing wanting. For the house the good Lady Widdow[1] desired mee since her Lords death to putt some servant of yours into the house to preserve it, for that very night he dyed, the orchard was robt and all the fruit stollen, and some loose Timber and such bordes as was taken (being dry and seasoned) to floor their dyning Roome here, shold be made good againe and what else was amisse, whereupon I directed Jo: Totnall to take Mr Evans and Ant. Bunting to wittness what was wanting and take a note before your servant that delivered them the possession which I heard he did and lodges there himselfe, but I have not tyme before this next post to send for him to have account of things there. Shee is a very good woman and in much greefe, on Tuisday next his Funerall is to bee,[2] but the body would not be well kept thus long but was sent by night in my old coach to Dromor church shortly after his death. I have now received a letter from my Lord Primate that gives mee hope all my Requests shall be accomplished—The Deane of Armagh for Downe and Connor, the Deane of Connor for Dromore, and that the widdow shall have the next Michelmas halfe yeare Rente, and I have the like answer from my Lord Chancelor for the 2 last, but my Lord of Orrery hath not sent mee any answere yett. Your Lordships helpe must lye in England, with his Majesty or the Archbishop of Canterbury, and prevent any other then the Deane of Connor for Dromore. I suppose both deanes are recommended for the 2 Bishrypricks by my Lord Lieutenant already. I guesse your lordship had not yet received my letter and the deanes after the Bishops death when you writt this of the 20th, by which you were desired to use your friends for the Deane att Court. The farrier shopp and also a Roome for him and his wife is almost finished, but workmen in this county are too slow and your owne worke and Matthews house employ him, and the washouse chimney here had like to have fallen and is now built from the ground. The mount att the gate, and the outlett to lengthen the walke to the orchard are now done and the staires out at the garden, the milrace is arched and cover'd through the low garden plott, but Rentes come in slowly, not enough some weeks to pay the workmen, what helpe this peace may produce (if there be a peace) I cannot tell yett, but am certen the country is in a sadd condition now for want of mony and Trade. I have not had any tyme yett since my coming home to speak with Adam, but am wryting now to Mr Neale about the flower potte, he hath received 11 dossen, but the other dossen are broken and spoil'd. I doubt not but he hath sent Mr Hacketts Rent to your lordship before this for hee writt me he had. I am sure I paid the mony my selfe in Dublin and brought the receit downe, and gave it to Adam, but (it seemes) he cannot finde it. If the Deane be preferred I yett know not if he will desire to stay there, or you must sende another. When it happens your lordship will have tyme to think of it. My prayers cease not for my deere Lady sister and your lordships health and life and my lady mothers to whom I present the humble duty that am

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[1] Jeremy Taylor's widow.

[2] This contradicts the statement of Gosse and other biographers that Taylor's funeral was on August 21.

Your lordships most obedient servant,

GEO. RAWDON.

I dyned with my Lord Masserene yesterday and saw a buck [pricked?] four houres in his park at Killelough. He remembered your health with much kindnesse.

News is come from Glanary now, that Mr Fortescue is dead att Dublin. If it be true there is upon each of his 3 leases a Heriott[3] reserved. Baron Povey was here one of our Judges at this last circuit. I have no feare hee or any of the rest will be perverted or will delay judgment longer than this next Terme.

I hear now Mr Fortescue is dead and buried.

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[3] "*Heriot* (*Eng. Law*), a feudal service, originally consisting of weapons, horses, and other military equipments, restored to a lord on the death of his tenant; afterwards a render of the best live beast or dead chattel of a deceased tenant due by legal custom to the lord of whom he held." *NED.*

189. *Frances, Dowager Viscountess Conway to her son.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCXX,* No. 79.]

Most deer sonn,

Your wife hath hade a fite of the headake but nowe she is pretty weall a gaine thankes be to God, her nose did bleed this time a good deale they say which I never knew it doe before, whether it be for the better or noe I cannot tell. I was in her chamber with her the other day and she askt me whether I did heer who was in Sir Orlando Bridgmans plas[1] but I could not satisfie her, but you cane doe that better then I. Your wife says she must fare as the husbandmen does for she cane like nothing but porke and bakcon and beef; she hath wodkocs and fesants and turkes bakt and does like them so but no other way. She does somtimes walke a littel in her chamber and sits up most days a littel but when her head does ake. I reseved a leter from my sonn Rawdon and in it this littel paper to send to you he desires to heer from you conserning a minister for that plas but I beleeve he hath writen to you himself therefore I shall need to say no more of it: I resev'd your leter when I was writing to you. Wee wonder you did not heer from Mrs Foxcroft for I saw her writing to you or els I hade writen to you and for my own part I shall not bee wanting in any thing that lies in my power to serve your wife with as much affection and tendernes as I could doe if I were her own mother. I will tell you what a frind of mine told me conserning my brother Popham, never feer him for an old woman but says he to me, there is a yong gentel woman that doe beleeve he will mary her.[2] I thank you very hartylie for speaking to my brother conserning the Lady Seymer.[3] I am glad he dos not mary her but I am afraide he will doe as bade. The Cooke is very glad you like the seasoning of the pie and is this day making of another. I pray God bless you and keep you safe under his protecsion which I shall ever pray for that am

Your most affecsinat and living mother,

Fr. Conway.

October the 19th, 1667.

190. *Francis Conway*[1] *to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 28. "For the Right Honourable the Lord viCount Conway and Kilulta att his house in queene streett, London."]

My lord,

It is as much as I am able to doe to kisse your hands with these lines sence this

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[1] On August 30, 1667, after the disgrace of Clarendon, the great seal was given to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, with the title of Lord Keeper. He had been for seven years Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

[2] Francis Popham of Littlecote, brother to the Dowager Viscountess, married not long after this, but whether his wife was the "yong gentel woman" it is impossible to say. His daughter Letitia became the second wife of Sir Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons. At Conway's death their eldest son, Popham Seymour-Conway, succeeded to the Conway estates (said to be worth £7000 a year), and took the name of Conway.

[3] Possibly the reference is to Catherine, widow of Francis Seymour, first Baron Seymour of Trowbridge, whose husband had died in 1664.

[1] Lord Conway's younger brother.

Continuance of frost and snow I keepe my bed for the most part I did hitherto hope my Carer had bin almost perfected: I am at present very ill although not in my former violent paynes my Condition now is weakness and often suden soundings, just as if I were dyeing the Doctors tells me sweating in a hott house in the spring may perhaps recover me. I am much of the minde if I doe not gett more strength and health before the next winter these suden sounding fitts may end my days of this world. John Bonner sent me word my mother apointed him to wright to me; that he thought your lordship will be pleased to lett me have threescore pound this next march also that you would know where to send it to me in York; if it be sent as it was sent before it will come saffe to me. Mr Rigdon the post master knows me and my lodging very well tiss next doore to Alderman Tophams house so that a letter directed to me cannot miscarrye: this mony as I suppose will be as from next august untill next Februarye so that I shall be when it comes a yeare all but a moneth before I can expectt any more so that after I have gotten the best remedy may be had for my Cuer in London I have no way to releive my selfe but to waytt upon my mother or my sister Rawdon in Irland untill this time be expired. I am most humbly and heartyly thankfull to you for your favor to me at this time for truely the condition of my life and health does very much requyer it: so with my prayers to god for my sister your lady and your prosperitye in all things I remayne your lordships most affectionatt loveing Brother and most faithfull humble sarvant

FRANCIS CONWAY

Yorke, January 23, 1668.

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191. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 270. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these."]

Madame,

BY the encouragement of Mrs Foxcroft I presume to give your Ladiship the trouble of another letter. Which I had done sooner, but that I was desirous to be enabled first to informe you what is likely to become of the 3 first Dialogues.[1] For they were offer'd to the Licenser above a month agoe, but how they speed I cannot yett tell. The book that I sayd was so much to Mrs Foxcrofts taste I cannot light of for the present. But to save her longing your Ladiship may be pleased to tell her I spoke it onely in reference to that part that asserts a capacity after this life of improving their time for the attainment of eternall happinesse. Which opinion is no good friend to quicknesse and sedulity for the making our calling and election sure in this. So that if I have not so sweet a sugar plumb to send her, yett that she may have something to ruminate on, I have sent the 2 Dialogues, and intend to send your Ladiship when the other three are come out, both volumes more handsomely bound. In the meanetime I am solicitous that neither they nor the *Enchiridion*[2] I sent you before may give occasion of intending your minde more then will consist with so much ease of your body as your paines will permitt you. And indeed if your Ladiship be no more concerned in the dialogues then men are here, there is no great feare they should tempt you to over-read your self. Some are confident I am the Authour, others that Dr Worthington or one Mr Halliwell[3] who is reputed the Authour of that book that is so much to Mrs Foxcrofts taste.[4] They have a very mean conceit of the Hymnes, as they very well may, which makes me in merriment inferr, that if Mr Halliwell was the Authour of the Dialogues, that in all likelyhood his Clark was the Author of the Hymnes, who made them to be sung to the praise and glory of God, for they could neither be sung nor sayd to the praise and glory of the Composer of them, nor any that intended any glory to himself would compose such plane songs as they. This rancounter I could not omitt if it may any way dispose your Ladiship to chearfulnesse. That God would be pleased to restore your Ladiship to some good measure of health is the earnest desire of

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[1] The *Divine Dialogues* appeared in 1668 in two parts. The section which appeared first, the adverse criticism of which More here mentions, was really the last part, in which apocalyptical problems were discussed. Posterity has agreed with the judgment of its generation in regard to this section; the other three books, however, proved both in More's own day and thereafter the most popular of his works. The quintessence of his beliefs and theories may be found in the *Divine Dialogues*.

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. March 27, [1668]

192. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 280. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Conway at Ragley these."]

C.C.C. May 12, [1668]

Dear Madame,

YOUR Ladiship may well marveil, I having so fayre invitement by Mrs Foxcrofts letter to write to you, that I have not done it all this time since my last which was as I remember in Easter week, when I also writt to Mrs Foxcroft and sent a copy of the Dialogues. But expecting in a maner ever since week by week what would become of the three first Dialogues, whether they would be licensed or no, and imagining the news of the event of that buisinesse would not be unacceptable to your Ladiship, I could not but diferr my writing till I could give you a complete account of that affaire. Which notwithstanding yett I cannot doe, though I have diferr'd my journey into Lincolnshire some weekes on purpose to be satisfyde concerning that point before I went, and I am to goe within this day or two however, and I could not but write to your Ladiship before I went though I cannot give so full an account of that matter as I desire. The Licenser, I perceive, of these as well as the other is Mr Parker[1] who is a very ingenious person, but he stuck it seemes at two thinges, the one in the first Dialogue about Prescience, the other in the third about Preexistence. The former I satisfyde him in by sending something to be inserted in the first Dialogue that might mitigate that passage, and make it looke lesse like my own Assertion. And this being done the first two Dialogues passe the Licencer, as I desired, and the third Dialogue was cutt from the two first according to my own request, that I might see whether by inserting anything into it, or changeing it, I could make that passable too. Which having come to my hands I tryde accordingly, and by inserting a page or two more, in which Philotheus, Hylòbares and Cuphophron talk, I think Sophron[2] too, it wound off so the stresse and dogmaticallnesse that appeared before touching preexistence, that the third Dialogue has passed the license too, the Licenser being satisfyde with the Addition to be inserted, as I heard from Dr Outram,[3] but all these were to be carry'd by the printer to Dr Outram to have some papyrs, those I mention'd with some others, to be putt in their right places that the printer may not mistake. All the papyrs and the Dialogues were at London Saturday was sennight, and Morden writt to Fletcher to send him word whether he had gott all dispatched with Dr Outram, so soone as possibly he could, and a proof of it might be possible, but hearing no thing from Fletcher since I make account that my account to your Ladiship is incomplete, and lesse satisfactory then I could desire it. But at my returne out of Lincolnshire which I hope will be about a fortnight hence, I shall be able to write your Ladiship a more perfect account. To which if I can gett sure instructions, I will add the story of the Spirit of a murdered Boy in Sheffield in Yorkshire, which has appeared to a man nigh twenty times in pursuance of the revenge of his own murder. It is something like the story of Haddock in Ireland. And another also, of a woman bewitched, as it should seem by some circumstances, that was brought to bed of a [fiend?][4] Catt with her fore feet and hinder feet cutt off as in Rabbits, and the Gutts out, but the belly [clock'd? chick'd?] up with brown thread. A fortnight after she brought forth the legges of that Catt, and she complained of a Catt in the bed with her which was sensible to the graspe of the by-standers but when they look'd under the cloaths it vanish'd, and yett the woman complain'd it [bitte?] her by the neck, and there was the signe of a byting and the blood running. This happened lately at Yarmouth and the Recorder of the place, a Mr [Baldock?] a sober man told it here at Cambridge to Dr Stevens a [sober man?] who told it me.

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[2] The *Enchiridion Ethicum*.

[3] Henry Halliwell was a fellow of Christ's College; he had been B.A. in 1660, M.A., 1664; he was later Vicar of Cowfold, Sussex.

[4] *Deus Justificatus: or the Divine goodness vindicated and cleared against the assertions of absolute and inconditionate reprobation* . . . (London, 1668). The book, which appeared anonymously, is attributed in the *Biographia Britannica* to Cudworth. Cf. Crossley's notes correcting that statement in *Notes and Queries*, first series, III, 195; and in Worthington's *Diary and Correspondence*, II, 282. Worthington wrote to More in 1668 (II, 281): "I bought at London Mr. H's *Deus Justifacatus*."

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[1] See p. 303.

[2] Characters in the dialogues.

[3] William Owtram, D.D., had been for some years fellow of Christ's. In 1669 he became Archdeacon of Leicester; in 1679 prebendary of Westminster. He was famous for his rabbinical lore. The best known of his works was the *De Sacrificiis libri duo*.

[4] The writing is so bad that it is impossible to do more than surmise the questioned words.

But I am affrayd I have been too long already, and may make that a trouble which was intended merely as a divertisement. When those 3 Dialogues come out, I will send My Lord a copy of them, but these that are already out will I believe but seeme tedious to him. They will most seasonably accompanie the other if at all. It would be an infinite refreshment to me to hear your Ladiship had any more ease, in the mean time that God would give you proportionable patience to your great tryall is the desire and prayer of

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted servant and
affectionate friend,

HEN. MORE.

I pray you Madame present my most humble and affectionate service to My Lord.

193. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 198. "For the right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire these. Leave these with Mr Gilmore at my Lord Conways house in Queen street London to be sent on as directed."]

C.C.C. June 3, [1669].

Madame,

THIS is to informe your Ladiship that I have receiv'd the Speculum Justitiae[1] which Mrs Foxcroft mentioned in her letter. For which I returne your Ladiship many thankes and am indeed more sensible of your Ladiships readinesse to gratify me in any thing that you think may be requisite to my Genius, then I can well expresse. I finde there the language is a little more hard then I phancy'd it would be, but the Introduction to the Glasse being translated into English, which I have, by reading them together, I shall with ease be enabled to goe thorow the Glasse itself after I have read the Introduction. I am very sensible of your Ladiships paine though I interprett all in the behalf of Providence as also I am of Mrs Foxcrofts late sicknesse. Whom I would not have to yield to her old enemie, but even [ ] to goe forward in that fayth and truth which God has delivered in his word and to committ all to him as a faythfull and benigne Creatour, and not to trouble her head but to seek that simplicity of heart that will make her perfectly resigned to the will of God in all thinges, and to suffer him to do what he will. That he that writes against my Antidote rayles and reviles, I do not wonder, for I must confesse there is that therein which will nettle them that have espous'd a false cause, and it will excite them to even a personall hatred of that party that discloses the villainy of it, and from that hatred ill words and foul languages very easily follow, but I thank God I know neither Papist nor Protestant that I have any ill will to, but that foul Image of ungodly and imposturous Religion of the Papists I heartily detest, and it is out of love to them that I have so plainly sett out the uglinesse of it before their eyes. For I must confesse that I am not of that sort that can do as H.N.,[2] write an Apologie for the masse. . . . As for Mrs Foxcrofts postscript which seems to emply a Repugnancy in my Affection, it is urg'd not without witt and judgment: But I conceive there may be many answers to it. As first, That when I was concern'd to say that my Lady Conwayes headache may be good for the whole, etc. that I may speak that as influenced from the universall and eternall minde that governs all things, but when I say if her body was as well as her minde, it would be better for us all, that I may speake in a personall relation to all her particular friends, and as another [person] would speak in the same circumstances with my self, but secondly when I say for us all, I do not mean all the world, but as I said the relations and friends of my Lady Conway. Which are but a part of the world. And that may be good for the whole that is not good for the part. And lastly, It would be better for us all, that is more pleasant and cheerful for us all, but whether it be better to be in a more pleasant or distress'd condition God alone knows, and therefore it is the best to submitt to him in all thinges. Madame I have wrote you such a long scribled letter that I am affrayd I shall add tediousnesse to your paines, though I intend it for a divertisement, but I know you will take all things from

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[1] The rarest of the works of Henry Nicholas, *Den Spiegel der Gherectheit* (1560). The only English translation seems to be a MS of six chapters in the Bodleian Library (Rawlinson C 554).

Dear Madam

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

I pray you Madam present my humble service to my Lord, and to Mrs Foxcroft. I sent the letter and the thing with it immediately. I have sent a couple of my Enchiridium and directed them to the Bishop of Dromore though one be for Sir George Rawdon.

194. *Henry More to Mrs. Elizabeth Foxcroft.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 93. "For Mrs Elizabeth Foxcroft at Ragley Lodge near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with the postmaster in Coventry."]

C.C.C. Jun. 10, 69.

Mrs. Foxcroft:

I RECEIVED yours of the 29th of May a day or two after my returne from London. I am glad my Lady received so much satisfaction from the discourse you mention, but am exceeding sorry that her illnesse growes so much upon her that she is so seldome in case to divertise her self with such her usuall divertisements of reading or being read to. I pray God send her more ease and strength. As for H. N. his bookes you mention I have read them long since, and his *Terra Pacis*[1] is the very best of his writings that I have mett with. But it is of no higher reach then may be resolv'd into ordinary poetry in prose, or such morality as those which Christendome calles Infidels was as authentick Masters of as H. N. and yett was not such sorry Enthusiasts as to take themselves to be extraordinary inspired for all that. As goodly as he lookes he is an Infidell or Pagan canting in Scripture phrases, and in the outward dresse and termes of our Christian Religion, really undermining the ancient Apostolick truth thereof, and under the pretense of crying up the upright life taking away the necessary prop thereof which is the ancient Apostolick Fayth, without which what pressing and effectuall incitements he can use to make men good I confesse I know not. And therefore I look upon J. B.[2] in that he does so expressly acknowledge and professe the catholick orthodox fayth, to be farr the better person and to have more of God in him, and I do not doubt but had more of perfection then H. N., though he so vehemently declared against it, as I conceive also many of our most moderne and ancient puritans had though both H. N. and the Quakers so hugely contemne them. It is a hott, crude, bold, confident high aspiring spirit in them, not the spirit of God, that setts them in the midst of their Infidelity above those that are more truly the members of Christ then themselves. But I have trac'd their madness and Hypocrisy so much in my writings, that I will decline the trouble of pursuing the Theme any further.

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[2] These initials, which become increasingly familiar in More's correspondence with the Viscountess, were those of Henry Nicholas (Henrik Niclaes), the founder of the Family of Love, or the Familists, the sect to which, in common with others of his generation, More traced Quakerism. The founder's disciples professed to believe that his initials, with which alone all his works were signed, signified "Homo Novus." Born in Westphalia in 1502, Nicholas had gone to Amsterdam in 1530 after imprisonment for heresy. About 1540 he declared that he had received a divine message, bidding him announce himself as the prophet and founder of the *Familia Caritatis*, the chief teachings of which seem to have been derived from David George. The books of Nicholas were prohibited by the Council of Trent in

My *Exposition of the Seven Churches*[3] is out, but I shall not be able to gett copies to send to Ragley before next week, and then I intend to write to my Lady. My Lord I perceive is gone already for Ireland, as Esquire Sumerfield[4] told me. Madame Sumerfield was desirous to see your son before she went out, so I sent my sizour by 5 a clock this morning to call him up, to see her before she took

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1570 and 1582, and by a papal bull in 1590. At some time—authorities do not agree as to the date—Nicholas visited England, where he gained the followers who were the nucleus of the Familists there. In Lady Conway's interest in his work may be seen one of the first evidences of her later interest in Quakerism. It is significant that Worthington in his will left his copies of the "Works of Behmen and H. Nicolas" to Mrs. Foxcroft. Several of the letters which deal with H.N. and the Familists, whom More always attacked, grow to the length of tracts, and portions of them have been omitted. See the Preface, p. x. The passage which follows is one of these.

[1] The *Terra Pacis* was reprinted in England in 1649 as *A True Testification of the Spirituall Lande of Peace; which is the Spirituall Lande of Promyse, and the holy Citye of Peace or the Heavenly Jerusalem.* It has been suggested as the inspiration of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

[2] Jacob Boehme, the shoemaker-prophet of Silesia. Worthington wrote to More, January 8, 1668 (*Diary and Correspondence,* III, 287): "I believe you had your ears full of Behmenism at Ragley; for when I was at London, I met with one, who was to buy all Jacob Behmen's works to send thither." As a result of the discussions at Ragley, More in 1670 published anonymously his *Philosophiae Teutonicae Censura.*

[3] *An Exposition of the Seven Epistles to the Seven Churches: together with a brief discourse of idolatry, with application to the Church of Rome* (London, 1669).

[4] Probably a member of the Warwickshire family of the name.

coache. She with other companie suppt at St Johns Colledge. I would faine have stay'd them to dine at Christ Colledge today, but I could not, therefore I took leave of them over night. You heare the good newes out of the Indies, I hope, which I was very glad to heare as being,

Your reall friend and servant,

Hen. More.

I pray you present my most humble and affectionate service to my Lady.

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195. *Lord Conway to Henry More.*

[*Add. MSS 38,849,* f. 53.]

Nov. 9, 1669.

Deare Sir:

I am extreme glad to heare of your arrivall at Ragley, where I doe passionately wish my selfe, but am winde bound till I can get License to returne, which I must procure out of England, as I am endeavouring with all the Interest I have, there being no possibility to prevaile with my Lord Lieutenant[1] to break the strictnesse of his Rules. And since I am heere I know it will not displease you to have some account of his actions. His first businesse was to inspect the Tresury, and the Army, in which he finds a Labyrinth of troubles, but goes through it with admiration, and will certainly bring things into such a Channell, as will make this Kingdome flourish. For I cannot finde he designes anything but Publick good, and hath told me severall times that he is sorry we have not a better Clergy. I could not forbeare according to my inclination, but desire him to doe something which might bring you, and Dr Cudworth amongst us, his answer to me was, that he was as desirous to doe it as my selfe, then I entreated him to give me leave to put him in minde of you both when any thing fell which I thought was worthy either of your acceptance, and he hath given me order to doe it so cordially, that it must either be my neglect or your absolute Refusall, if something be not speedily donne for your advantage. We have some Bishopricks in the hands of very old men almost 100 yeares old, which are worth 1500 li a yeare. If they should fall I desire to know if either of you will accept it. There are other Bishopricks of a lesse valeu in the hands of old men, if they should dye I would hold it best to prefer the Deane of Christ Church, and the Provost of the Colledge to them, and my Lord Lieutenant, to dispose of these betweene you the Deanry of Christ Church being worth 900 li a yeare and the Provostship which hath the Deanry of St Patricks with it worth 600 li a yeare. These are the cheefest I have at present in my thoughts, The Bishop of Dromore is expected heere tomorrow and then I shall advise farther with him, and get him to make farther search into things of this nature, pray be not so morose, or humorous as to refuse all things you have not known so long as Christ Colledge. And be pleased to acquaint Dr Cudworth with these particulars, and let me heare from you as soone as you can. In the meanetime pray make much of my Wife, and assure your selfe that I am

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[1] Lord Robartes was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1669; he was recalled in May, 1670, at which time he was succeeded by John Berkeley, first Baron Berkeley of Stratton.

Your entirely affectionate servant,

CONWAY.

196. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 272. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Gilmore at my Lord Conways house in Queen-street. London." No date; probably January, 1670.]

Madame,

MRS FOXCROFTS letter of Dec. 15 I receiv'd a day or two after I had wrote to her touching the letters to be sent into Ireland, and by that letter of hers I understood that your Ladiship according to your wonted goodness and obligingnesse had already order'd the letters to be sent into Ireland. For which I returne your Ladiship many thankes. I had not been so solicitous after those letters but that Dr Cudworth's affaires were concerned in them, and I have not the same liberty to be neglectfull of other mens buisinesse they committ to me as I have of my own. Volenti non fit injuria. I am sorry to hear by Mrs Foxcroft that your Ladiship has been so exceeding ill. I wish I knew any way to give you ease. Which though I can not, yett since I receiv'd from the hands of a friend[1] an English translation of my *Εὐπορία* the last Greek Poem in my book,[2] which I remember you had the curiosity to understand if not gett by heart, I was resolv'd to sent it to you for a divertisement, and that they may goe off the better I one morning in my[3] bed translated my *Ἀπορία* as well as I could, though not so perfectly exact as I desired in the last verse but one. The rest are well enough and run thus,

Ἀπορία

or

The Perplexity of the Soul.

Nor whence nor who I am, poor wretch, know I:
  Nor, O the blindnesse! whither I shall goe.
But in the crook'd Claws of Greif I lye,
  And live (I think) thus tugged to and fro.
Waking and dreames all one, O Father Jove,
  'Tis rare, we mortalls live i' th' clouds like thee,
Lyes, Toyes, or some hid fate, us fix or move,
  All els being dark, what's life I onely see.

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[1] Edmund Elys. The letter in which he inclosed the translation is with the More MSS in the Christ's College library.

[2] The *Philosophical Poems*.

[3] He actually writes *by*.

Εὐπορία

or

The Extrication of the Soul.

Beame of aeternall light from Heaven I came,
  And, O the pleasure! unto Heaven I goe.
Now Love enfolds me in its tow'ring flame.
  I truly live, my thoughts with joy oreflow,
Farewell to Night, and dreames. The Eternall Sun
  Doth us surround of uncreated Light.
Fayth, Wisdome, Joy, free strength our race to run
  Are Life; but all thinges els are Death and Night.

My friend that translated the Extrication intendes also to translate the Perplexity, which are somewhat more hard to translate, and when he will do them, I know not. I writ my Ἀπορία first, when I was undergraduate; and after I was Master of Arts my Εὐπορία but I suppose he will not make so long an intervall betwixt. Thus I scribble anything for your divertisement, but shall forbeare to add anything further for the present then the wishing you a happy new yeare, and greater ease from your paine, which is the hearty prayer of, dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,
Hen. More.

I have not seen Mr Foxcroft a pretty whyle but the last time I saw him he was perfectly free from his Quartan.

197. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 95. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Gilmore at my Lord Conways house in Queen-street. London."]

Madam.

You may very well think by this time, that I have forgotten both your Ladiship and Mrs Foxcrofts last letter, that I have been so long silent. Which I should not have been had I not forgotten my self and all my nearest concernes, saving the finishing of the first part of my Metaphysicks,[1] which I have been so intent upon all this time, that I have not been able to look to any thing, nor minde those civilityes that otherwise I am not at all averse from (as touching others) nor indeed my own necessityes, as touching my health, and other thinges, that some look as close to as it. Nor am I yett quite out of the engagement, wherein I am so captivated. There being still two or three chapters behinde, and consequently ten to transcribe. It proves a more copious businesse then I dreamt of. The first part proving about as big againe as I intended the whole worke. But how ever it is some support to my spiritt that I conceive I cleare all as I go beyond all just exception. I thank your Ladiship for the distick you was pleased to send in Mrs Foxcrofts letter. If it had been but an Hemistichion it had deserved all the Poetry I could have imparted to your Ladiship of my own, but what I send you of my friend Mr E. Elys[2] I shall leave it to your Ladiships judgment to rate the worth of them. They seem to proceed from a very good spirit. The whole consists of 6 stanzas, which I will write as legibly as I well can, without putting Mrs Foxcroft to any charges in paying the writing master for the bettering my hand. The title of the poem is Divine Solitude. These are the verses that Mrs Foxcrofts last letter claimed the promisse of. Which therefore I have transcrib'd to make my word good, if they may give your Ladiship any divertisements from your paines. I forbeare for the present to write to My Lord by reason the copies I intend for Sir George Rawdon and the Bishop of [Dromore] are not yet brought home from the binding. I mean the copies of my last edition of my Enchiridion.[3] With my earnest desires for your Ladiships health I abruptly take leave and rest,

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[1] *Enchiridion Metaphysicum: sive, De Rebus Incorporeis Succincta et luculenta Dissertatio* . . . (1671).

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. [April 5], 1670.

I pray you Madame present my most humble service and affection to My Lord, with my thankes to Mrs Foxcroft for her charitable intention towards the bettering of my hand. But that it would make the deformity of my scribbling be the more visible to her, I would send her the best pyre of spectacles the shops of Chambridge would afford to ease her sight. I was at Kinges some few days agoe, when though I did not see her son Ezekiel, yett I heard he was well, to make her both merry and cheerfull at once.

198. *George Rust, Bishop of Dromore, to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCXXVII,* No. 78.]

Moiragh, Apr. 20th, 1670.

My Lord,

I SHOULD begin with an apology that this comes so late, and I had some reasons for it but I know your Lordship had rather forgive them then be troubled with hearing them. It was long afore I got an opportunity of speaking with Lord C.H.[1] and since that I have been long in expectation to hear of him; we discoursed it onely at large but having broke the business to him, I did not thinke fit to minde him of it afterwards but look'd that he after conferring with his wife should have seconded it; but I am told and believe there is at present another design on foot, and that is to wedd her to Arthur Parsons which (if true) occasions their coldness in this. I know you have heard by other hands of Dr Colvils[2] death, and poor Nelly Hills miscarriage and my Lady Clanbrassils[3] son and heir. My Lord, I must now recomend a concerne of my own to your Lordship. I owe to a Friend in London some four score pound, and have done so too long till I am ashamed of it, and really I have it not by me. If your Lordship knew of any body that could lend me so much for halfe a year (I paying use for it) he might at present doe me an extraordinary courtesy, the person it is to be pay'd to is Mr John Mumford next door to Leaden-hall, I desire to hear from your Lordship about this affair, because I must take some speedy course in it. I will not tell your Lordship that if you can lay it out for me, you know how to pay your selfe, for I never thought you needed to be urg'd by arguments to doe a kindness to

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[2] Edmund Elys, divine and poet (*ca.* 1634–1702). He was A.B. Balliol, 1654, A.M., 1658, and until 1677 was Rector of East Allington. Several letters from him to More are among the More manuscripts in the Christ's College Library.

[3] The second edition of the *Enchiridion Ethicum,* which appeared in 1669.

[1] In the *Calendar of State Papers,* "Conway Hill" is suggested.

My Dear Lord,

Your Lordships most faithfull devoted servant

G. Dromour.

My Lord, I was sorry to hear yesterday from my Lady Rawdon that your Lordship had been troubled with sore eyes. I hope that indisposition is over, be pleased to give my humblest services to my Lady Dowager, Mrs Foxcroft, etc. I can't tell how to remember myselfe to my Dearest Lady in termes more expressive of my heart, then by desiring your Lordship to tell her that I have the same devotion and affection for my saint, that ever I had and am infinitely concern'd in her sufferings, but rejoyce that God is pleased to make her so glorious an example and[4] resignation and patience, knowing that her reward will be proportionable.

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199. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 186. No superscription.]

Madame,

I received Mrs Foxcrofts letter above a week ago at London. But I differ'd awhyle the answering it, thinking I should have stay'd longer at London then I did. And so had opportunity of more matter to write to your Ladiship. But if you do not know it already, I can informe you from Sir Heneage, with whom I dined last Sunday at Kensington, that Sir John and Dr Baines are likely to be in England by next November. I left all your Relations at Kensington well, who desired affectionately to be member'd to you.

I give your Ladiship many thanks for the intelligence by Mrs Foxcroft of all the bookes, intended for Ireland, being sent accordingly. I dined both with my Lord

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[2] Doctor Colvil is mentioned several times in the *State Papers, Ireland, 1666–69,* usually as having financial relations with Conway, but no other information is given.

[3] Henry (Hamilton) Earl of Clanbrassil and Viscount Claneboye had married in May, 1667, Alice, daughter of Henry (Moore) first Earl of Drogheda.

[4] *Sic.*

Keeper and his Grace of Canterbury who look very well after their late combate with their diseases. The Duke of Ormonde[1] and the Earle of Down[2] were at my Lord of Canterburies when I dined there. Which two persons I never saw before, yet the latter after dinner as he passed by was so civill as in transition to salute me by my name. My occasion of going to Lambeth was to gett my *Enchiridium Metaphysicum* licensed. Which Mr Parker[3] did at the first sight, seeing from the very title whither it tended. It is but the first part and yett will be 40 or 50 sheets which is as much more as was intended for the whole Treatise. But it is as well a confutation of the Mechanick Philosophy as a Demonstration of Incorporall Beings, and explication of their nature in general. For no more is intended this bout. The copy is at the printing house, and the Graver buisy to finish the cutts necessary for the booke. In the Preface whereof I am glad I had a passage writt at least two moneths before I was turn'd to a certain page of Dr Stubs book against J. Glanvill, where he is either mad or worse to stick me up as a clod in the field to pelt the Royall Society with and putt me against them that from the beginning have been civill to me.[4] Both Mr Willowby[5] and J. Glanvill sent me note of that passage in Dr Stubbs, so that I was feigne to write a pretty long letter to J. Glanvill, which I beleeve he will publish. I think Dr Stubbs because he phancys me pious thinks I am a fool. When our Savior Christ bids us be as wise as serpents as well as innocent as Doves.

A Quaker whyle I was in London brought out severall parcells of choice books amongst which was also the bible, and began to burne them in Cheap side or the Exchange.[6] I asked if there were of H. N.'s books among them, but the party told me no. Truly it were a very desirable thing to the Familists that the whole Bible were burnt and every leafe thereof burned into ashes, els H.N. will never appeare to posterity to be an inspired man, but a meer Mock-Prophet, so mad and phrantick are his allusions to and interpretations of the Scripture. I have besides his Introduction, read over his *Figure of the Spirituall Tabernacle*[7] and part of the first book of his *Speculum*. And truly I came not with an indifferent minde, but with a desire that he should appeare better to me then he has heretofore, and I must confesse in some straines of his, which were according to truth, (but they are such as no true Christians but see at first sight) I was very well pleased, but there being many others that beare no comportment nor correspondency with them, but rude and silly above all measure he quite looses his authority with me in all, and I look upon him as a pittyfull assertour of seeming a Prophet and desirous of becoming an head of a sect, out of a bloated pride of spirit and sense of worldly advantage, beyond which his eye could never reach. . . .[8]

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[1] Ormonde was, during 1669, removed from his post as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. During his term of office, he had had much to do with Church and churchmen, since four archbishoprics, and twelve bishoprics were in his appointment. It was he who appointed Jeremy Taylor to the vice-chancellorship of Dublin. Two days before the date of the present letter, Ormonde had been made chancellor of the University of Oxford.

[2] Thomas Pope, the last Earl of Downe, died in 1668. Possibly More's reference was to Sir William Ducie, later Viscount Downe, who married Frances, daughter of Francis Seymour.

[3] Samuel Parker had resided at Lambeth since 1667 as chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon: in June, 1670, he had been made Archdeacon of Canterbury.

[4] Early in 1670 the provocative Stubbes turned his artillery upon the Royal Society, using as his point of departure Sprat's *History* of the Society. Stubbes published first *Campanella Revived,* in which he charged the *virtuosi* with "pursuing the Projects of Campanella for the reducing England unto Popery." This was followed by *Legends No Histories,* to which Stubbes added a second part, *The Plus Ultra Reduced to a Non Plus,* which consisted of animadversions upon Joseph Glanvill's defense of and tribute to the Royal Society, *Plus Ultra: or the Progress and Advancement of Knowledge since the Days of Aristotle.* The controversy continued for eighteen months. Among the supposed critics of the Royal Society, Stubbes quoted More—to his complete surprise, since the only conversation he had ever had with Stubbes on the matter had been, as Stubbes was later forced to acknowledge, a most informal and uncritical one at Ragley, during Greatrakes' visit.

[5] Probably Francis Willoughby, the naturalist, a member of the Royal Society, and the friend and associate of Ray. He had entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1653.

[6] This, as More says in a later letter, was John Pennyman, a wealthy wool draper, of London, whose eccentricities occasioned much embarrassment to Penn, Fox, and Whitehead. He had become a Friend in 1658, but growing dissatisfied, he had held meetings of his own,

But I am afrayd I have wearyed your Ladiship by this so very prolix and free censure. Which for the future I shall have lesse opportunity then I was aware before I came to London. For an Inns of Court gentleman, lately deceased, has left a legacy of 300 li for the translating of my English workes into Latine, to whom I shall approve. The management of this buisinesse will take up very much of my time till it be completed. The gentleman in his life time by a friend of his (for I never had the happinesse to see him) severall times solicited me for my picture, which I ever look'd upon as some juvenile phancy in him. But by a letter which a little before his death he left in this friends hands to be delivered to me as soon as I came to London, I perceived the drift of this desire, which was that he might after have the graver take it, to sett it before my workes when they were translated. And he left 20 li to this purpose in this friends hands, and though the gentleman be dead, yett his Residuary Legatee, a cousin germaine of his, persists in the same purpose and would have had me sitt for my picture when I was in London but that Lilly[9] was so full already that it would be a fortnight before he could be-

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though he still gave public support to the Quakers. He went so far as to assert that an "inner light" peculiar to himself directed every movement of his life. It was upon the prompting of that light that on July 28, 1670, he burned his Collection of Quaker books "which had begun to be oppresive." He was committed to Bishopsgate and then to Newgate, where George Whitehead wrote to him that "by his mad and wicked actions he had brought a great reproach upon Friends." On August 10 the Quakers issued a paper formally declaring that he was no longer of their fellowship.

[7] *A Figure of the True and Spiritual Tabernacle, according to the inward Temple or House of God in the Spirit,* which H.N. designed as a prologue to the *Speculum Justitiae.*

[8] The letter, from this point on, becomes one of the tracts referred to in the Preface as omitted for lack of space. More's subject here is Familism. He adds nothing of importance to what he has said in his published works on the subject. See particularly the *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus.*

[9] Sir Peter Lely, the eminent portrait painter, was in high favor with Charles II, and was the favorite painter of the nobility. Although he worked daily from nine until four with unfailing regularity, he was so busy that any sitter, no matter what his rank, lost his turn by unpunctuality. Pepys wrote October 20, 1662: "With Commissioner Pitt to Mr. Lilly's, the great painter, who came forth to

gin it, and another before he could end it. Which made me come away immediately, having dispatched my maine affair I came to London for which was the putting of my *Enchiridium Metaphysicum* to the presse. But however I will be looking now and then into the *Speculum* especially into any such part of it as your Ladiship shall hint me to. But I am certaine I shall never change my opinion of him, that he is a mere Mock-Prophet, and not divinely inspired. This is the best that I can conceive of him. . . .[10] But now I am even weary myself with chasing this white wolf any further, and therefore I may well believe your Ladiship to have been weary long before this. And therefore I must againe beg pardon for my tediousnesse and also for my freenesse of speech. But with whom should I use this liberty if not with so intimate and candid a friend.

I am exceeding sorry to heare that your paines do not abate, and that you grow weaker in your body, but I do not doubt but your inward man is strengthened day by day, and that it may be recover'd as to influence and strengthen your outward is the earnest desire of

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

Hen. More.

C.C.C. Aug. 6, [1670]

I pray you Madame present my humble service to my Lord and to Mrs Foxcroft. I was glad to see the very superscription of her letter, it confuting that report which was one whyle at Cambridge, that she was dead.

200. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 97. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Gilmore at my Lord Conways house in Queen-street. London."]

Madame,

I have received Mrs Foxcrofts last letter and was glad upon the perusall of it, that my last gave your Ladiship so little offense. For I was affrayd my so abruptly breaking of from my design of reading the *Speculum* might seeme something rude to you. But my minde was so full of the present buisinesse I imparted to your Ladiship that it would admit no corrival in my thoughts. But it may be when this first heat is over, I may sett some time apart to go on. But it cannot be much, having so much taken up in translating my English bookes. For every one at London advized me to do it myself and I perceive your Ladiship is of the same opinion, and have done at least twenty sheets already, and intend to make up thirty before

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speak to us: but believing that I came to bespeak a picture, he prevented it, by telling me that he should not be at leisure these three weeks, which methinks is a rare thing." On July 18, 1666, Pepys wrote again: "So full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for him (Vice Admiral Pen) to come between seven and eight in the morning."

[10] The discussion of Familism is resumed.

I go into the Country. Which will be towards the end of this sennight. But I intend to stay in Lincolnshire but a fortnight. Though I take this tedious paines in translating of my bookes, yett I thank God it is not at all out of the desire of having the legacy myself. For I do verily believe I shall not bestow a farthing of it on my private use, when I have it, but that I conceive I should be againe as much troubl'd with some scrupulosityes and difficultyes of perusing and passing judgement of what others did therein, as I shall be by doing of it myself. Though its likely severall would do it more finically then I shall.

As for my Enchiridium, though it be at the printing house yett so far as I see it is scarce in the presse. They are so full at Fletchers of Mr Pools work and Law bookes.[1] If it be done by Candelmas it is well. If Dr Stubbes was made acquainted by the by of my sense of that passage in his book touching me, and what I have been fane to do in vindication of myself it is not a misse that he may not be surpriz'd. But certainly he has not so little judgement as to think that he meant me any good by that passage.

The Quaker that would have burnt the bible is one Penniman, who published a papyr after for his excuse, which as I am told by a judicious person, does but continue the report as to his intention, supposing being moved from the Lord, but before any mortall man should force him to burne any profitable part of the bible he would loose I know not how many lives. But he doth not disavowe but that a motion from the Lord (which are very cheap amongst them) might make him. This is the summe of his Apologie. Neither do I think that it is so far from the spiritt of a reall Quaker to burn the bible, when as the letter of it is so little believed by them. For that unbelief takes away the very sense of the bible, the Fire consumes only the paper, It were too long a buisinesse to give reasons why the Quakers are descended from H.N. But I beleive they were turned into our Nation here by the Papists,[2] by their priests and quackeries I mean. For there will not be wanting illuminated elders of that Family in the Roman Church, pretended ones at least, whyle their first Authour H.N. declares there is no such thing as outward Idolatry. So that the Church of Rome has as fine a game to play amongst these as amonst any sect in the world: and an Irish priest foretold their appearing some four or five yeares before they appeared. But many silly people are brought in in the simplicity of their hearts. Honest Jacob[3] is wholsome at the bottom though a philosopher but at randome. But H.N. is a mere whiff and a puffe.

I am glad to heare the Quakers are grown so good natur'd as to endure to sing. It's a pretty conincidence that they should begin to sing as I returne to play of my

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[1] Cf. Worthington, *Diary*, III, 347 (Nov. 4, 1670): "It hath made me thoughtful, to consider what press would do it best. Fleshers is so clogg'd with law printing and Mr Pools *Synopsis* that it would stick there long."

[2] A common belief among anti-Catholics in the seventeenth century. Cf. such tracts as *A New Discovery of some Romish Emissaries, Quakers . . .* By William Prynne (1656); *The Quaker no Papist in Answer to the Quaker Discovered . . .* By Henry Denne (1659); *A Gagg for the Quakers, With an Answer to Mr. Denn's Quaker no Papist . . .* (1659). I have discussed More's attitude toward Quakerism in "George Keith and the Cambridge Platonists," *Philosophical Review*, Vol. XXXIX, No. 1, pp. 36–55.

[3] Jacob Boehme.

Lute (when it's near twenty yeares since I touch'd it) at the same time. I had thought my Lute had been eaten up by the wormes in the case by this, but Mr Oakely[4] (one that Mrs Foxcroft knows) two or three weekes ago took it from my bedes head, and found it pretty whole, all but a crack in the back, which was there before, and so I got it that day to the Lute mender, and he [strung?] it, and now I do play with no small pleasure to my self some half a dozen of my best and hardest lessons I have in my book. And within a [short] time I think I shall have them all better then ever I had them, which I think is not without a providence, it is such a proper solace in this drudgery I labour under.

I wish George Keith a good voiage into the East Indies.[5] I sent a letter thither the other day to the one that writt to me thence to offer himself an intelligencer to me of what notable thinges he meets there, amongst the Bramimis and other people that strange reports goe of. He will sound out the truth. But if he say right, the Devill is so civill to some in those parts that he affords them personall conference, it would be worth the whyle for some of our Witts to take the voiage, that being assured there are Devills in India, they may come home with a belief there is a God in England, or rather every where.

That Keith is absolutely the best Quaker of them all, but yett that is unexcusable in him that he is so rudely and unjudiciously schismaticall. But now for H.N. believing no life to come and yett standing so much for mortification and writing so many books to exhort others thereto. He was naturally carryed to all this by his Enthusiasticall complexion, and it was a sweet morsell to him that Sanguin should at last gett the full dominion over Choler, Melancholy and Flegme. And that it amounted to no more then so is manifest in that his pretended Regeneration could not support him from sinking into unbelief of the chief Articles of your Fayth. Nay I suspect that the greatest mortification that he drives at is to kill the orthodox fayth and extinguish all belief of any spirituall mystery that reaches without us. And I think Hobbs has wrote as many books to promote Atheisme, as H.N. has to promote infidelity. And as the Admiration of men speeds Hobbes on his way, so the veneration of H.N.'s proselytes, for to him, besides the many gifts and his own conceit of himself, that he was the highest illuminated man in the world that ever was or could be (as Hobbes takes himself to be the lob of philosophers), this made him with ease undergoe the pains of writing so many bookes, as those gifts enabled him to weare a Satin dubblet, though he was but an ordinarie Tradesman. . . .[6]

My unknown friend lately deceased his name is Mr John Cockshute. He is one that travayl'd with your brother John in Italy. I never had a designe of translating anything but my Cabbala nor all of that. Of all my visitts I did chiefly intend that to my Lord Robarts, but he was gone into Cornwall a fortnight before I went to

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[4] No such name appears in the Cambridge registers for this period.

[5] Keith's intended voyage to the East Indies is not mentioned by his biographers. On More's relationship to Keith, see pp. 413 ff.

[6] A long passage attacking H.N. and the Familists is omitted.

London, which I was very sorry for. They say he beares the names of Privy Seal[7] still. One thing I have omitted which I took speciall notice of in reading of H.N. and that is his affectation of bringing things back to the simplicity of the state of Abraham, who yett had multiplicty of either wives or concubines which I must confesse I phancy was the better liked by him, and you may remember who called himself Abraham as a title of good omen towards the setting up this sect. They are hugely for curbing Religion in the externalls of it but they would lett the naturall or carnall life grow very profuse, and luxuriant in its external objects and expression. I remember I was once talking to a shee quaker who was for taking away all the externall references and circumstances of Religion, and was only for the spirit and substance and I told her she was like one that would flay the skin and haire from off a living creature, that nothing but the mere substantiall and vitall parts of the animal might remaine, and asked her how well she thought the animal could live, upon which she [was wrapt?] and smil'd, but sayd nothing. But I shall tire you out, Madame, before I be aware. I am sorry to heare my Lady Dowager is so very ill, and should be exceeding glad to know your Ladiships paines are any thing more tolerable to you. I intend for Lincolnshire about the beginning of October, where I intend to stay but a fortnight at most. If I come to Ragley, it must be some time before Christmas, but if I can come the time will be the best appointed by your Ladiship, which when I understand I shall be able to give a more punctuall answer. Mrs Foxcroft complaines of my hand, but I cannot make my selfe write better then I doe, unlesse I should write a very few lines. But it seems in thus writing I am in the fashion which I know not before. Thus Madame with my most humble service to you and my Lord, wishing you better enjoyment of your health I abruptly take leave and rest

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. September 15, 1670.

Mrs Foxcrofts son is for the present at London but I shall keep the letter for him against his returne which will be, as he thought, the next week. Her brother Dr was well two dayes ago. I beg you Madame my best remembrances to her. I hope you will all stay in the world as long as I shall.

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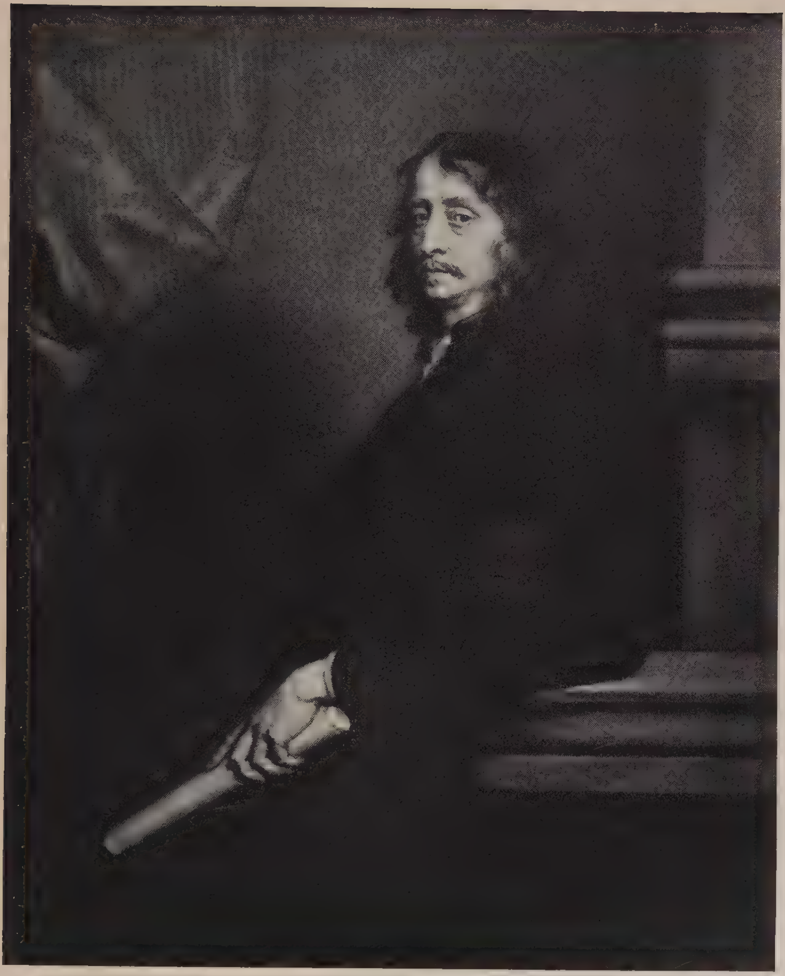
[7] John Robartes, first Earl of Radnor, was made Lord Privy Seal May 18, 1661; he continued to hold the office until April 23, 1673. On May 3, 1669, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in place of the Duke of Ormonde; he was recalled in May, 1670.



FRANCIS MERCURY VAN HELMONT

From the portrait by Sir Peter Lely in the National Gallery. By permission of the Director of the National Gallery.

CHAPTER SIX

Francis Mercury van Helmont

I.

PARADOXICALLY, it may seem, Van Helmont has been most known and loved by those who know him not at all; hundreds have seen his spirit for one who knows his name. All those who, remembering Matthew Arnold, have wandered through that "retired ground" about Oxford seeking the Scholar Gipsy; who have climbed the hill whence "the eye travels down to Oxford's towers"; who in the shadows of the evening have caught a glimpse of a "figure spare," perhaps "sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown," or in winter "wrapt in his cloak and battling with the wind"; who have been held, as Arnold, by those "dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air"—all these have seen the "wandering Heremite," though they knew him not. Yet, like many another spirit raised by poets, only his memory haunts Oxford; he himself does not, and never did. There is little reason to doubt that he was the original scholar gipsy, the "lad . . . who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies . . . and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies, among which extravagant people, by the insinuating subtlety of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem that they discovered to him their mystery," as Joseph Glanvill wrote in the book which Matthew Arnold had been reading when he wrote *The Scholar Gipsy*.[1] The localization of the story at Oxford seems to have been merely an instance of that desire, common at all times and places, to lend artistic reality by placing a tale on familiar ground. It was a tale, indeed, which traveled from one place to another, told now about this university, now that. The place depended largely upon the teller's own background. What mattered was the abrupt departure of the youth, his skill in the gipsy lore and the gipsy language, his mastery of "their traditional kind of learning," particularly that ability, of which Glanvill speaks, "to do wonders by the power of the imagination, their fancy binding that of others." All these Van Helmont had learned; and he had gained too from the gipsies their wanderlust, the desire which drove them forever over the face of the earth.[2]

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[1] The story was told by Joseph Glanvill in his *Vanity of Dogmatizing* (1661), pp. 188–189. It does not occur in the later edition of that work. I am indebted to Professor C. H. Leonard of Yale University for references to this edition of Glanvill, and for correcting my earlier reference to it as *quarto* rather than *octavo*. The introduction to this section is founded, to some extent, upon my article "The Real Scholar Gipsy" in the *Yale Review*, XVIII (1929), 347–363.

[2] James Crossley, editor of Worthington's *Diary and Correspondence*, seems to have made a collection of Helmontiana, from which he determined to his own satisfaction the truth of the story of Van Helmont's life with the

The wandering with the gipsies had been but a beginning; for Van Helmont's life was a long adventure, packed full of dangers and hairbreadth escapes, search and discovery, which enthralled his age. And since so much that seemed miraculous was fact, is it strange that his generation piled Pelion on Ossa, adding to the miraculous more miracles still, until the modern critic despairs of ever separating fiction which might easily be fact from fact which it seems impossible should not be fiction? The sparse biographical accounts—most of them from succeeding generations—are of little value.[3] It is from prefaces, memoirs, letters, and yet unpublished manuscripts that the life of Francis Mercury van Helmont must be reconstructed. These accounts are not in one language, but in many; for Van Helmont's restless wanderings led him everywhere. We catch more than a glimpse of him in Belgium, follow him to Holland, see him in captivity in Rome. Brussels, Vienna, Heidelberg, Sulzbach, London, and Hanover—they were all his homes, and nearly every city in Europe at least his stopping place. Nor may we expect to find his story in the pages of only one group of men—philosophers or scientists. If we know him now through the correspondence of an emperor or a prince, if we find his name again and again in the pages of Leibniz or the letters of the Electress Sophie, we know him even better through the journals of those despised people, the Quakers; and if some future time shall bring to light simple memoirs of artisans, weavers, and carpenters, his shadow may well lie across their pages, for, as Leibniz once wrote, this man had in his time learned many parts, having been a turner, a weaver, a painter, a physician, a chemist, a teacher, a man of letters, and a philosopher. Even such a catalogue does not exhaust the accomplishments of this late son of the High Renaissance, the last man who knew everything! Van Helmont was also a tutor to princes, a counselor to kings, an instructor of the deaf and dumb, for whom he invented his *Alphabet of Nature,* and the contriver of a universal language. In addition to these unquestioned attainments, his age added in whispers that he had discovered the universal medicine and the philosopher's stone, that he knew the Great Arcana.

Upon his shoulders—at least so gossip ran—had fallen the magic mantle of that Prospero, his father, Jean Baptiste van Helmont, last of the alchemists, first of the chemists, the man who not only added much to human knowledge, but to the universal vocabulary the word *gas,* which he coined to distinguish the substance. In spite of his extravagances, Jean Baptiste van Helmont was a genius; of that there can be no doubt; and his genius was recognized and acknowledged by

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gipsies. See his note, II, 100–101. The story of Van Helmont's association with the gipsies is told in nearly all the earlier biographical dictionaries. Cf. also N. F. J. Eloy, *Dictionnaire historique de la médecine ancienne et moderne* (1755), II, 482.

[3] Van Helmont's name appears frequently in biographical books of reference, though the accounts are usually brief appendages to fuller discussion of his famous father. The accounts in English biographies are for the most part merely adaptations from accounts in continental authorities. He is treated in Dutch, Flemish, German, Italian works, and doubtless also in other continental languages which I have not examined. There are brief treatments, too, in many histories of medicine and in medical biographies, as well as in histories of the occult sciences.

his generation in that ironic fashion of theirs—by long imprisonment and condemnation for heresy. Tradition would have it that he died in prison, and, to make a good story better, died of the plague which raged in 1635. But his son in the brief sketch of his father with which he prefaced his edition of his *Works,* declares that he lived until 1644. Just before his death he intrusted his writings —and, said rumor, his secrets—to his son.[4] Hence trouble arose.

At his father's death, Franciscus Mercurius set out from Belgium. Of his early life, little is known.[5] What was the university from which he ran away? we cannot tell, nor does it seem so likely that it was poverty as that it was insatiable curiosity which drove him forth. During the years which follow we may see him through a manuscript notebook of his *Observations,* which lies today in the British Museum.[6] The *Observations* are not in Van Helmont's hand, nor yet, today, in his language; officially they are described as "translated by Dr. Daniel Foote." Who Doctor Foote may have been, and what led him to transcribe in his own hand these pages need not concern us here. It is enough that he, too, felt the fascination of this prince of story-tellers and wanderers, and that, before the original was lost forever, he translated the notebook. There in those yellowed pages, Van Helmont's Dutch idiom not lost in Foote's quaint translation, we may read snatches of vigorous and romantic tales as Van Helmont remembered them. Yet we must not look for a complete biography; nor, indeed, may we always trust his memories of himself. For Van Helmont was not in these pages concerned with the *facts* of his life, but with his *theories* and *opinions.* Such biographical detail as he gives is always subservient to an idea which he is attempting to expound. People, places, events, form a confused background for beliefs and teachings which he had evolved. But the charm of the *Observations* is not alone in these characteristic ideas; even more, it lies in the self-portrait of the author which emerges from the pages, not as a finished picture, but rather in the lightning-strokes in which a Rembrandt or a Holbein might, in the midst of more serious tasks, draw with a dozen lines at once a caricature and a revelation of himself. Van Helmont's nervous energy is apparent in the amusing abruptness of his opening sentences: "As I was carried Prisoner through all the towns of Italy . . ." "Being once in a very great storm of 6 days and nights continuance . . ." "Being once taken by Robbers and they intending to kill me . . ." His magnificent egoism, candid as a child's, is everywhere displayed; it is the delight of man in strength, in swiftness, in courage, of the perennial Peter Pan to whom death itself will be a great adventure. "I by myself alone," he wrote, "quenched a fire, which was by chance kindled, in a barne where were about 40 horses in the night time." Yet after that *I by myself alone,* notice the curiously passive sense of the next sentence—man but the tool, the instrument of destiny! *"This success* of quenching the fire *happened to me,* as I was newly escaped from a ship-wrack when I was 6 days without eating, and yet was working all the while to save the ship." Is it, one wonders, after all, the prowess of Franciscus Mercurius? Is it not —as the silhouette of King Charles, black and solitary against the red glow of falling London, as Pascal's "reed that thinks"—the glory of petty man, overwhelmed by a destructive universe, yet capable of incredible endurance?

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[4] The usual date given for the son's birth is 1618; Doctor Darrow, however, has established the fact that he was born on October 20, 1614, at Vilvorde, Belgium. He and Henry More were, therefore, the same age.

[5] Doctor Darrow had found much hitherto unknown material on these years.

[6] *Sloane MSS 530.*

Out of the random and chaotic notes, set down now to illustrate his economic theories, now to show the origin of his idea of the transmutative value of pain—again, one must believe, to explain his dislike of the smell of fresh paint!—we may bring a sort of order, though it must remain for other hands to sort and label the confused group of rulers, potentates, and lords of Europe, who seem in throngs to jostle for elbowroom among their fellow emperors. Of his life in the 1650's the "Conway Papers" tell us something; and, indeed, they offer almost the only information for this period. Even at that time, it would seem, the fame of this man so filled Europe that when Edward Conway was first forced to realize the serious nature of his wife's illness, he had written to his father, then in Belgium, to seek out some member of the Van Helmont family, and see whether he could find aid; to that letter the second Viscount had replied dubiously that he would attempt to find the Van Helmont family, but doubted success.[7] Nothing came of this attempt, if indeed it was ever made; yet Conway did not lose interest in the European chemist. In 1653 he wrote to John Finch, then in Italy, begging him to learn, if he could, where Van Helmont was, that he might arrange to take his wife to him. Finch replied in a series of letters, filled with gossip about Van Helmont, most of it untrustworthy, but none the less reflecting common belief and prejudice.[8] Two years since, Finch writes, Van Helmont had been at Venice, and lived with the Duke of Brunswick. Finch has made inquiries of various people who might be expected to know, but presents a doubtful report. "Moretus our Mathematique Professor" tells a story of Van Helmont's power in curing fevers; but others declare that his skill does not extend beyond fevers. After adding further information from "two Gentlemen of Bruxelles" that Van Helmont is with the "Elector of Lunenburgh at Sarisburgh,"[9] Finch announces that as soon as they have made sure of that, he and the redoubtable Baines will set off to find him. On the whole, as a result of his investigations, Finch is inclined to think that Van Helmont has been overrated. "Helmont," he writes to his sister, after a characteristic passage of moralizing, "shall alwayes be more prized where he is not then where he is." Had not Finch been informed by Sir Kenelm Digby himself that Digby had cured patient after patient whom Van Helmont had given up? To be sure, to an unprejudiced modern reader, who knows them both, there may be little choice between the veracity of a Van Helmont, and that of a Kenelm Digby; yet John Finch may be excused for his credulity; he had known Digby all his life, while Van Helmont was to him at this time nothing but a name.

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[7] Lord Conway's letter on the subject is in the *Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 19. His son's letter is not extant; the father in his reply says that he will try to find "Mademoiselle Helman," but is doubtful of success. Whether he is referring to a sister of Van Helmont's, or whether he has misunderstood his son's reference cannot be determined. He does not again mention the matter in his extant correspondence.

[8] See pp. 84 ff. One of the letters, written by Baines, is no longer extant.

[9] On the inconsistencies here, see p. 85.

Finch's investigations did not cease there. Evidently he was not able to learn with any certainty that Van Helmont was at the mysterious "Sarisburgh," for he and Baines did not make the journey. But from Otto Tackenius, "that sett out Van Helmonts works," he received "a civill reply in Latin," not too encouraging. Like Moretus, Tackenius seemed to think young Helmont's only gift was in the curing of fevers; indeed, he went so far as to call the young man "a very ignorant Person." From a German, who with five brother physicians had "made it their businesse to know what great matters had been affected by Helmont," Finch heard a curious tale "that at Augusta, invited to dinner by a Margrave, he and the Margrave both dranke themselves sicke, and that he gave Physick to the Margrave which had like to have cost him his life, whereupon the friends of the Margrave had killed him but that the Margraves Confessour carry'd him out of the Citty upon his own Horse, Young Helmont riding behind him for his security." Yet surely no one who had actually known Francis Mercury van Helmont could have believed that tale. He may indeed more than once have given physic which nearly cost his patient his life; he may often have drunk not wisely but too well; but never in his long and eventful life did Francis Mercury van Helmont make other than a triumphant and dramatic exit from the stage. Had he and the Confessour indeed ridden the same horse, we may be sure that it would have been the other man who rode behind "for his security." And as it happens, Van Helmont himself has put into our hands the weapon of his vindication. In his *Observations* he tells the other side of this same story. Even if we must deduct from any of his prodigal accounts one-half, what lover of a tale would not take the "corroborative detail" of his artistic verisimilitude rather than that bald and unconvincing narrative of the five jealous Doctors in Physick! Once upon a time, Van Helmont's own story goes, so long ago perhaps that much of it is now forgotten, he had been sent for by a certain "Prince of the Empire" whose country was divided between the factions of the Lutherans and the Catholics. The advice which Van Helmont gave as to division of revenue between them served only to bring on him the enmity of both; and to that enmity we may well trace the imputation of poison laid on him by the Prince's counselors. That, however, is beside the point for us, as it was always for Van Helmont. During his brief stay at the court, there was much which the Prince desired to know, in addition to problems of revenue; each day the insatiable monarch kept the sage in close counsel and continual discourse from noon until six in the morning; at six the canny master retired for six hours of sleep, but the pupil Prince was not so wise. "He employ'd the whole day and night, for these 6 houres that I slept he wrote down the things he remembered from discourse with me, and thus incessantly for 6 days" (surely that number had significance in Van Helmont's mystical mathematics!) "without stopping." Are we to wonder, then, that Van Helmont had hardly left the castle when the Prince "fell into a Coma . . . and slept 24 hours continually"? But to the suspicious subjects and the jealous counselors, who had been barred from their ruler all these days, this seemed no natural slumber. The word went forth that the chemist had poisoned, the magician enchanted their ruler. The hue and cry was on. With Rabelaisian vigor, Van Helmont describes his fight and the number of his opponents. If in a simple tale of robbery, such as he has told before, the number of his opponents grows from two to a dozen in the telling, and in the account of the guard required to bear him to the inquisition, we find in one sentence that it is "never less than 3, 4, 5, or 6 score soldjers," is it remarkable that in this story of a whole city enraged against him, the Falstaffian mob grows, expands, and swells until it fills all heaven and all earth? And the departure! How he would have scorned that "security" of the Confessour! When the moment of flight finally arrived, what did he do? Did he turn and flee *from* that outraged mob? Not Van Helmont. "With a hurrah," he exults, "I putt spurrs to my horse, and rode quite *through* them, though they discharged three musketts at me." So the story ends, a climax for Van Helmont, but a sad anticlimax for the disgruntled counselors and citizens. For when the Prince awoke refreshed, and heard what had happened to his honored guest, he would have had Van Helmont pronounce sentence against them. But Franciscus Mercurius, with a characteristic gesture, dismissed the circumstance—a mere trifling and momentary inconvenience in such a life as his; though he adds, not without satisfaction, "After this the whole administration of the affaires of that Country went through my hands."

Others of the adventures recorded in that notebook we cannot so well localize or verify. When was the "shipwrack," where the fire? What that dark wood, in which we behold him looking, as he says, "kindly" upon his would-be assassins? Yet, though we cannot localize it, one other story of this period must be told, the tale of "a certain Prince in Germany," which serves well to illustrate a half-dozen theories of this man, who wove the material for his clothes with his own hands, and spun from a highly original and curious mind ideas of economics and efficiency which might well cause envy in the heart of a modern financier. Troubled by beggars in his kingdom, the Prince of Germany sent for the famous counselor, and begged him to propound some scheme whereby he might not only put an end to begging, but might make some use of the mendicants. With the swift decision so characteristic of him, Van Helmont seems in a moment to have evolved a plan in which he summed up at once his own belief in the dignity of labor and his economic theory of the perpetual use of natural resources. The beggars, he suggested, were to be set to work at once, this being the proper season, to sow flax in large quantities; while the crop was growing, they would be occupied in building "spinning houses and places for weaving"; these built, it would be the season for harvesting the crop, and then the former crew of patches would be stationed in the houses their hands had built to convert the flax they had sown into clothing they themselves should wear. Impatient to begin the experiment, Van Helmont and the Prince set out at once to find the best place in the kingdom for the erection of the linen houses, and within perhaps an hour's ride, Van Helmont discovered the perfect place, save that at the moment the spot was thickly wooded. Lest there should be delay, order was straightway given to attendants to fell the trees. Yet while he sat watching, one great monarch of the forest so fascinated Van Helmont, the lover of all things in Nature, that he could not bear to give the order for its felling. Again and again he tried; but always something, some "Spiritt" of the tree, restrained him. Time passed; and then as he sat worshiping his great idol, he realized that branches near the top were already withering. Were it not better, he reasoned, that it fall for use than wither where it stood? Command was given; but as the workmen labored, some irresistible force drove him forth to watch the destruction. With a mighty crash, the tree came down, swerving in its fall so that it bore the executioner with it. Van Helmont fell to earth, caught in the great arms of his idol. "Which image," he adds with candor, "is a reallity, and hath a spiritt in it, though a wrong one."

Yet even as we watch, something happens to the picture. The teller of tales gives way to the philosopher. Prince and woodmen fade from the scene, and we are never to hear the end of this economic experiment. Van Helmont came back to consciousness to find himself with a broken left shoulder, and to criticize with some impatience the physicians who tried to set it. Finally, weary of their efforts, he cured himself by a treatment which Sir Kenelm Digby must have applauded, if he knew it. Sending into the forest, he procured some sawdust from his enemy-idol; this he mixed with its flowers, infused the whole in wine, and the sympathetic cure was complete. But all the while he had been suffering in body, his active mind had been developing from the experience one of his most characteristic theories—the *anatomy of pain*. "The parts of the broken bones jarr'd against one another, which," he truly declared, "was a very sensible pain." Yet though a pain, it had transmutative value. From the experience he developed a belief in the beneficent effect of pain upon the mind, and a belief in the power of imagination over pain, not essentially different from that idea which he had learned many years before from the gipsies. When he had determined that the excruciating pain in his shoulder was "nothing less, but my owne life, excited or inflamed for my good . . . I began to love my pain." The real Van Helmont, whether Dr. Daniel Foote intended so or not, is revealed in that word *love*. This was no halfway philosopher, no trimmer siding neither with God nor with his enemy. He did not *tolerate*, he did not *deny*, he did not *disregard* the pain. He *loved* it, and so transmuted what had been an ill into a good, a suffering into a blessing. What a pupil he was to find in the gallant Anne Conway!

The climax of his actual practice of this belief occurs in one of those vivid glimpses which in his *Observations* he offers of himself before the Inquisition. He does not tell us why he was there; we may accept the bald historical interpretation that he was accused of the seduction of Christian August from the Catholic faith by taking him among Protestants; or we may, if we prefer, turn for our reason to those good gossips, John Worthington and Samuel Hartlib, whom little escaped. "From Helmont," wrote Hartlib on February 14, 1661–62, quoting a continental correspondent,[10] "we have none other tidings, but that he is still prisoner, and that very close, no man being admitted to him. They accuse him of seducing the Prince of Sultzbach, and of having spoken ill of the Jesuits, and such like matters; whereas their aim seems to be no other but to force out of him some of his father's secrets." Whatever the reason for his long imprisonment[11]—and Hartlib wondered shrewdly "whether he hath provoked by any free speeches"—this experience also was to Van Helmont an adventure. He describes his royal progress "through all the towns of Italy," pictures himself the cynosure of neighboring eyes, shows us scenes at evening when all the people stood about staring at him, while he, intent upon some new theory, was so completely unaware of their curiosity, that, as he finely says, it was as if he were a shadow and the crowds looked through and beyond him, for they could not see the man himself. Here before the Inquisition, the philosopher developed to the full his *anatomy of pain,* and, perhaps the only one of its victims who did so, logically justified the rack. "When I arrived from Germany to Rome in the Inquisition,"—so run his *Observations*—"I continued so that when they told me they would burn me, and that they would put me to the rack, I asked them whether I should not have justice done, and they told me know. I onely said that if it were so, I was happier than severall great princes who are racked as bad and cannot see their tormentors, whereas I should have that advantage as to see him, and besides, whatsoever punishment happens to a man that is innocent, it doth him much good. And as to burning," he concludes judicially, "I considered and balanced the thing on both sides, whether it were better to be burned or not, and after all *I found more for than against the burning, that is my arguments concluded it rather better to be burnt if it should come to that.*"

Released after eighteen months from his imprisonment, he set out once more upon his wanderings; and for nearly seven years we catch only occasional glimpses of him through random references of men who knew him,[12] until early in October, 1670, we see him, through one of Henry More's letters,[13] in England, at Newmarket with the royal family, if not immediately beside His Majesty, at least rubbing shoulders with the royal physician. On October 12 we find him at Cambridge, in that quiet chamber of the New Building, visiting More, to whom he had brought letters from abroad, eagerly discussing with him, in a flood of French, Italian, broken Latin, and Dutch, which last Ezekiel Foxcroft of King's translated, their mutual enthusiasms in cabbalism and preëxistence. More's excitement echoes in the letter which he wrote immediately to Lady Conway. Interested though he was in Van Helmont's ideas, it is something else which chiefly stirs him. For the first time in many years, we hear the once-familiar note of optimism: here, in England, is the one man who may yet miraculously restore his suffering friend. But even in the next sentence, optimism gives way to doubt. Van Helmont had come to England for a limited time only, a royal messenger to the royal family. It was impossible for Lady Conway to go to London; it seemed equally impossible that the great magician could be persuaded to travel to the Warwickshire village.

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[10] Worthington, *Diary and Correspondence,* II, 107.

[11] Doctor Darrow concludes that the imprisonment lasted from the middle of November, 1661, until April, 1663.

[12] Doctor Darrow has established many of the circumstances of these years; I leave the passage as originally written, before I examined his collections.

[13] See pp. 322 ff.

Conway, however, had not supped with the King and Lady Castlemaine in vain. The exact method by which he set to work to persuade the messenger of kings we cannot tell, but it is certain that by November 19, Van Helmont was at Ragley, personally investigating the case of Lady Conway. The disease interested him; but clearly the Viscountess interested him still more. He had come to England intending a stay of but one month; when in December he was forced to consider departure, in order to conclude the affair on which he had been employed, it was with the expressed intention of returning to Ragley the moment the affair had been dispatched. Conway wrote to Rawdon on December 12, 1670:[14] "All that I can say of Van Helmont's success with my wife is, that she hath gained upon him so far, as that he will do for her all that is in his power; he hath sent into Germany for medicines for her, and will return to her as soon as his business will permit, and my stay here is only for him and to carry him down with me." From 1670 until 1679, except for occasional very brief visits to the continent, the wandering Heremite consciously stayed his wanderings; and for the longest period of seclusion his adventurous life ever knew, settled down in a quiet English village, bending all his art and skill to an effort to alleviate the sufferings of the most remarkable woman the confidant of queens had ever known. Yet even at quiet Ragley, the prince of adventurers found new adventures, one of which, as we shall see, was to change the course of our story, and alter the direction of many lives.

II.

Ragley offered now a double interest to More, and his visits for a time became even more frequent. When the Viscountess was too ill to see him, he spent long hours with Van Helmont. In the laboratory which the chemist fitted up at Ragley, the two experimented by the hour, and, indeed, it is significant that during this period for the first time, More turned from rational to experimental science. His keen interest in contemporary discovery had been formerly metaphysical rather than physical. He writes after one of his journeys back to Cambridge of the breaking of a glass tube, which he and Van Helmont had been using, and in his later controversy with Robert Boyle, reports actual weights and measurements of his own experiments in hydrostatics.[15] Other members of the Royal Society, other scientists from Oxford must have come to see and talk with the famous continental chemist; and occasionally Van Helmont journeyed to London, where he was welcomed by the leading members of the scientific group of the day.[16] But, as More's letters indicate, chemistry and physics were not their only interests when they met at Ragley. Van Helmont, like More, was deeply interested in the idea of preëxistence, which More had treated in so many of his works. With the Cambridge men, too, he shared the interest of the day in apocalyptical interpretation. Versatile as he was, he was an artist of no small merit, and More's letters show that it was Van Helmont who drew the diagrams and tables, as well as several of the illustrations, for More's apocalyptical works.[17] He drew them, indeed, so well that More later reports with pleasure that the "graver" can find nothing to correct in them. Then, too, More found in Van Helmont one who had not only felt the charm of the rabbinical and cabbalistical writers, but who had gone much farther than himself in the revival of what they used to call "the Jewish philosophy." Van Helmont was, indeed, one of the chief links which bound together cabbalistic students in Europe.[18]

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[14] *Rawdon Papers*, p. 249; cf. below, p. 326.

[15] In his will (Appendix, p. 482), More mentions a "parabolicall Glass," which he leaves to Cudworth, and "all my Hydrostaticall Instruments."

The letters which More wrote after Van Helmont's arrival at Ragley are, as a group, perhaps the most characteristic of all, long, rambling, affectionate, not so much letters as conversations, such as he had often carried on at Ragley, full of random news, discussions of his health and that of the Viscountess, opinions of books—German volumes were now added to his reading—with frequent excursions into the world of spirits. In none of his letters does he present more concrete details, more actual glimpses of the world in which he lived. We share his pleasure in the kind letters with which Sir George and Lady Rawdon recommended their two younger sons to his care, and watch his assiduous efforts in their behalf. We follow again that "pass time" of a last day at Ragley, "like sunshine and rain on an April day in February,"[19] when he could "scarce gett away" nor yet stay "without warming my stomach with Nordon's Aile and good Canarie"; we listen with amusement to his "merry conceit" which such unwonted festivity provoked, which he "imparted to Mrs Foxcroft in her eare"; and feel again his affection for Van Helmont, which at the thought of parting, forced

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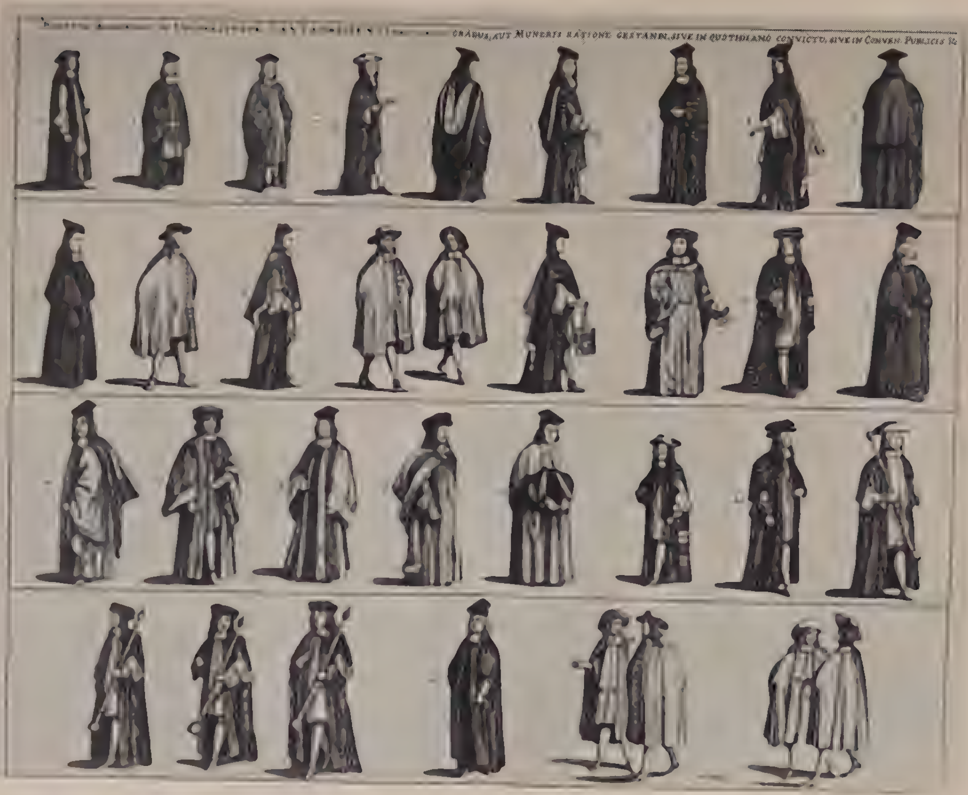
[16] Boyle mentions his meeting with him on December 12, 1670.

[17] See p. 375 n.

[18] It was Van Helmont who first interested More in the long and difficult task which in Germany Baron Knorr von Rosenroth was performing—the attempt to translate and edit the *Zohar*. Von Rosenroth, who becomes a familiar figure in More's letters under his pseudonym, "Peganius," had for several years been engaged in the study of ancient and rabbinical Hebrew lore under the tutelage of a rabbi in Amsterdam, where doubtless his path had crossed Van Helmont's. Whether he had actually known More—for he seems to have been in England earlier—or whether he merely knew his work and recognized his interest in cabbalism, he seems to have intrusted Van Helmont with letters for him when Van Helmont set out for England. More's letters afford full and complete evidence of the assistance he gave Von Rosenroth, not only in the preparation of the *Kabbala Denudata,* but in translating some of Von Rosenroth's works into English. It is possible also that it was through More that Von Rosenroth turned his attention to the work of Sir Thomas Browne, whose *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* Von Rosenroth translated as *Des vortrefflichen Engelländers T. Brown . . . Pseudodoxia Epidemica aus dem Englischen in die Hochteutsche Sprach übersetzet* (1680).

[19] See pp. 327 ff.


GRADUS, AUT MUNERIS RATIONE GESTANDI, SIVE IN QUOTIDIANO CONVICTU, SIVE IN CONVEN. PUBLICIS &c.

ACADEMIC DRESS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

From David Loggan, Cantabrigia Illustrata.

tears from him. We watch him going upstairs, striving to hide his emotion, observe Conway's surprise over the unusual sight, hear More's gentle apologies, and feel Conway's relief, which he expressed characteristically enough "in a can of Norden ayle." We watch the descent of the two men to the "parlour" where, in a glass of Canary, they "were then pretty humoursomely merry, and I excused myself as well as I could to Mr Helmont for that unexpected passion, and told him he was a Chymist, and could draw moisture out of a flint." Then come the farewells, and More's departure, his own serious nature leading him to ponder "betwixt Ragley and Southam" the solemn problem of long-bearded angels! Upon another occasion we follow him to London, whither he went for the ceremony of the installation of the new Chancellor of the University, the ill-starred Villiers, fifth Duke of Buckingham,[20] and see again the procession which wended its way from Exeter House to York House, "the doctours going in their scarlett . . . and moste of those of the University in their Academicall Habits." We listen to the speeches of the Chancellor and the Vice Chancellor, observe at our elbow the sardonic face of Sir John Birkenhead, the political satirist who at the moment commended the speech, but two days later at Charing Cross "held me at least half an hour drauling," while he abused the Vice Chancellor's oratory. We attend with More that "most noble supper," consisting—as how many British banquets before and since!—of "fish, foule, and tarte and custard, and gelly'd and banqueting stuff"; we find innocent amusement in these unworldly academics, "at a losse whom to speake to for potables, those behinde us looking too big for those services," and share their sincere relief at that "most joyfull thing" of the whole banquet—the fact that "it was contriv'd so that we had time to depart betwixt eight and nine of the clock." We follow More, too, as early the next morning he sets out for the Cambridge coach, only to find that the unusually zealous driver has already started; and appreciate the prodigal mood with which he hires a special coach—at the rate of four pounds—and rides off quaffing "whole coachfulls of fresh ayr." Sympathetically we appreciate his conflicting moods, when as he rolls along, alone in his great coach, the cool moist air invigorating and inspiring him as he ponders various metaphysical problems, he feels that life would be happy, indeed, were it not that he is torn in mind by the memory of certain sad scenes connected with his friends, which he cannot forget. We hear, too, during the winter, of the "great cold" he had in his head, when, he is careful to report, he suffered no cough, though he adds candidly and meticulously, "I pour'd so at the nose as I never did in my life." Once at least during this period he entertained good company in his chamber, where they discussed seriously a venison pasty; and in the long evenings we see him again engaged in music, which he had laid aside for many years. Homely intimate glimpses of a simple unassuming man, whose life was passed in a world of books and thoughts and affectionate love for his friends, the record of whose placid days he wrote once in a sentence: "I play at bowles ordinary twice a day, and after a rubber after supper I take a walk into the fields, and at my returne play some lessons on my lute, and after fitt myself for bed. This and translating is now the whole course of my life."

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[20] Cf. p. 335.

The word *translating* affords a clue to More's "continuall intensenesse" at this time, and serves to explain much that would otherwise be difficult to understand in the change which came about at Ragley. He has himself explained in his letters the circumstances which caused him at this time to undertake the translation of all his English works into Latin.[21] The unexpected legacy of the "Inns of Court gentleman" which made that possible, was responsible for much in More's life. With the best intentions in the world, Mr. Cockshute—whoever he may have been—succeeded in putting a virtual period to his master's career. Perhaps More had already reached the climax of his powers. Perhaps his *Enchiridion Metaphysicum* was the farewell both of poet and thinker. It is quite possible that, even without this digression, his life as a progressive intellect was over. He had been a pioneer in his generation, but other men, following with fresh strength the trail he had blazed, were now to pass him by. From their superior height they looked back on what they had once thought his lofty peak, and saw it as but a foothill in a range loftier than they had suspected. There are already signs of the reactionary in the *Divine Dialogues.* Again the whirligig of time brought in its revenges as the prophet of one generation became the conservative of the next. The actual task of translation occupied his days for several years; and the tediousness of the task left his mind tired and jaded. What time he had for composition was spent upon other problems. And what was the actual value of the Latin translation of his works? A brief reputation among some continental readers, though More had been read on the continent for several years, as Worthington's and Hartlib's letters show; a brief period during which scholarly England believed that through translation he had made himself immortal. Yet already the bilingual generation was passing away; and, ironically enough, More dead, his disciples strove rather to preserve his fame by translating his Latin back to English again.

III.

THE first effect of Van Helmont's treatment of Lady Conway had been encouraging enough that there seemed hope for the future. For a time there are suggestions in the correspondence of a slight improvement in her health; once More mentions the fact that though her headache continues unabated, Van Helmont's medicine seems to agree with her general health. Yet before long the familiar cadence comes again; new distempers are added to her constant pain; she has been "so ill of late." News of one sadness after another made its way to her always sympathetic ears. After a lingering illness, the Dowager Lady Conway died on May 7, 1671. It was nearly twenty years since that merry man, her husband, had died at Lyons, and the Dowager has seldom crossed these pages. Yet she had been constantly in the background of the life at Ragley, where she lived out her placid years, occupied by the management of the Hall, overseeing the planting and tending of her garden, interested in the gossip in which she delighted, spending hours in her daughter-in-law's chamber. Her going left a vacancy at Ragley which was not to be filled.

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[21] See pp. 304 ff.

Both More and Lady Conway's companion, Mrs. Elizabeth Foxcroft, suffered keenly in the death of that good man John Worthington,[22] a person, as More wrote, "of the greatest integrity and simplicity of spirit, as any one can converse with, and he was the most sutable friend for me as could be." George Rust, too, was dead in Ireland[23] under circumstances much like his predecessor's. Conway, having heard of his illness from Rawdon, had at once sent medicines which Van Helmont had prescribed, together with directions for treatment. But circumstances hindered the arrival of the packet. The boat on which it was sent went down in the channel, in sight of land, taking with it the lives of twenty-five passengers. Some of the post was later recovered from the sea. "Most of the letters are not to be read," wrote Rawdon,[24] "and with the rest one of your Lordships (I suppose) to the Bishop of Dromore. Something within it lapped up with cards about it all wet and spoiled I have, but if you writ anything of direction to use it, it was gone. But today is come news of his death, to the great regret of all of us. He died on Wednesday evening in my house. The Bishop of Down writes of the great care my wife took of him. He had been with her a whole month." Conway's next letter contains a reference to the "unspeakable sad news to me of my Lord of Dromore's death."[25]

Saddest of all the letters which came to the darkened room at Ragley during these years was one from Heneage Finch,[26] who wrote not as Lord Chancellor, but as a tender, affectionate father, grieving for a child. The letter bore news of the death of Lady Conway's favorite niece, Elizabeth, who a few years before had married Samuel Grimston. The names take us back across the years, for Samuel Grimston's father and mother had been married in the same church and on the same day that had witnessed the marriage of Anne Conway's mother to the elder Heneage Finch. Now Elizabeth Finch Grimston lay dead, leaving in turn a daughter. The grief of the Lord Chancellor shows itself in the series of short paragraphs, different from his usual flowing oratory. He tells of the devotion of Sir John Finch, who had attended her until he, too, fell ill from the strain and anxiety, and of her calm and assured acceptance of the sentence of death. "I feele a Sorrow great enough to break my Heart, if I would give way to it," wrote Heneage Finch. Such sad occurrences darkened the years at Ragley and at Cambridge.

A different world this from the one which more and more often saw the Viscount Conway in these days. As More remarked in one letter, Conway was seldom at Ragley now. His absences were longer and more frequent. He was as

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[22] See pp. 349 ff.

[23] The *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland,* for 1669–70 contains much information in regard to Rust's illness and death.

[24] *Cal. S.P. Ireland, 1669–70,* p. 320.

[25] *Rawdon Papers,* p. 246; see below, p. 326.

[26] See below, pp. 353–354.

More said, "exceeding full of buisiness in this juncture of affairs." Ireland and Whitehall claimed him. In his political correspondence of this period, there are occasional sentences which show how depressing the situation at Ragley was. More than once Conway was summoned by messenger from Whitehall with the word that his wife was critically ill. Twice he excuses his delay in attending to matters of state by the fact that his wife is at the point of death. Again and again he writes that during his stay at Ragley he has been unable to see her. The world reflected in his letters and the world which more and more fascinated him was one which his wife remembered only vaguely and which had never interested her: a world of fashion and intrigue, a court of magnificent scandal. What would she have cared for such a scene as that of the meeting of Mary of Modena and the ladies of the English court, which Conway reported with relish? What to her were the banquets at which Conway supped with the King and Nell Gwyn?

Another world this from Cambridge with its Latin tomes and simple lessons on the lute. Another world from Ragley where even the "intermissions" were now "intollerable." Yet during those very days when Conway wrote to Essex of the scandals at the English court, a spiritual excitement was penetrating into the chamber which the Viscountess Conway had not left for many years. Conway, in favor for the time with the King, found his social and political horizon expanding; his world included Speakers and Lord Treasurers, duchesses and the mistresses of the King. But his wife's horizon was expanding to take in not only a larger world, but a whole new universe whose existence she had until then only dimly suspected—prisoners and outcasts, the despised and rejected of men. While Conway kissed the hand of Mary of Modena, and dined with Nell Gwyn, his wife at Ragley set out upon her last adventure in the company of George Fox, George Keith, Isaac Penington, and William Penn.

201. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 99. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these at Mr Edward Waits at the blew Anchor in Kinges street in Coven Garden. London."]

C.C.C. 13 Oct., 1670.

Madame,

Your Ladiship may very well expect that by this time I am returned out of Lincolnshire and ready for Ragley. But the truth is I am not yett gone thither. For the Kings coming to New-Markett and the report of his intention to come to Cambridge after the Duke of York with the Dutchesse of Cleaveland had been here made me stay one week longer to kisse the King and Queens hands as well as the Duke and the Dutchesses. But after I understood that the King and Queen were not to come, yett having intelligence from Dr Clark[1] the Kinges Physicion that young Van Helmont was at New Markett and intended that week to come to me at Christ Colledge as having letters for me out of Germany, I have differ'd my journey till next weeke. And I have not stay'd here in vain. For Van Helmont has been with me and dined with me yesterday at my chamber, with Mr Doyly and Mrs Foxcrofts son. Whose curiosity I thought it would gratify to converse with Van Helmon, they both haveing a genius to Chymistry. I was resolv'd I would not stirre till I had spok'n with Van Helmont in reference to your Ladiship, that I might give you an account of his being in England, and that you may see if he can do you any good. Which I am confident he will be ambitious to do to the utmost of his power. But he sayd it was very desirable he mght speake with you to understand fully the nature of your disease. But when I told him how far off from London your Ladiship was he seemed to despaire of having the opportunity to see you, his staying in England being so short, not above a month, and he having buisinesse personally with Prince Rupert in regard to that family. But Dr Ridsley or Dr Hupert[2] one of them or both, might sende so exact a narrative to him of your case, as that it might be as good as if he himself were with you, and they might punctually take instruction from him. The Instructions he gave here Mr Foxcroft will carefully write to his mother, which I shall inclose in this. Van Helmont can speake French and Italian, but Latin very brokenly, so that Mr Foxcroft understanding his Dutch could with most ease conceive his meaning. But the maine I understood partly by himself and partly by his Interpreter, but I need not sett down because Mr Foxcroft will do it more punctually and distinctly. The thing is a familiar buisinesse and such as he himself uses and his father before him for the like purpose. He seems to be a person of a very good plaine and expert humour, and yett with a dew guard upon himself. He does not profess Physick, but lives on his own earnings. He inquired much for a little book of prae-existence (which I perceive was that of Mr Glanville)[3] as also for all my English bookes, which when I had sent for them to my chamber, and sent away the bookseller, that I might the more effectually prevaile with him to accept of them as a testimony of my kindnesse and respect to him, I could not by any meanes force them upon him, he would have left them if he might not pay for them, and so I was forced to send for the bookseller againe to sett the price of them, which he paid in Germine gold. He brought me recommendations from the Princess Elizabeth,[4] and a large letter from a learned person in Germania,[5] that lives so farr as I see incognito, but I perceive he has exercized his thought on very profound meditations, by the Questions he putts to me. There are amongst them I perceive that have a minde to bring into view again the old Judaicall philosophy out of their own writings, which is a noble designe, and such as I thought some time would be, but did not think mens mindes were already working towards it. But of these things, Madam, when I come to Ragley I shall be able to discourse to your Ladiship with more ease, till when I diferr also the making of any answer to Mrs Foxcrofts last letter, of the subject of which I need be better solicitous, for as much as it can do your Ladiship no hurt to think so of that Author as you doe. For myself could wish that I could finde reason to think so too. I do not intend to stay a whole fortnight in Lincolnshire. And then at my return hither I shall be fitting for Ragley. I shall either write immediately for Ragley for Horses there, that I may be sure to have a right Guide, or els if my confidence grow greater of him I us'd before, I shall with more expedition take horses here, and the rather if that one I hire now into the country, be for my turne. But unlesse my Lord has Sorrell still or a horse as sober and governable, I had as good adventure with a bad guide as an unruly horse. I would have neither by my good will these short dayes. I should be very glad to heare better newes by Mrs Foxcroft touching my Lady Dowager, by that time I returne out of the Country. Her letter will be safely lodg'd in her sons hands for me, or Mr Doylys, and that there were hopes of more ease and strength for your Ladiship then which nothing could be more joyfull newes to

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[1] Timothy Clarke, M.D., a celebrated anatomist and Fellow of the College of Physicians, had been chosen physician to the royal household before 1660; in June, 1667, he was appointed second physician-in-ordinary to the King, and in 1669–70 he was named first physician. He was one of the original fellows of the Royal Society.

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[2] Cf. p. 324.

[3] *Lux Orientalis: or an Enquiry into the opinion of the Eastern Sages concerning the prae-existence of Souls.* For Van Helmont's sake, it is to be hoped that the statement of the publisher of the later edition of the work was an exaggeration: "It was so much valued by the more eager and curious searchers into the profoundest points of philosophy, that there was given for it some four or five times the price for which it was first sold."

[4] The Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, patroness of Descartes.

[5] This was "Peganius," or Baron Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, the German orientalist and cabbalist. See p. 318. He was the son of a Silesian minister, and studied at Fravenstadt, Wittenberg, and Leipzig. In Amsterdam he was for a time engaged as interpreter for an Armenian prince, through whom he became interested in the Oriental tongues. In 1668 he was introduced by Van Helmont to the Count-

Deare Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

I beg you Madam present my most humble service to my Lord.

202. *F. Howpert to Lord Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCXLIX,* No. 84.]

Right Honourable my singular good Lord and great Patron,

I RECEAVED your Honors letter of the 15th currant but this day, viz. the 19th following. I am hartily glad to hear that Monsieur Van Helmont gives us some hopes concerning my good Lady, in that he doeth not think hir incurable. I pray

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Palatine of Sulzbach, who appointed him a member of his privy council, and later chancellor. He translated into German all the works of the elder Van Helmont, and the *Alphabetum Naturae* of the younger. Under the pseudonym "Peganius" (he called himself variously "B. Peganius," "C. Peganius," and "Rautner") he translated Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors;* and he seems also to have translated More's *Immortality of the Soul.* His most important work, however, was the translation of the *Zohar* and other cabbalistic works into Latin, under the title, *Kabbala Denudata.* The two first volumes appeared at Sulzbach in 1677; the third at Frankfort in 1684. They are the basis for the two English versions. Von Rosenroth's *Genuine Explication of the Visions of the Book of Revelation,* which More mentions in these letters, appeared in 1670.

the Lord in mercy direct and guide him and Dr Rugeley to such a course as may effectually tend to hir safe recovery. I shall be instant in prayers for good success. I have delivered the inclosed from Monsieur Van Helmont to Mr Stevekin's[1] own hand's, and he said, he will have a care to performe what he will'd him to doe. My Lady Clifton remembers hir service to your Lordship and doeth very much long for your Honours returne, and so doe Dr Rugeley's patients for his, as I am told by those of his house, and the Apothecary near him sayes, that they are even allmost mad for him. I pray God bless your Lordship and all your most noble relacions with all comfort desireable, ever resting

Right Honourable

Your Lordships most obliged and most humble devoted,

F. Howpert.

Southampton Square, 19th Nbr. 1670.

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203. *Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 246–249.]

Dear Brother,

On Tuesday last[1] a strange accident befell my Lord of Ormonde: as he was going home to his lodging at Clarendon-house,[2] about 6 o'clock at night, 8 men set upon him, and threatened to pistol him if he did not come out of his coach; when they had him out, he began to argue the case, and to ask them what they would have? if they came for money, he offered them 40 guineas, and to send them more, besides his jewels which were about him, worth £1000. They said they did not come for money, nor had time to dispute with him, but mounted him behind one of their company, and told him that they would make him pay his old debts, and it is said that they intended to have hanged him at Tyburne. But my Lord of Ormonde, with much presence of mind and resolution, by such time as they were gone 20 yards from his own house, that is, about my Lord Berkley's new house, began to struggle with the man that rid before him, and tumbled him off his horse, and fell down with him. Then they endeavoured to kill him, one shot a pistol at him, another fired at him, but the pistol went not off, another gave him a blow with a sword, and rid over him, another gave him a blow with a pistol on his left eye-brow, which is the greatest wound that remains upon him, and in this scuffle his servants came out and relieved him; but the men got all away, leaving some of their horses and other things. I have been with my Lord of Ormonde almost every day since this accident, and as he told me yesterday within 3 or 4 days he will be abroad again; but notwithstanding the King's proclamation, and a reward of £1000 to him that shall discover the bottom of the business, nothing of that is yet discovered.[3] The King is very successful in the proceedings of Parliament, they have given him an excise to pay his debts, and a tax by way of subsidy but not the old way, to raise £800,000 for the setting out of a fleet.

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[1] Probably the apothecary.

[1] December 6, 1670.

[2] Clarendon House stood on the site of what is now Grafton Street, facing the upper end of St. James's Street.

Just now I have received your letters of the 26 past, and the 6th instant, with the unspeakable sad news to me of my Lord of Dromore's[4] death. My letter to my Lord of Dromore was inclosed in a letter to you, and the directions were within his letter wrapt about Van Helmont's medicine, which would certainly have recovered him; and in that letter I told you that Arthur[5] had but two fits of the ague, and was very well, as I suppose he is at this present. But Dr. Ridgely was very sorry he went not into France this winter, apprehending his cough, and danger of a consumption, as things not to be dallied with, but of highest concernment to him to be prevented in time. Van Helmont and he are preparing things for him, and will give directions how he shall be ordered in France, which his Gouvernour, who studies physick, will be capable to understand and pursue. All that I can say of Van Helmont's success with my wife is, that she hath gained upon him so far, as that he will do for her all that is in his power; he hath sent into Germany for medicines for her and will return to her as soon as his business will permit, and my stay here is only for him, and to carry him down with me. I am unfeignedly

Your's, etc.,

CONWAY.

London, 12 December, 1670.

I do not doubt but we shall prevent the imposition that is laid upon your salt. I had almost forgot to tell you that I am very willing to lay out £100, or what else you think fit, to set up the glass work you mention. I pray let me know whether it be for gren or white glass; both will be useful, nor is there danger if the man be honest; if he be a cheat, I shall be left in the lurch. I pray present my service to my sister, and tell her my stock of Usquebaugh is all gone to one bottle: also I heard she hath some scallops to send over to me, which may be sent easily to Mr. Richardson at Chester. I entreat you also to write to Philomy Ô Neile[6] to send me over two pieces more of the best frise that can be had, one piece of black frise, the other of grey, either dark or light coloured; the 3 pieces I had from him did not accommodate all my friends.

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[3] The responsibility for this notorious attack was never established. Ormonde's son publicly blamed Buckingham. When the leader of the desperadoes—Col. Thomas Blood—was captured, the King himself asked Ormonde to pardon him.

[4] George Rust had been appointed to the bishopric in November, 1667, after the death of Jeremy Taylor; he died of fever early in December, 1670, and was buried in the same vault with his predecessor.

[5] Arthur Rawdon, Sir George's eldest son, whom Conway intended as his heir, and whose education he himself supervised.

[6] Evidently a namesake of the famous Irish rebel, Phelim O'Neile.

204. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 101. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwuckshire. Leave these at Mr Edward Waits at the blew Anchor in Kinges street in Coven Garden. London."]

Madam,

THOUGH my sizour has not yet writt out neither the Latine letter nor the verses (as I have not yet given him your Ladiships charity though I have told him of it) yet haveing made an end of that book I broke of at Ragley, and taking a little breathing time, I could not absteine from writing to your Ladiship to give you thankes for your mainfold civilityes at Ragley, and to beg pardon for any impertinencyes and troubles I might give you in discovering any of my indignations against that barbarous fellow,[1] or my ill resentements of the carriage of any one els. I am in so perfect a peace and calme of Spiritt now, that I almost wonder that I should take much notice of any thing, though tacitly with myself, much more that I should trouble any one els with it, though I must confesse I can not accuse my self of any unjust carriage in so noticing of thinges as I did, nor of any ill will to that grosse injurer of me. But there is a more excellent way, as I told your Ladiship, and happy are they that feel it.

At my returne I found a letter of Mr Glanvills here, which signify'd to me how grossly and vehemently Stubbes rayled at me in the coffy houses in Oxford[2] before he printed that scurrilous letter, and in another afterwards he informs me that after he had writt an answer to Stubbes his last booke he went to Oxford, and he found Stubbes so generally lookt upon there for a madman that he was asham'd of his Adversary, and thought to lay his papyrs aside, and have no more to doe with so contemptible an Antagonist. But being otherwise adviz'd at London, by no mean person, he was content to lett his Answer to goe to the presse, which he writes me word he thinkes is out by this. But all men universally excuse me from medling with such an unworthy person, and it never so much as came into my thoughts to answer him, and I deliberated with myself whether I had best so much as take notice of him in my Epistle Dedicatory. I declare I think it not fitt to answer such a man. In both those letters of Mr Glanvills I am very well assured of his vertu and probity, and that he is basely defamed by some former

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[1] Stubbes, who had published *A Censure upon Certain Passages contained in the History of the Royal Society as being Destructive to the Established Religion and Church of England*, in a volume which contained a reply to Glanvill and *An Answer to the Letter of Dr. Henry More.*

[2] Wood in his *Athenae Oxoniensis* (1817), III, 1071, said of Stubbes: "He was a very bold man, utter'd any thing that came into his mind, not only among his companions, but in public coffee-houses (of which he was a great frequenter) and would often speak his mind of particular persons, then accidentally present, without examining the company he was in, for which he was often reprimanded, and several times threatened to be kick'd and beaten. He had a hott and restless head (his hair being carrot-colour'd) and was ever ready to undergo any enterprize, which was the chief reason that macerated his body almost to a skeleton. He was also a person of no fixed principles, and whether he believed those things which every good Christian doth, 'tis not for me to resolve."

Enemyes of his, that are prophane and Atheisticall pot-companions, in to whose rage he fell by marrying a gentlewoman to a friend of his from whom some of that clan as he calles it expected a booty.[3] I took the liberty to write to him and offer him such counsell as I thought fittest, upon the reports that Stubbes insinuated to me of him, and I perceive Mr Glanvill was aforehand with me in practising the advize I gave. I am well satisfyde that he is a vertuous and well dispos'd person, and resolves to be so, at which I am well pleas'd. But whyle it is thus in the power of others to abuse mens names as they please, it teaches all wise and good men to content themselves with the testimonie of a good conscience, lett the world rayle and revile as they please. Your Ladiship will pardon my curiosity that ever I suggested the fitness of my Lords signifying some dislike of Stubs publick injury against me. Which boldnesse though I should scarce take againe in the temper that I am, yet I perceived when I came hither that I was not much mistaken in my judgement, for as much as I was presently informed that it was taken notice of at London, that my Lord had done some severall favours to Stubbes since this publick and grosse abuse of me, which was wondered at. But I have had more civility from my Lord then I have ever been in any capacity to requite, his Lordship being not at leasure to regard those things in which I am most serviceable, if in any thing at all. And whyle I am convinced that I ought kindly and lovingly accept injuries from men, I can the more contentedly leave them free to bestow their favours and marks of friendship as they please. But my Lord, as I sayd, has been alwayes very civill to me, and more then ordinary since his returne last from London, and most of all at my departure from Ragley. I could scarce gett away, nor stay there without warming my stomach with Nordon's Aile[4] and good Canarie, of which the worst effect I found of them was that a merry conceit at the sight of fidlers with long beards flew up into my phansy, as I went through the Hall to go out to take Horses, which I presently imparted to Mrs Foxcroft in her eare, saying here's Mr B's long bearded Harpers,[5] but I punish'd myself presently a couple of shillings and gave it to those indigent Musicians as I passed by them, to expiate my fault. But that which was but a frisk of my phancy then administer'd rather to more serious condyerations betwixt Ragley and Southam, viz. what was the most likely defect in Mr. B to expose him to so great a mistake as to conceit that no lesse then 24 grave long-bearded harping Elders should from some part of the inward World rest round the bedside of so young a stripling to give him a fitt of musick in a morning. And I thought that if there were not some ill obstacle to the free use of his reason, he might shrewdly collect from hence that the appearances that he conceits to show themselves to him out of the inward world are no reall Persons nor Thinges, but his own Imaginations. Reason back'd with a dew degree of Humility, I thought might easily have suggested this and so undiscover'd him and sett him free from those delusions. But I have a great Notion and kindnesse for the party for I believe he has a great zeal to some very high points of Holinesse. But strange straines and distempers show themselves in the soules of men some one way and some another, whyle they are endeavoring to emerge out of the captivity of corruption, but we must beare with one another, and help to heal and strengthen one another as well as we can. And I should congratulate Mr B upon that account the society of Mr Helmont, if his experiences may happily undeceive him. Whose phancy yett certainly is strong enough in all conscience, but he has a hearte so good, so kind, so officious, so plaine and simple, and so desirous of the publick good,[6] that the consideration of that in conjunction with something els, putt me into such a passion of joy and benignity, that I could not for my life keep my eyes from letting down teares, that morning in the parlour upon my converse with Mr Helmont, which being not able to suppresse, I took occasion to go up stares, into my Lords chamber to take leave of him, thinking to rid my self of this passion by the way, but when I came into his chamber, the more I endeavor'd to suppresse it the more it broke out, as old happinesse sometimes touches laughter in Melancholy men that it surpriz'd his Lordship till I told him not [to] be troubled, there was nothing tragicall in the buisinesse, as he should presently understand, but to compensate the losse of that moisture I spent at my eyes, my Lord sent for a can of Norden ayle and amongst other passages, his Lordship told me that Van Helmont was to go with his Lordship into Ireland, after he had return'd into Germany to give credit touching the affaires he came over hither for. *Quod felix faustumque sit utrisque?* After this his Lordship carry'd me down againe into the parlour and expressed his kindnesse to me in a glasse of Canary, and we were then pretty humoursomely merry, and I excused myself as well as I could to Mr Helmont for that unexpected passion, and told him he was a Chymist and could draw moisture out of a flint. Such was the pass time of that morning, like sunshine and raine on an April day in February, till as I told your Ladiship at last I prevail'd to gett away and take horse, of which I have told you the circumstances, and I wish I have not by this time tir'd you by this rambling story. I long to heare from your Ladiship to know how you doe, and whether Mr Van Helmonts endeavours have any good successe yett or noe. But how ever the main drift of his discourse to your Ladiship is of high concerne, rightly understood. Which is that you may be perfectly reconcil'd with providence, and seriously humble yourself under the hand of God, and be assured of his goodnesse to you, though in these harsh dispensations thereof. All chastisements for the present are grievous as the Apostle speakes but truely, Madame, I do not doubt, but that either in this state or that which is to come, you will be so well satisfyde with all that has happened to you, that you will confesse it was for the best, and that you yourself would not that it should have been otherwise. I pray God support you and strengthen you and so sanctify your condition unto you that you may compasse and enjoy the genuine effect thereof. This is the unfeigned desire of

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[3] This story seems not to be told by Glanvill's biographers.

[4] Cf. Pepys (August 27, 1660): "This morning comes one with a vessel of Northdown ale from Mr. Pierce."

[5] More refers here with amusement to a controversy which, inherited from the Middle Ages, had been revived in his generation, and was frequently debated with profound seriousness by Worthington, Hartlib, Faber, Van Helmont, and many others—whether angels have long beards. The "Mr B" to whom More refers as if he were one of the guests at Ragley, was probably John Beale, chaplain to Charles II, one of the early members of the Royal Society. He carried on an extensive correspondence with both Hartlib and Boyle; many of his letters will be found in Boyle's *Works,* Vol. V, and in Worthington's *Diary and Correspondence.* Hartlib in a letter to Worthington (I, 359; cf. Worthington's reply, II, 4 ff.) quotes Beale's discussion of his own paper *A Discourse of Angelical Apparitions.* In Hartlib's opinion Beale's belief was opposed to the orthodox one of Jean Baptiste van Helmont (*Opera* [Francf., 1707], p. 625) that good angels could not have beards. Hartlib writing to Boyle in 1658 of Beale, said (Boyle, *Works,* II, 275): "There is not the like man in the whole island, nor in the continent beyond the seas, so far as I know it, I mean, that could be made more universally use of, to do good to all."

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[6] More's estimate of Van Helmont is closely paralleled by that of Leibniz many years later. Writing to Thomas Burnet in 1696 (*Leibnitii Opera Omnia* . . . [Genevae . . . MDCCLXVIII] VI, 233), he reports a visit of Van Helmont, and says: "Il a des opinions bien extraordinaires; avec tout cela je trouve qu'il a de très bons sentimens pour la pratique, et qu'il seroit ravi de contribuer au bien général; en quoi il est entiérement de mon humeur."

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. March 14, 1670–71.

I should be glad to heare this letter came safe to your Ladiships hands. This day I sett my sizour on transcribing ths latine letter for your Ladiships.

I begg of your Ladiship that you would present my most humble service to my Lord with my thankes for his extraordinary civilities at Ragley. As also my very affectionate service to Mr Van Helmont, whom I wish all good success in his endeavours for your Ladiships recovery.

205. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 105. "To the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester Warwickshire these. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the blew Anchor in Kinges street in Coven Garden. London."]

Madame,

THIS is to certify your Ladiship that I have received at last Mrs Foxcrofts second letter and Mr V. Helmonts book. For which I return him many thankes. I received it last Saturday and forthwith sent it to be bound, and in the Interim read over the Apocalypse in the German Translation of Luther, and half Daniel, to prepare me to the reading of the book was sent me,[1] and it helped me something, but the print of the book is so little, and my skill in the German tongue so little, and my dictionary so defective, that I find it a very thanklesse buisinesse for me to go about to read the whole book and therefore cannot give my judgment nor advise about the printing of it. But the method and contrivance of it is very handsome, and the exposition for the most part much like Mr Medes,[2] and if I mistake not the language, his propheticall exposition of the Church of Sardis is not much different from mine. He agrees also with Mr Mede, in making all the phials but one within the sixth Trumpet, but I think they are all belonging to the fourth, and that the seventh Trumpet is now already coming, and the witnesses risen, which he makes account were not to rise till Anno 1860. For he beginns the time of their prophesying 200 years later then Mr Mede, or myself, and most the other visions that are synchronall thereto. Which though happily he may not do rashly, yett I conceive Mr Medes way is the truer. I wish he had my Synopsis and my Exposition on the 7 Churches to consider of. But I beleeve the book to be a considerable book and usefull. If it were in English I could read it over in a day, but now it will be hugely tedious to me and cost me so much time as I cannot possibly spare. I have the greatest curiosity of reading his exposition of the 7 churches, but I have not done it yett, the language being too hard for me, but I perceive he does not determine the Intervalls, which I had the greatest curiosity to observe. I beleeve there is a good spiritt in the book, and that it is writt handsomely and usefully. For what ever mistakes there may be in some particulars, yett he has laid hold of the maine and the most usefull meaning of the Apocalypse. And diversity of conceptions in these lesser substantiall points will break no [speares?] amongst discreet lovers of the Truth, that would [serve?] for practise and not for curiosity and ostentation.

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[1] The German version of Baron von Rosenroth's *Genuine Explication of the Visions of the Book of Revelation.*

[2] Joseph Mede, the greatest of English apocalyptical scholars who had been fellow of Christ's until his death in 1638. His chief work was the *Clavis Apocalyptica* . . . (1627).

I perceive by this second letter of Mrs Foxcrofts that my Lord said his displeasure to Stubs touching his treturous dealing with me, and think indeed [hinted?] but what was honourable for himself to doe, and for which I must acknowledge myself oblig'd to his Lordship. Stubbs may the better be reproved by some others, for as much as I shall never take notice of him, to vindicate myself. But I leave all to God and shall endeavour to keep myself so to that one principle which is infinitely better then even the justest indignation and anger, which things Reason cannot demonstrate, yett sense and life can experience. And we ought to act according to the [memorie?] of that which it is not always in our own power to feel.

I hope your Ladiship by this has given order to stop the Nordoun Ale from coming to Cambridge, according as I writt to Mrs Foxcroft. And my thankes in acknowledgement of your Ladiships kindnesse shall not be the lesse. I would not by any meanes have it come hither for many reasons. I mentioned it in my first letter, onely as an excuse of that conceit I blurted into Mrs Foxcrofts eare. I had gott the Latine letter transcrib'd for your Ladiship, but when my sizour had done it, there was so many defects in it, that I was faine to sett him to write it over againe, which he has not yett quite done. But I hope to send you it before I goe to London. I show'd him your Ladiships charity, but he shall doe so much of his work as this letter comes to and the verses, before he shall have his wages. I hope Mr V Helmonts converse and physick together will contribute something to your Ladiships Health. Which would be most welcome newes to

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately humble and devoted servant,

C.C.C. April 8, [1671]. HEN. MORE.

I pray you Madam present my most humble service to my Lord when you see him, and Mr V Helmont, and to Mrs Foxcroft, to whom I writt 2 letters, that on March 28 and the 30. Her son was well a day or two agoe and is gone to London.

206. *Francis Conway to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 34. "For the Right honourable the Lord viCount Conway and Kilulta at Ragley lodge."]

My Lord

I HAVE had a very melancolly and sad journey to London.[1] I cam by the way of little cutt but Sir Francis and all his family was gone to Hunster but I did send the Irish slatt to my Aunt by some of the sarvants. I humbly beseech your lordship be pleased to give my sarvant and two horses leave to continue at Ragley till my returne for Ireland which I thinke will be next June. I have seene my Nephew Arthur he looks very well I question not but he will learn French very quickly. I am at present looking out where to gett a lodging in a hott house in my next letter you shall know where it is in the meane time I most humbly subscryb myselfe

your lordships
Most affectionat loveing Brother and most
Faithfull humble sarvant
FRANCIS CONWAY.

London, Aprill 28, 1671

207. *Francis Conway to the Dowager Viscountess Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 32. "For the Right Honourable the Lady visCountess Francis Conway."]

Madam

IN obedience to your comands layd on me at Ragley I have ben to see my sister she is well in hir health so far as I can see by hir. Mrs Exton was not at home nor her husband. I pray god restore to you your health that I may live to see your ladiship once more is the continuall prayers of

Your ladiships
Most Duetyfull and most obedient sonne
FRANCIS CONWAY.

London, Aprill 28, 1671

208. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 107. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley."]

C.C.C. May 29, 1671

Madame,

I WAS so suddenly forced to go to London, that I was fain to lett the transcribing of Peganius his letter alone till my returne. My sizour had transcrib'd it once before, but so extremely badly that I was ashamed to send it to your Ladiship. And it is now badly enough in all conscience, though he be so much oblig'd by your Ladiships charity to do better. I have been hugely bejaded with my former and this sizour more then with any hackney, which is a vexation not [to] be understood by any but those that are putt to it. But I hope it will be tolerably legible to your Ladiship. The occasion of my going to London so suddenly was the correctours falling ill of the gout when my book was almost finished, so that I was desir'd to come up myself for sureness that it might not stick still in the bryars after so many settes. But he happened to recover sooner then I was aware of, but when I was at London I had also other occasions to stay me there, as the sitting for my picture at Mr Lillyes. Which trouble I am glad it is now over. As also that my book is out of the presse. I have given order at London to Mr Kettilly[1] to gett one bound for my Lords Library and to be left with Mr Wayt to be sent to Ragley. I know not whether a copy will be acceptable to your Ladiship or not. I shall send according as I receive intelligence. I am glad Mr Van Helmonts little book is found. I am sorry I left it at Ragley. I sent Mrs Foxcroft word about a week ago of the arrivall of the Nordoun Ale,[2] and how good it was. For which I returne your Ladiship many thankes. I wrote twice to have prevented it, but my first it seems miscarry'd. I phancy it is that which I directed to you by Coventry, because I had noe answer to one that I had sent to be convey'd by Mr Wayt, which made me suspect I might be mistaken in my direction. But it seems Fate and your Ladiships kindnesse and good will conspired together to furnish me with so wholesome and cordiall a good Liquour. I am glad to heare Peganius Comment on the Apocalypse is so forward in the English presse. I mett with Mr Oldenburg[3] at Mr Boyles who told me it would be out by next Terme. I am glad my letter came safe to Peganius his hands, if Mr Van Helmont will be pleased to direct how it may be with the soonest convey'd to him, I will where he shall appoint gett a copy of my *Enchiridium Metaphysicium* deliver'd for to be sent to him, and the rather because I perceive he has a desire to peruse that book before he writes an answer to my letter, which I like very well. When the copy for my Lords library comes Mr V Helmont may peruse it, and if he like it he may have it for himself and I will send another for the Library, or if it will be but a trouble to carry it from Ragley when he goes, I will look that a copy be deliver'd in any place in London where he shall appoint. Mr Lilly told me he had drawn Mr V Helmonts picture[4] which yett I had not the happinesse to see. But he show'd me Des Cartes picture which a friend of his had, which is like the picture of Des Cartes in my chamber, but by them both, according to the signes of physiognomie there should be a suddennesse in Des Cartes thoughts. Mr Lilly did very kindly remember Mr V Helmont; he lives very gentily and treated us nobly at a Dinner[5] that I might be with him all the day for dispatch. Mr Cockshutes Executour and his Legatee Residurie din'd with us also. I have been so illish of late that I had almost cast of the purpose of translating my bookes my self but I have now resumed it again and intend to drive on more firmly and safely. I mett with Mr Crab[6] at Hackney, who told me how very ill my Lady Dowager was, which I was sorry to heare. I pray God send your Ladiship better in health which would be very welcome newes to

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[1] The letter was written at the time of his mother's serious illness, which terminated fatally.

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[1] Walter Kettilby, the bookseller, at the sign of the Bishop's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard.

[2] More wrote to Worthington on the same day (*Diary and Correspondence*, III, 351): "I should be glad, that your Nephew's occasions or any other might bring you to Cambridge. I have a cup of Norden's Ale, and a lesson of the Lute to entertain you."

[3] Henry Oldenburg, the secretary of the Royal Society.

[4] This is the famous portrait of Van Helmont, now in the National Gallery. Evidently Van Helmont gave it to the Lady Conway, for it hung in the library at Ragley until a few years ago when it was sold by the present Marquis of Hertford. It is evident that Lely painted the portrait in England, not on the continent, as has sometimes been supposed by those who could not know of Van Helmont's connection with England. The significance of the new dating is that it places the portrait in

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant
HEN. MORE.

I beg you Madam present my most affectionate service to my Lord and Mr V Helmont, and desire him in my name to do the same to Mr Norr when he writes to him. What my Lord sayd to Stubbes though it signify little at Ragley, yett I make since some use of it at London. For it happened as I foresaw. I shall not sett my sizour to transcribe the Hymnes. I dined at Kensington where you was kindly remembered. Mr Finch told me they expected Sir John and Dr Baines within these six weeks. I went to Bloomsbury on purpose to wayt on my Lady Clifton but she was not then at home.

209. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 206. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester. Leave these with Mr Edward Wayt at the blew Anchor in Kingstreet in Coven-Garden. London."]

Madame,

I AM just now this very day return'd from London from performing that solemnity which the University thought fitt we should performe to the Duke of Buck-

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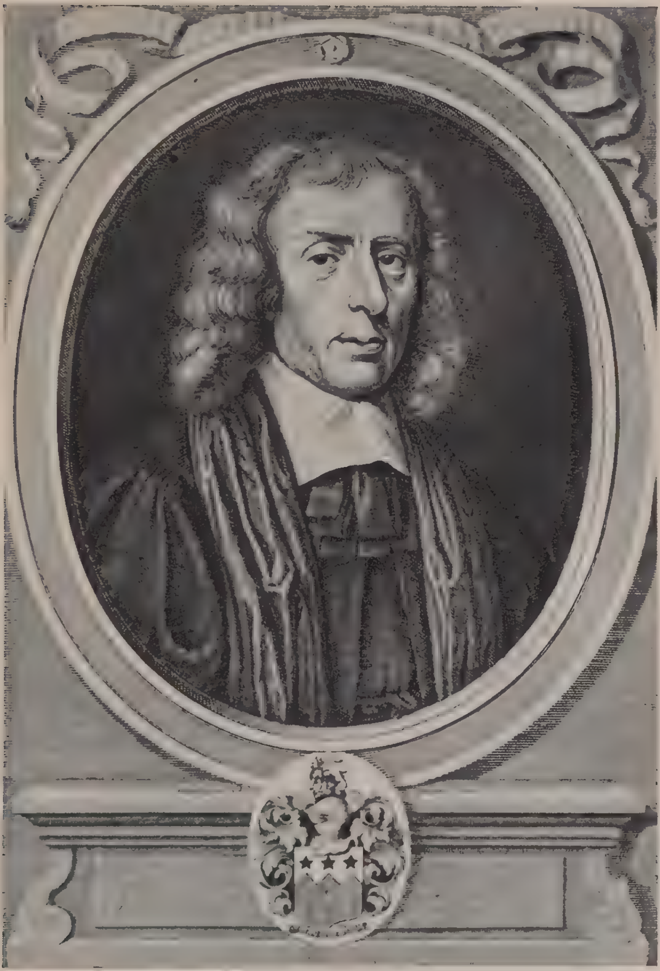
Lely's last and best period, rather than in his middle years. H. Collins Baker, in *Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters* (1912), p. 125, dates the picture 1663–64. Another very interesting fact revealed by this passage is that the portrait of More, engraved by Loggan for his complete works, had been painted by Lely. I have been able to learn nothing of the fate of this portrait; it is not mentioned in More's will, nor does it seem to have been at Christ's College. The probability is that he, like Van Helmont, presented his picture to the Viscountess Conway. In that case it probably shared the fate of Van Helmont's in the eighteenth century, and was relegated to the cellars of Ragley Hall, whence Horace Walpole rescued the Van Helmont portrait.

[5] Pepys (October 20, 1662) wrote of a visit to Lely: "And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner!"

[6] Worthington in his will (*Diary and Correspondence*, III, 369), mentions "my sister Eliza Crabb of Alcester, and my brother her husband"; he speaks at another time (II, 222) of coming to his "brother Crabbs house at Alcester."



HENRY MORE IN 1671

From an engraving by David Loggan, after a portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

ingham,[1] our chancellour elect, but now install'd after that performance done to him by the University. Which was done by the doctours of the University, four Bishops accompanying, and others of the University, both Gremmialles[2] and those of the citty that had been of the university of Cambridge. The procession was from Exeter House to Yorke House, the doctours going in their scarlett, but those of the citty in their usuall habilaments, but the moste of those of the University in their Academicall Habits. At Yorke House the Chancellour made a speech to the Duke, and so did the Oratour of the University in Latine. The duke after the Vice-Chancellour had done all the ceremonies requisit to compte him Chancelour made a speech himself, very handsomely and pertinently. Who should stand by me whyle the Vice Chancellour[3] made his speech but Sir John Birkenhed[4] who told me the Vice Chancellour had made an excellent speech, and truly the Vice Chancellour made a good speech. But a day or two after near Charing Crosse when I was going to visit Mr Boyle, he mett me again, and held me at least half an hour drauling, and amongst other things he abused the Vice Chancellours speech, but I told him that I had commended the Vice Chancellours speech to many upon his account, it having the approbation of so peevish a Critick as he. And do use his name to the same good purpose whether he will or noe.

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[1] George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, chancellor of the University of Cambridge, 1671–74, was Dryden's "Zimri" in *Absalom and Achitophel,*

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civill,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate."

His death moved Pope also to brilliant lines in his *Moral Essays:*

"In the worst Inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floor of plaster and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from the bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies."

Buckingham died without legitimate issue and the line became extinct. It is interesting to notice that the next Duke of Buckingham—John Sheffield, formerly the Earl of Mulgrave and Marquis of Normandy, a great friend of Dryden, and the author of the *Essay on Satire* long attributed to Dryden—married the Countess of Conway, Conway's third wife, and his widow.

[2] Gremial, a resident member of a university, or other society.

[3] The Vice Chancellor in 1671 was Robert Mapletoft, D.D., of Pembroke.

[4] Sir John Birkenhead (cf. p. 319), the political satirist, had been appointed Master of the Faculty Office in November, 1660. Aubrey remarks (*Lives,* II, 239): "He was exceedingly confident and witty, not very grateful to his benefactors, would lye damnably. He was of middling stature, great goggle eyes, not of a sweet aspect."

I would fain have gott out of town sooner then I did, and was so provident as to bespeak myself a place in the same Cambridge Coache so soone as I was out of it, but this last Munday coming to the Bull before six of clock to possesse the place I spoke for, the Coache was gone before I came, though I had oft stayed for other passengers longer then that, which made loath to come oversoone. But being sett on my journy I hir'd a whole Coache to my selfe which cost me 4 li but it was the best bestow'd money of my life, that ever I layd out, for the ayre being coole and fresh, and the coach to be open'd before as well as on the sydes, I quaff'd off whole coachfulls of fresh ayr, without the pollution or the interruption of the [speech?] of any people. This had been an exceeding pleasant journey had not the remembrance of the misfortunes of some near relations of mine, intermixt my wine with wormwood. But however I have most firmly concluded againe to my self in this ayry journey two of the main Theories of my Enchiridium Metaphysicum and shall be more [establish'd] in the way that I have pretty well insisted on, not to be much concerned in the opinions of Dissenters. But I had run into an account of proving the Form before I had finished the narration of the Dukes entertainment at York House.

We had a most noble supper consisting of fish, foule, and tarte and custard, and gelly'd and banqueting stuff, and which was the most joyfull thing to me, it was contriv'd so that we had time to depart betwixt eight and nine of the clock. For the suspicion of the latenesse of the supper made me hang of much from going to London, though I was [invited] by the Vice Chancellour and severall of the heades. And though we satt at the Dukes own table, yett my neighbours on each side me was at a losse whom to speake to for potables, those behinde us looking too big for those services, but there was two, one as I understood by him, that was my Lord Dukes servant, but had been my pupill (and a very honest man as I know) that was ever and anon ready to supply me and consequently my neighbours with what ever we would have, and another, perfectly unknown to me, a cittizen, a good ingenious serious man clapt himself to me, and was ever and anon behind me to know what I would have, and at length told me, though he was shy of telling me his name, that he came thither on purpose to wayt on me and he was so simple hearted that he gave me some cautions about some thinges, that I told him there was no feare of, my familiarity and interest being so little. This man mett me thrice afterwards in London ever as ready to doe any office of kindnesse as may be and when I returned from Bishopsgate disappointed of my Coach, I mett him on horseback excellently well mounted, and he would very fairly urged me to make use of his horse to Cambridge, though I suppose he was riding out to visitt some friends but it was before six a clock in the morning. The bottome of all this so far as I see is this, that he is much pleas'd with my Cabbala, and says it is bothe a plaine and profound peece, which showes he is no fool, and other circumstances make me believe he is no ill man, so that if he come not to me to

Cambridge, I will take some occasion to give him his desire of half an hours discourse at London when I returne thither. These little thinges are good notionalls to talk or discourse, but they fill the papyr too much to write and are to painfull to me that write so ill. But your Ladiships taking some pleasure in experiment of persons, I the easyer ran into such narrations. But I was no sooner then returned from the house of feasting to my own cell in Christ Colledge, but I mett with Mrs Foxcrofts letter from the house of mourning, the [grooms?] being [hung?] with black. The occasion whereoff I am really sorry for.[5] For though at bottom it is for the advantage of my Lady Dowager that she has left this mortall life, yett that hinders not but that we may be sorry for her departure, it being but as letters testimoniall of her consyderable worth and meek behavior here. Mr Crab told me when I was last at Hackney that there was little hope of her life. But I am glad to heare your Ladiship has escaped this late danger mentioned in Mrs Foxcrofts letter. And I hope your body will not prove a Tombe to you, but rather an holy Temple, an hallowed edifice for your soul to work in, those bodyes that are most vigorously in health are the most devouring sepulchres to swallow down the soul into and to bury all the nobler facultyes. Your excuses, Madame, for faults that are not committed, are very superfluous to me who naturally forgetts those that are. My sizour is a very untoward Scribe, but yett I will give his Tutour your benevolence for him, and if you really still desire the transcription of the Latine of those Hymnes that are in English, he shall transcribe them, if not I shall lett it dye. In my Translation I shall goe a more leasurely pace. For so farr as I see a man may pile strawes too fast and too long together. I hope my copy for my Lord is come by this. If Mr Van Helmont come and goe before I can send two other copies he may please to make use of that, if not I shall send two others up so soon as I can. I thank your Ladiship that you do that honour to my writinges as to send them to the Princesse, it had been too great a presumption for me to have sent them my self, and it may be Van Helmonts friend or at least Van Helmont will take it better that he has a copy from your Ladiships hand. I shall send your Ladiships and my Lord or Van Helmont copyes so soone as I can gett them dispatched here at Cambridge, the former was from London for speed. My sizour mindes me of the post going away, and therefore I must abruptly subscribe myself

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most affectionately and humbly devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Jun 13, [1671].

I pray you Madame present my very humble service to my Lord. I have not now time to know any thing of Mrs Foxcrofts son, I shortly shall, in the mean time my kinde remembrance to her.

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[5] The Dowager Viscountess Conway died May 7, 1671.

210. *Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 249–251.]

Dear Brother,

On Friday last I finished the troublesome ceremony of my mother's funeral with less disorder than was expected in so great a crowd, and with the applause of all that saw it. It was the Herald's office to make an entry thereof upon record, with such circumstances therewith as you will find in the copy thereof, which I send you here inclosed. Yesterday I received your letters of the 3d and 10th instant, but so wetted in the carriage as I could hardly read them. Yet I perceive you think the decoy and the park in very good order, and I am very glad of it, but I hope to see them in better order some time or other. I am very glad you have pieced up with Francis; my Lord Chesterfield gives £10 a year standing wages, and 10d a week board wages, and many other profits of his garden, to a worse gardener than Francis. I received this inclosed yesterday from Mr Dethick[1] and Arthur; they are all well at Orleans. I never omitted to send you their letters as soon as they came to my hands. He hath laid out a matter of £8 or £10 for me in French books, which I intend to return to him very suddenly, and whensoever you please to write to them, I will convey your letters. I intend to give Arthur a ruby ring for my mother's legacy, and that's the reason you find mention of such things in the letter. I perceive you take notice that Mr. Dethick is a punctual and frugal steward; I assure you he is as ingenious and discreet a person, and as genteel a humoured man, as any I know. I cannot conclude without telling you the entertainment my Lord Berkeley[2] received at Kidderminster: my Lord Winsor[3] sent Sir William Knight[4] to him to put him in mind of his promise to fight with him when he came out of Ireland; my Lord Berkeley answered him that he never challenged my Lord Winsor; the other affirmed that he did, and told him that he was farther commanded to bring him a challenge, if he had forgot the former, to which my Lord Berkeley replied, that he was still the King's Lieutenant of Ireland, and would not fight with my Lord Winsor. Sir William Knight answered him that my Lord Winsor was the King's Lord Lieutenant of Wostershire, and as good a man as himself, and that if he refused to fight with him, he was commanded to tell him that my Lord Winsor would put him up for a coward, and cudgel him wheresoever he met him. So they parted, and my Lord Berkeley told him he was going to Windsor, and would complain of him to the King.[5] This relation I had from my Lord Winsor on Friday last at the funeral, where my Lord Brook was also, and many others, nor is he sparing to publish it in all places, and I hear his reception at Windsor is not like to be much better, unless my Lady Clanbra[6] alter the case, for she thinks to trip up Nell Guin's heels, and you cannot imagine how highly my Lord Arran[7] and many others do value themselves upon the account of managing Lady Clanbra. in this affair. Every body was so importunate for my mother's scutchions in this country, that I thought it would not be unwelcome to send over a dozen scutchions into Ireland by my cousin Huncks; and the *Majesty scutchion* which stood at her head, I have sent to my sister Rawdon.

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[1] "Mr Dethick" or "Dethwick" is mentioned frequently in letters between Rawdon and Conway, as Arthur Rawdon's tutor. He was perhaps Edmund Dethick, son of John Dethick, merchant and Lord Mayor of London in 1656. He was B.A. from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1654, and was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1653.

[2] Lord Berkeley, first Baron Berkeley of Stratton, youngest son of Sir Maurice Berkeley, whose meteoric rise and favor with the King caused great jealousy, which is evident, among others, in Pepys. He was Commissioner of the Navy, 1660–64; Lord President of Connaught for life, 1661; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1671.

[3] Thomas Hickman, Lord Windsor, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire.

[4] So in the *Rawdon Papers*. According to the *State Papers* Sir William Kile delivered the message.

So I rest your's, etc.

Conway.

Ragley, 20 June, 1671.

211. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 109. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these."]

Madame,

I have received Mrs Foxcrofts letter of July the 5, just at that moment that I was a going to write to your Ladiship in order to the sending of the two copys of my book, the one with the covers gilt for your Ladiship, the other white for Mr V Helmont to whom I desire to have my service presented very affectionately. So far as I see he was at London when I was there last though I knew it not. I told Mr Boyle I thought he was at Ragley. Sir Francis Frogmorton,[1] who kept with us in our Hall this commencement told me of the noble funerall of my Lady Dowager. Those pompous funeralls, especially for worthy persons I am not against in my reason, though I will confesse I am in my humour, and had rather depart this world, as I remember the French fashion was at Paris when I was there with your Ladiship, to slinke out of the Roome taking no leave and therefore giving no disturbance, then to passe into the other world with the clatter of so many concomitant ceremonies. But I look upon this as private humour rather then judgement if it be applyde to great personages. And though your Ladiship has lived in the dark much, yett you have not at all liv'd in obscurity, your virtues and sufferings haveing made you as famous as any one [in] the Nation. So that there can be no excuse from having as noble an Exyt off the stage as my Lady Dowager. Which I hope will not be this many a yeare yett, much lesse do I out of kindnesse desire it as that renown'd Prelate and our worthy friend the Bishop of Dromore did. For I must confesse I cannot follow this dry reason stript of all affection, nor ever desire to follow it. But I hold my self bound willingly to submitt to what ever God will have.

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[5] A news letter written June 29, 1671 (*Cal. State Papers, Dom.*, 1671, p. 346), mentions the result: "The 28th his Majesty, the Duke of York, etc., came to Whitehall to sit in the Council, and returned to Windsor the same day. The main business was a challenge from Lord Windsor to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in his passage to London. Lord Windsor was sent to the Tower, and Sir Wm. Kile who delivered the challenge, sent for into custody." Windsor was discharged July 18 (*ibid.*, p. 387), and Kile, August 5 (p. 416).

[6] Henry (Hamilton) Earl of Clanbrassil and Viscount Claneboye married in May, 1667, Alice, daughter of Henry (Moore) first Earl of Drogheda. His death in 1675 was supposed to be the result of a plot on the part of his wife, who had prevailed on him to make a will in her favor.

[7] Richard Butler, fifth son of James, first Duke of Ormonde, became Earl of Arran in 1662.

[1] Sir Francis Frogmorton (Throckmorton) was a member of the distinguished Warwickshire family of the name.

Whether it be your Ladiship or Van Helmont that presents my works to the princesse[2] it is all one to me, so that I am excused from the presumption of it. But its likely the princesse will know from what hand they come, and understand your Ladiships civility, though I run the hazard of being perused by so high a witt, but my security is that your Ladiship has past so favourable a judgement of them aforehand. Madam, you complement higher and higher about those Latin Hymnes, but you shall have them in good time without making any new proposalls. I am loath to look on them againe before I come to transcribe them my self, to close the first Tome of my Theologicall Volume, which is not so very farr off from completing though I now for my troubles sake make but half the hast I did at Ragley or little more.

Dr Worthington told me of the motion from Ragley,[3] and had writt before now but he stay'd for Dr Whichcoat to consulte with Mrs Foxcrofts brother. I conceive he thought the saliry for the present but slender, I must confesse, but I told not him so, that I gave my sizour that was but bachelor of Arts 50 li a year,[4] and 60 li is the utmost that is offered to a Dr of Divinity, a pious learned orderly, and yett very humane person, and good company to all are not basely impious. But great houses commonly have a chaplain rather for fashion sake then private devotion, and there are of our profession of all sorts and rates, but in other fashions they will not weare coarse stuff whose purse-strings will reache to perse. But I do not question but Dr Worthington will have return'd a civill answer himself by this time. The esteeme of Religion lyes excessively low in this age.[5]

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[2] The Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia. See p. 323.

[3] There is no reference in Worthington's *Diary and Correspondence* to the "motion from Ragley." During the summer of 1671 Worthington was hoping to receive the grant of the lease of St. Benet Fink, and was attempting as he says (III, 353) "to change Ingoldsby for some place without Cure of Souls: though the place were for less, yet it would be a help to Bennet Fynk, whose settled revenue is with the lease." His death occurred before the grant was finally arranged.

[4] Probably as rector of Ingoldsby, of which More had been left the living by his uncle.

[5] More's words offer an interesting parallel to Macaulay's famous passage about the state of the clergy in 1685, in his *History of England,* chap. iii:

"A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. . . . In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for

Some few odd thinges since my last to your Ladiship I have mett with, that I thought worth the whyle to communicate to passe the time with. A sober person, a Bishops son in Scotland, told me that G. Keith says that the reading of my *Mystery of Godlinesse* first turned him Quaker.[6] I must confesse I always had a suspicion that he had read that book, but that he should soile the good he thence received by such an evill apostasy from the Church way and order is a signe to me he did not drinke deepe enough of what was there offered to him. I had this curiosity also from him, That in the confession of witches in Scotland, they have frequently averred that some of them meet in their conventicles only in spiritt. That is they see some obscure thin human shapes but of so uncertaine forme they know not who they are, though those thin shapes discerne the whole company clear enough and tell all that is transacted. He did also confirme to me that report, that some of their company have the second sight as they call it, that see the ill fortunes of men they look upon and can foretell them, but it is a gift that those that have are weary of, for as much as they never see any thing that is good, and are in a great agonie of minde whyle they see the ill spectacles. When they are in their prophetick agonie if they tread on any ones foot that standes by he will have the gift whether he will or no. He told me also how frequent the moving of stones were in the ayre without any visible hand. And that there is a particular stone which they call the fairy stone which will be darted into trees so as to stick deep in the bark, some times they will kill dogges or such like animals, no hand flinging them. One of these stones he gave me, and it is like the end of a branded arrow, rudely shapen, and about the bignesse of ones thumb. A fellow had found an whole bushell full of them, and carry'd his hatfull home, thinking to fetch all the rest, but when he returned they were all gone. I asked this gentleman of the

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his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentleman. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricotes, and sometimes he curried the coach horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. He was permitted to dine with the family; but he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots: but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded."

[6] This is a significant statement. Nothing is known of Keith's conversion, save that it occurred about 1662 or 1663. The *Mystery of Godliness* was published in 1660. If there was any truth in this report, More was, ironically enough, an indirect cause both of Keith's "evill apostasy from the Church," as he calls it, and of his apostasy, twenty-seven years later, from Quakerism, for the change in Keith's opinions, which resulted in his break with the Quakers, began when he came under the influence of More and Van Helmont—and of their cabbalism—at Ragley. I have discussed this subject in the article referred to, p. 306 n.

opinion of the Quakers touching the life to come, and he told me they were something shy of expressing themselves therein, but that they said that which came from God went to God again, much after the sense of what I declared to be H. N's in that place in his Epistles. And a book lately come out *de Origine Animae*[7] says the Quakers hold it to be God or a part of God that of it,[8] I suppose they mean that is immortall. But almost a year agoe, and the same man againe at this Commencement, told me that he has lived this many yeares near a town that abounded with Familists, and that their opinions was such altogether as I have declared in my M. G.[9] and that it was an occasion of great coolnesse and irreligiousness, in that town, and that a Lady not faulty in her life but a Familist did expressly and industriously declare that she believed there was nothing to come after this life and that the whole mystery of Christianity terminated here. These thinges he affirmed to me with all assurance imaginable, and he was a very sober and intelligent person. These thinges I was thinking some time or other to communicate to you, and I think I did not communicate [to] you till now. But there is one thing beside, that was told me by a singular honest man as he is thought by all who know him, and has given such specimen of it as few doe in such cases, and therefore I do not think he would tell a falshood without any gine from it. But this seemes to [me] very odd, and from another would seem hugely incredible. He sayes that coming home pretty late some miles off from his house his horse that he left sick in his stable when he took his journy, mett him in the duskish evening with so much light about him that he discovered plainly that it was his own horse. When he came home he found upon enquiry that his horse dyed that very time in the stable. Such odd stories I have mett with, since I wrote last to your Ladiship, and therefore take this opportunity to write them to you that the amusement may if it be possible, a little mitigate your headache for the time. But I wish V Helmont or some good providence might work in you a more consyderable cure that you might not need these childrens prattles of mine to assuage your paines. I thank your Ladiship for your good counsell to me of taking the fresh ayre, which I doe in some good measure. I play at bowles[10] ordinary twice a day, and after a rubber after supper I take a walk into the fields, and at my returne play some lessons on my lute, and after fitt myself for bed. This and translating is now the whole course of my life, but when I am interrupted with companie.

That story of the witches appearing in spiritt is attested by the Bishop of Aberdeen himself, having had occasion to assist the secular magistrate in the examination and confession of witches. I have writt a rambling letter againe as my former, but I am glad my former did not ramble so as to misse your Ladiships hands as

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[7] *Tractus de Origine Animae*, 1671, by Christopher Sandius (Van Den Sand) the younger, a Socinian writer.

[8] So in the manuscript.

[9] *Mystery of Godliness.*

[10] John Peile, *Christ's College* (1900), p. 205: "In 1681 it was ordered that everyone admitted into Fellows' Commons should pay £1 to the Orchard, and should buy a pair of bowles, a rule which survived past the middle of the present century."

I hope this will not, it being at the back side of the parcell of books. I saw Mrs Foxcrofts son last week, he was with some other good company at a venison pasty at my chamber and very well in health. I shall send the enclos'd to him immediately when my sizour carrys this to the carryour. Your Ladiship in Mrs Foxcrofts letter makes very great apologies for no faults, and I had almost forgott this late rudenesse of mine in expressing my sense so bluntly of the termes of the motion made to Dr W., but my minde was more upon the generall genius of this nation then any particular Action, and the unworthinesse of some makes even those that are the most worthy be slightly sett by. But my rudenesses are so frequent and accustomary that I hope your Ladiship does not take notice of them els I should apologize for them. Amongst which, though not a fault with me so frequent, may be reckoned this long and tedious letter though it was designed for your Ladiships divertisement. Which good intention if you please to accept you will thereby much oblige,

Dear Madame,
Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted friend,
C.C.C. Jul. 14, 1671. HEN. MORE.

I pray you Madame present my most humble service to my Lord.

212. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 62.]

My most honour'd and Dear Lord

I ARRIV'D on Thursday night,[1] blessed be God in perfect health at the Inner Temple, where wee did with much solemnity drinke to your Lordships and my Dear Sisters good healths. This morning I wayted upon my Lord Arlington who was pleas'd to receive me suitably to that Protection I ever promis'd my selfe from his Lordship. After that I kiss'd Mr Secretary Trevors[2] hands who was most obliging in his reception. I am goeing on with many other Visits, and the King being gone His Western Progresse I doe not know whether my Lord Arlington will have me to follow ye Court or to expect his Majesties return hither that his Lordship may present me. I am under vehement desires of seeing Ragley. And so soon as I have had the Honour of being presented to His Majesty I shall be impatient till I accomplish my desires: forgive all the delay wch shall be no more, then invincible necessity putts upon me, for I long to see your Lordship, being with all sort of respect and Devotion,

My Lord
Your Lordships
Most obedient servant and entirely affectionate Brother,
Inner Temple, July the 15th, 1671 JOHN FINCH.

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[1] Finch and Baines returned to England in July, 1671. They resided at the Inner Temple with Heneage Finch. During this period Sir John Finch acted as a member of the Council for Plantations. (Cf. *Cal. S.P., Dom., 1672–73*, p. 114.)

[2] Sir John Trevor was appointed Secretary of State in September, 1668.

Dr Baines is full of most faythfull and humble service for your Lordship. My Lord, my Nephew Daniel instructs me to present his greatest devotion, and dutifull respects to your Lordship and my Dear Sister. My Sister will not lett me omitt her Service to you both, and if my Brother Mr Attorney were here, I am sure I should have the same Commission.

213. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 214. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the blew Anchor in Kinges-street in CovenGarden. London."]

C.C.C. Aug., [1671.]

Madame,

I HAVE received Mrs Foxcrofts of August 4, 71 and must impute it to your Ladiships candour and goodnesse that my blunt passage in that letter I sent with the books, gave so little offense. I have a quick heat in me naturally, that flashes out sometimes before I be aware, and it was something increas'd at that time by a great cold in my head, which a feavourishness accompanies. But I had no cough but pour'd so at the nose as I never did in my life. But I am now perfectly well again God be thanked. And this hott spiritt which has been a faythfull servant to me and I hope unto the world, will change, now I have lesse use of it, into something though scarce more just, yett I hope more perfect and good. My last letter of all I perceive came too late as to my designe respecting Van Helmont, he having gone before, els I could wish he had butt been acquainted with the estimation I have of Peganius book on the Apocalypse; and also with the emendation of two places of 218 page of my Metaphysicks, as I sent word in my letter to your Ladiship how they are to be corrected. But the Princesse and Peganius are both so good witts they will find how they are to be corrected themselves, the whole drift of the argument necessarily casting them upon it. The appearing of the witches in Scotland in spiritt out of the bodys will make those other appearances your Ladiship hints probable, if those that appeare to their friend are as well conscious they do appeare as they are to whom they appeare, which is to be enquired into. But that those that have the second sight do see nothing but what is evill, is an intimation to me that it is by no good power that they thus see thinges. I am glad the story of the dead horse gratifyde your Ladiship so much. The man that told me it is a sober understanding man, and a man that a good many years ago finding a great purse full of gold on a bulk in London betimes in the morning, that some drunken servant had left there, was so honest as to gett the cryer in London to cry it that the true owner might have it, which by this meanes gott his gold again, and gave the party a gold ring, a good sute of clothes, and a peece of money for a present, admiring the honesty of the man. So I suppose he will not tell a lye for nothing that would not conceale the truth for a bag of gold. But the Scotch Gentleman I told your Ladiship of told another story, strange enough, which I forgott in my former letter. Of a minister, a witch that was lately burned in Scotland, that confessed the devill, when he prayed, represented on the wall in writing what he was to pray and so made him to seem to have the gift of praying. This the Gentleman seriously affirmed to be true; and I cannot discover but that he is a very sober well disposed person, but he sayd also that this minister was a Presbyterian. He told also for a certaine that one Middleton a Scotchman that was in the late times putt in the tower, his friend appeared to him, that was deceased, foretold his escape out of the tower, and his fortunes afterward which have happened accordingly. I deferr the sending the latine Hymnes partly because I look upon it to be rather a complement in your Ladiship to desire them, who have the English, and partly because I would send you them when I have more carefully perused them, and made them so as I intend them for the presse. Concerning him whom I had in my eye for Ragley, your Ladiship conjectures right, but I desire you would not heare more till I know what I can doe in the businesse. He seem'd to be shy in it when I spoke to him here, but having now so full a commission I am resolv'd to write to him into the country Wednesday come sennight when the Lincolnshire carryer returnes and have a cleare answere from him, and see if he will try for some time at Ragley how he can fadge with it, before he quitt the fellowship, so that if he do not phancy the employment he may returne to the Colledge. And if he cannot close with the offerr, I will bethinke myself and enquire as neare as I can to find out such an one as I conceive will be comptable, but if I have not pretty good probabilitys they will prove right I shall not venture, but signify to your Ladiship that I know now where to pitch. Thus with my most humble and affectionate service to your self, my Lord, and all the good company you expect at Ragley, I take leave and rest,

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

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214. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 111. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the blew Anchor in Kinges Street in Coven Garden. London."]

Madame,

About a fortnight ago or something more I wrote to your Ladiship with an enclos'd to Sir John your brother, since which I have received a letter from Mr Sharp[1] at Kensington whereby I understand that Sir John is at Ragley according as I supposed, and also that he is not averse from reading of my Metaphysicks. Of which I am therefore resolv'd to provide him a copy against he returnes to Kensington. In the mean time if he have the curiosity to look into it, he will finde copies at Ragley. I have not been idle since I sent word to your Ladiship that the party we were both desirous should be at Ragley, does not finde himself in such circumstances as to undertake the place, to seek out another. Which I was so much resolv'd in that if I could not speed here according to my minde I intende to send to Oxford. But by an old acquaintance of mine in this University of Kinges Colledge I have pitch'd upon one that I do really think will do very well. I have some personall acquaintance with him also myself. He has very good parts, sober and studious, and of a chearfull temper, fellow of that Colledge and a Tutour to pupills, which has made him neglect taking orders as yett, but he will be in orders the very next ordination day which is next Sunday. And though he has not preach'd yett in the country he has commonplaced in his own Colledge Chapell severall times, which is a kinde of more learned way of preaching. But I doubt not but he will do his part in that point very well by what I observe in him. My friend of Kings Colledge that recommends him to me is a very serious judicious person himself and he gives him a very good report both for his abilitys and maners. I must confesse I am very well at ease in my choice and have no doubt but he will be found such as will give content every way, if my Lord and your Ladiship please to accept of him, and make tryall. After the signification whereof to me he will within a moneths time or sooner be ready to wayt on you there. I perceive he is desirous to have about a moneths time to turne him in, partly in reference to his pupills, and partly that he may have some little stock of sermons afore hand, and not be straiten'd in time upon any occasions of converse or buisinesse by reason that he has no sermons by him already made. Which is a good provident consideration of his. But if he be not putt upon preaching till a moneths space after his coming thither, but onely read prayers, or after he has intelligence that he is accepted for the place, I suppose I may gett him come sooner. And indeed I believe when he does come and you have made tryall of him you will all like him well. His name is Mansell, son to that Mansell that gave me the occasion of writing my Exposition on the 7 Churches.[2] In which regard I gratify myself something in recommending him to your Ladiship but how ever if I had not thought him very well deserving of himself, I would not doe it. He is seriously minded and I hope will not flinch from it where ever he goes. This is all for the present but my hearty prayers for your Ladiships good health and my humble commendation to my Lord Sir John and the rest of the noble company at Ragley. I forgott to signify his standing, which is two or three yeares Master of Arts. I know not whether more then two. But he was an Eaton scholar who do not come over soone to the University. He has age enough for his employment, and a presence and demeanour manly enough and doubtlesse he will be found a discreet person. He will be here in the University ready to receive your commands, so soone as you shall order Mrs Foxcroft to write to

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[1] John Sharp, a pupil of More's, later Archbishop of York, had through More's recommendation become domestic chaplain at Kensington House and tutor to Heneage Finch's sons; here he remained until his marriage, in 1676, after which through Finch's influence he became successively archdeacon of Berkshire, prebendary of Norwich, rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. In 1686 he was chaplain-in-ordinary to the King. While Finch was Lord Keeper and Lord Chancellor, Sharp acted as his advisor in the bestowal of ecclesiastical patronage.

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[2] Humphrey Mansell (Maunsell), admitted to King's from Eton, 1661, was the sixth son of John Mansell of Thorpe Malsor, Northants. He was B.A., 1666–67; M.A., 1670; Fellow, 1665; ordained Deacon September 24, 1671. He died of consumption at Montpelier, France, April, 1677. In the preface to the *Exposition of the Seven Churches,* More does not mention his father by name, but speaks of correspondence with a gentleman in the country.

Dear Madam

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted servant,

Hen. More.

C.C.C. Sept. 21, 1671

215. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 226. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the blew Anchor in Kinges-street in Coven-Garden. London."]

Madame,

I have received two letters from Mrs Foxcroft since my last to your Ladiship. The former came to me just the same day that I had written to you, so that I forbore writing so suddenly againe, which made me also differr answering Sir John Finchs letter which was inclos'd in that of Mrs Foxcroft. The latter I receiv'd last weeke and just yesterday communicated the contents of it to Mr Mansell, who intendes to wayt upon my Lord at Ragley the fourteenth of the next month. I made further Enquiry concerning that party, and one of that Colledge, one that brought me communications from my Lord Robarts, I asking of him touching Mr Mansell and telling him my designe of commending him to my Lord Conway for a chaplaine, he told me he thought he would do excellently well in the place, and this person is a very sober judicious person, as well as the other, who does still very much commend Mr Mansell and tells me how much he is belov'd and esteem'd universally of the whole Colledge. So that there is no question to be made of his parts or goodnesse of his humour, as there is not of his sobriety nor probity, so farr as I can discover by either my own converse or from others. He is so serious that at my first proposall he enquir'd solicitously of the orderlinesse of the Family. Touching which I satisfyde him. I do not remember all the particulars of my letter to which Mrs Foxcrofts former letter is an Answere, but I have since thought of one probleme your Ladiship was pleas'd to propose to me, and which I answer'd in that letter but onely on a morall account. The problem was why the soules of good people may not leave their bodyes for a whyle to visitt their friends at a distance, as well as the soules of witches to meet at their nocturnall Conventicles. Why may not this be done by the ministry of good spiritts as well as that by the ministry of bad? If there be any naturall consyderation to be added to that morall account I offer before, I phancy it may be the inconveniency the body of that party whose soul is thus released from her body for a time, there may be some dammage or diminution done to the vitall union of that soul and body, which may make the life of the party lesse comfortable and kindely, though it should not shorten his dayes. This came to my head after I had sealed the letter and now recurrs to my minde againe. But those are curiosityes about which we need not be at all solicitous. I thank your Ladiship and my Lord for your kinde invitation to Ragley, but neither the statutes of the Colledge nor the weather or rather wayes, there having been such an excesse of raine, will permitt me to journey before next yeare. Mrs Foxcroft seemes solicitous for Dr Ridsley. I heard by Dr Worthington that he was pretty well, he enjoys himself the better for her sonnes companie. I am sorry to hear your Ladiship has your health so exceeding ill still. That God would be pleas'd to give you more ease and sufficient patience for the present is the earnest desire of

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. October 17, [1671.]

216. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 113. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the blew Anchor in Kinges street in Coven Garden. London."]

Madame,

I forbore to write to your Ladiship by Mr Mansell because I thought I should heare from you ere long, and so have a more full argument to write on. But in the meane time I should be glad to heare how acceptable Mr Mansell is to my Lord and yourself and the Family. I expressly adviz'd him to preach plaine and practicall sermons, as being most edifying and the best relished by those that are serious Hearers of them. Next to your own presence at Ragley Sir John Finch were the greatest engagement to make hast thither, but indeed I am afrayd it will be at least 3 quarters of a yeare till I can with any convenience make a journey thither. I am glad your Ladiship likes my first solution of the problem propounded so well, the latter is lesse considerable, but not altogether improbable. For why may not Witches be persuaded to make their lives less comfortable by those strange Frolicks, as well as Drunkards and whore-makers do by Wine? But those are curiosityes no stresse is to be layd upon. I am glad your Ladiship takes so much pleasure in reading Peganius. Questionlesse it must be the easyer to you, you having read more voluminous writings on that subject. . . .[1]

I am very sorry that your Ladiships paines continues so much still but cannot but be something refresh'd whyle I observe that this letter was of your Ladiships own writing, and that Van Helmonts medicines do so palpably benefitt your Stomach. I hope it may be a beginner of some greater good and further progresse of health and strength which your paines do so impaire for the present. These consyderations are some reliefe to me though I be in great griefe of minde for my good friend Dr Worthington, a person of the greatest Integrity and simplicity of Spiritt, as any one can converse with and he was the most sutable friend for me as could be, he having such a desire and dexterity of assisting the publick, but by letters from London, I do strongly surmize that he is dead. He was sick of a pleurisy, his first physician neglected to lett him blood enough, and Dr Needham that was sent for afterward told Dr Cudworths brother that he thought he would not live passing a day longer.[2] Providence deales so with me as if she would not have me to sett out my minde to any outward objects of the World, not so much as to good and pious persons, in this perishable estate, but to live in God alone, who is immortall. Such crosse occurrences as these, would make a man hasten not onely to weane himself from all things of this world, but even teare himself from them, that he may retire into God alone. But I do not love to tell sad stories to your Ladiship that have so much affliction of your own. That God would be pleased to sanctify it to us all, is the earnest prayer of

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[1] The apocalyptical controversy is here continued.

Deare Madame

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Novembr 27, 1671.

I pray you Madam present my most humble service to my Lord. This newes will much afflict Mrs Foxcroft, if she heares it. My service to her. We must all learne to take up our crosses, and beare them as patiently as we can. I hope she will be ready to assist Mr Mansell in what ever he is at a losse in, and your Ladiship will give him all countenance and encouragement as opportunity is afforded. I have writt two or three wordes to Mrs Sumerfield if your Ladiship will be pleased to command somebody to convey it thither.

217. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 115.]

Madame,

YOURS I mean Mrs Foxcrofts letter of December 11 I received about a week agoe. I must confesse the death of Dr Worthington did much affect me, I think for at least a week together there was not a day past but I had teares more or lesse on that account. But now that trouble is over, and as I do not doubt but he is much advantaged by his death, so I must professe that I am not a little. So little cause have we to complain of providence even in these thinges that goe the most crosse to us. For my coming to Ragley assure yourself there is no greater attraction then the hope of seeing your Ladiship sometimes. For I find no where more serious, more pertinent, nor more agreeable converse. But the wayes have been so excessively bad, that I have been discouraged from travailing any whither, and was hindered thereby from going into my own country, a journey that I had intended 3 quarters of a yeare before. But I am loath to come to Ragley before I have cleared some businesse I have in hand that I may make a visitt there more properly, though I make a shorter stay. I over heated my self this last time by being too intent upon my designed Task. I am very sorry to heare your Ladiship is grown worse since the last time you wrote. All things are so uncertaine in this world that it may very feelingly sett on our spiritt the necessity as well as the duty of being wholy resigned to God in all thinges, and not to covett to be our own chusers in any thing but to live in perpetuall subjection to his will. I think if yourself and all them with you were resigned in their wills touching this point you would mend the sooner for it. . . .[1]

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[2] Cf. "Mrs. Ashton's account of her brother-in-law, Dr. Worthington's last sickness" (*Diary and Correspondence*, II, 380): "For some weeks before he was more than usually studious, so that he seldom sat down to dinner, but ate it walking or standing, studying all the time. He fell sick on a Sunday after he had preached in the forenoon his Lecture at Hackney. The next day he fainted away. His distemper was a sort of Pleurisy. Dr. Huske his first Physitian, thought some circumstances made bleeding dangerous, but on Friday Dr. Needham's order and Dr. Sidenham being sent for, ordered him to be blooded the 3d time. That day was taken from him 30 ounces of blood."

I hope Mr Van Helmont may come next summer, though he could not returne now, by that time Peganius may have leasure of considering those thinges we differ in touching the expounding the Apocalypse. I thank your Ladiship for the book you sent me. I have perused it quite through but made no stay in reading of it. And if it be fitt to give an opinion upon so cursorie consideration of thinges, I must confesse my sense of it is, it is the book of a very pious and a very Melancholy person. . . .[2]

I pray you Madame present my very humble service to my Lord and Sir John if he be return'd and Dr Baines. I showed Mrs Foxcrofts son the postscript of her letter. I am ashamed of my ill scribbled hand, but I hope your Ladiship will be able to read it. I wish you an happy new yeare.

Honoured Madame,

Your Ladiships most humbly and affectionatly devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Jan. 2, 1671/2.

Madame I give you a new trouble of a letter to Mr Somerville and thank you for the favour.

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218. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 118. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway these."]

Madame,

I HAD sooner then my hope of expectation received your letter in returne to my answer to your Ladiships Objections against my placeing the 7 phialls within the seventh Trumpett and therefore I will first briefly touch upon your Ladiships reply, and then passe to the Cabbalisticall papyrs the receit whereof I mentioned in my last to Mrs Foxcroft when I wrote to my Lord, which was the 27 of this last January. . . .[1]

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[1] In the long passage which is omitted More carries on the apocalyptical discussion referred to in the Preface.

[2] In the omitted passage, More enters upon a long discussion of Melancholy, in which he says nothing different from what he has said on the subject in his *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus*. Of the author he is discussing, one "M.W.," he remarks that he has been particularly influenced by the *Theologia Germanica*.

Now for the Cabbalisticall papyrs.[2] For your greater divertisement I will tell your Ladiship how I was affected with them. At my first reading them over, which was the same evening they came, it was if I had lickt a peece of rough iron with my tongue, so little pleasure or savour I found in them, understanding the reason of nothing there, nor what they contributed to the Christian life, in so much that they left me with sadnesse. But I resolved to read them over againe more hopefully, and to try if I could enter into them by that reason and preconception of thinges I had allready. And my Attempt proved not without delight and successe. The fruit of which attempt I have sent your Ladiship here enclosed. Which when you have perused you will easily discover my judgement touching the designe. Indeed I cannot but hope mightily well of it, if the undertaker, lett him be as free and ample as he will in setting out the opinions of the Jewes, have but a sufficient gard upon himself to expresse his likeing of, now [and][3] then, butt such as are consonant to sound reason and Scripture. I do not doubt but there is pretious gold in this Cabbalisticall rubbish, which the discerning eye will easily discover. His Clavis Sublimionis Cabbala is much like Meursius his Denarius Pythagoricus,[4] where under every number as there are names of good use to the understanding of the First Chapter of Genesis, so there are severall names that signify nothing but the Ignorance of the later Pythagoreans, and so it may very well fare here in the Clavis, and the later I own many have cast much trash in nothing to the purposse. But I will not venture over farr in a thing I am so little versed in. But I met with many thinges that did very much please me, and such as are likely highly to gratify posterity, and hope it is a good Providence that setts them to make barne-cloathes, I think the women call them, for the child Israel to come, a people to be borne whom the Lord shall make as the Psalmist speakes. I am not averse that my Discant upon the two Cabbalisticall Tables which I send your Ladiship enclos'd, should be sent to Peganius to peruse, so that he may observe whether in Zoar or any other of these Cabbalisticall Bookes the ancient Cabbalists may seeme to speake to the sense that I have given of these 2 Tables, which so farre as I have ventured I confesse I suspect to be the genuine sense of them.[5] It may be it will not be unpleasant to Peganius nor your Ladiship to have that experiment made, and it will not be ungratefull to myself. The enclosed is not so much but Mr Mansell, it may be, will not think it any great trouble to transcribe it for your Ladiship. I am pleased that in some few places it so consonant to my

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[1] The omitted section is a part of the apocalyptical controversy referred to in the Preface.

[2] Evidently some of the sections of the later *Kabbala Denudata* which Von Rosenroth was preparing.

[3] He actually writes: "now of then."

[4] Joannes Meursius, the elder, author of *Denarius Pythagoricus sive, de Numerorum usque ad denarium qualitate ac nominibus, secundum Pythagoricos* . . . (Lugdini Batavorum, 1631).

[5] In his edition of the *Kabbala Denudata,* Von Rosenroth included several papers by More; possibly these are the ones referred to.

Metaphysicks. Which by the by, if Peganius has not read over already, it might not be amisse if those two emendations were sent that I intended before, it will save him amused at those passages. You see how bold I am to give your Ladiship a trouble. I gott my sizour to transcribe the enclosed to see if it would prove anything fairer then mine, but like a clown he has blotted and soiled this, and writt a new one ten times worse then mine, and so extreme full of faults that it was an unspeakable exercise of my patience to peruse it, to have such a sizour to write, and a tired Cambridge Hackney to ride on when a man is belated on his journey are calamityes much alike, and yet he has had the two Ginees from your Ladiships bounty to [prod?] him withall. I have sent you the two Cabalisticall papyrs together with my Notes, and if your Ladiship desire a copy of those papyrs your Ladiship sent me from V Helmont, I will make my sizour transcribe them for you. He shall take more time and see if he can do better. I had with me to dinner last Sunday, our professour of the Orientall languages, and another Doctor of Divinity well versed in the Rabbins, and a biships son of Suedland, well skilled in that learning, and a Jew, and after dinner I took occasion to read to them the excerption of P. his Epistle, and they did all highly approve of the designe, and as for that Isaac Luria[6] whose commentary in MSS. Peganius sayes he has to helpe him to understand the Zoar, the Jew told me that they hold that Isaac Luria to be the most knowing man of their cabbala of the Jewes Nation. So that Peganius setts to understand the Zoar, the Jew told me that they hold that Isaac Luria to be the most knowing man of their cabbala of the Jewes Nation. So that Peganius setts out, you see Madame, very hopefully, and I wish him very good successe. Though his writings will be a temptation to me to neglect my own maine designe, as often as they come to me, but however they shall be very welcome. But whether it be more advisable to transmitt the papyrs hither as they come to your Ladiships hand or retain them there against I come to Ragley which nothing can hasten me more then the wayting on your Ladiship, I willingly leave to so good a judgement to determine. I hope I shall finde time to come to Ragley toward the end of the summer, if God send life and health, but I do not see it likely I can before. I wrote to My Lord the 27 of the last moneth, and I have saved Mrs Foxcrofts letter from the flames, I understanding by Mr Okely on Saturday last, that her son was returned from London. Thus with my hearty wishes for your Ladiships health, I abruptly subscribe myself

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Febr. 5, 1671–72

I pray you Madame present my very humble service to my Lord, and to Mrs Foxcroft. I sent her letter by Mr Okely to her son.

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[6] Isaac Luria (Solomon Ashkenazi), 1534–72, was the most important of the later Cabbalists; much of the tradition of the modern Cabbala may be traced to him.

219. *Sir Heneage Finch to his sister.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCIII,* No. 2.]

10 Feb. 1671–72, Saturday.

My Dearest Sister,

I know you have so many personall sufferings of your own, that it is a kind of Cruelty to impart my Sorrowes to you. Yet Griefs are so infectious that as I mourn for you, so I cannot choose but invite you to mourn with me, and give me Leave to Shedd a few Tears in your Company.

I have Lost the Dearest Daughter, and you the most respectfull Neice, that ever any Father or any Aunt, was yet Related to. And when I have told you the manner of it I must needs say that I have not yet Vertue enough to know, untill you tell me, whither it should improve or abate the afliction.

Upon Thursday the first of February my most Dearly beloved Daughter Grimston[1] fell sick of the small pox, which in all appearance came forward pretty well for three or four dayes, but on a suddain struck in agayn, and upon Tuesday the Sixth of February carryed her away to her Everlasting Rest.

This came not to pass through want of Art or care, for my Dear Brother[2] was willing to hazard his person by his frequent visiting of her, but the fatality of this Disease proceeded from Accidents insuperable. And though my Brother fell since into a Distemper, to my no small Amazement, yet I thank God he is now so perfectly well, that I have reason to believe it was only the effect of his Greife, and the surprizing Extremity of the Cold weather.

Shee had from the beginning of her sickness, to the Last period of her Breath, an Understanding very entire, and so perfect a Patience, that her Demeanor towards them who were about her, was not only Holy, but cheerfull too.

She received the Sentence of Death with the greatest Tranquillity of Soule, that is imaginable, and sent for Mr Frampton[3] (the household chaplayn to the Master of the Rolles, in whose House she Dyed). To him she made an excellent confession of her Fayth and Life and open'd all the Burdens of her Spirit, wherein were found no heavyer matter then a few Angry words spoken seven years since and some small Errors of that Nature. But a most solemn Repentance for all transgressions whither Remembered or forgotten.

This being done, she did with great Devotion receive the blessed Sacrament, and the absolution of the Church.

Before she compos'd her self to Dye she first took a most kind and comfortable

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[1] Elizabeth Finch had married Samuel Grimston, second son of Sir Harbottle Grimston, Master of the Rolls. See p. 321.

[2] Sir John Finch.

[3] Robert Frampton who had been chaplain to the English factory at Aleppo. Cf. *Burley Papers,* I, 449 (Consul Lannoy to the Earl of Winchilsea, January 16, 1666–67): "I have seen in a letter that Reverend Mr. Frampton was chaplain to his Highnesse Prince Rupert and Duke Albermarle in the ship when they drove the Hollanders from the coast. Since the fire at London he hath preach'd before his Majestie, to the King's great content, his Majestie hath made him one of his Chaplains, the benefice of the Roles is given him. In October he preached before the Parliament."

Leave of her Dear Husband, who from the beginning of her sickness till the hour of her Death never left her chamber, praying God to bless him, and that he might never find the want of her.

Then she recommended her little Girl to my Wife,[4] entrateing her to take her into her Family, if it might not be too great a Trouble, and desiring her not to Weep, for she was Happy. She remember'd almost every Relation she had in the World by Name, and offer'd up a particular prayer for them. I had never seen her after the second day of her sickness, but she pray'd most Devoutly for me, and Desir'd all that were present to Tell me from her, That, if Prayers were made in Heaven, she would never cease to pray for mee there, so long as I liv'd here.

An Expression so Amazing for a child and withall so Piercing, that in the middest of all my Spirituall Joyes, I feele a Sorrow great enough to Break my Heart, if I would give way to it.

For within a few minutes after these words utter'd she surrendered up her Blessed Soul into the hands of God Almighty who by the assistance of his most Blessed Spirit had prepared and fitted her for himselfe. And now she hath left her Dear Husband and his Family and mine as full of mourning and Lamentation for the Want of her, as can possibly consist with Christian patience and submission.

On Monday next she is carryed from hence to her Grave, in St Michaels Church near Gorhambury.

I have entertained you so long with my Sad Story, but tis because I know not how to unbosome my selfe so usefully, or so profitably els where.

I have reason to hope that so long and so well instructed a Patience as yours cannot easily be disordered. And it is enough to make me recollect my selfe when I consider you, who are the living Example of a most Resigned Soule.

I pray God to do that which is best for you in this World, and send us all a Joyfull meeting in the next.

I am ever while I live,

Dear Sister,

Your most entirely affectionat brother

HENEAGE FINCH.

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220. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 103. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway."]

Madame,

I HEARD of Mrs Grimstons death by Mr Hyrne before the receit of the last of your Ladiships, but he did not write where she dide, nor any circumstances of her death, so that it did not then so much affect me, but this narration of your Ladiship I must confesse did not a little impassion me, I know not whether more with sorrow or joy, to heare the marvailous good circumstances of her departure. I am sorry both for her father and your Ladiships losse of her, though herself has made an happy change. All those thinges drive us into ourselves, or rather further then into ourselves, into God alone, in whom alone there is rest and peace for care. I have according to your desire sent you a copy of Peganius his papyrs which are rather more legible and as correct as the originall itself. Your Ladiship has already the Cabbalisticall Tables, and so there is nothing wanting. It would have putt me to a new work of drawing the Tables over againe or els I could have sent you the Originall.

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[4] Her daughter Elizabeth became the wife of William Savile, second Marquis of Halifax.

I am glad to hear that Mr Van Helmont is returning into England again. I hope I shall either see him here at Cambridge or else he will stay so long at Ragley that I may see him there. Madame, you are so over civill in your excusing your desire of seeing me at Ragley sooner then my occasions will so well permitt that I am ashamed of my self, especially when you doe it upon that account that supposes me a man of noe judgment nor gratitude, but I have already without any complement testify'd to your Ladiship that I finde no where more serious and sutable conversation then with your Ladiship, when your pains will admitt any converse at all. I shall according to your Ladiships desires, when Peganius his papyrs come to my handes discant on them as I have done on these, but there will be no need of being so copious hereafter, I conceive, but as thinges offer themselves, so I shall adventure to expresse my minde. For I am very willing to assist so good a designe, and persons that seem so very serious and ingenuous and pious as they seem to be, and so very learned in those things, that I freely professe my Ignorance, I mean in the oriental Tongues and Rabbinicall Learning. But what I can assist in dry reason I am their servant. The transcribing of the papyrs at Ragley will have this convenience that if those miscarry that are sent hither, yett the copy will be safe. But you cannot thanke my sizour so much as he is oblig'd to your Ladiship for your bounty . . .[1]

I shall hereafter take more care of my Ink. I suppose my letter to my Lord came safe about the buisinesse he writt to me concerning placing of my Lady Roydons[2] two sonns in our colledge. With my humble service to his Lordship, wishing you both all health and happinesse, I abruptly take leave and rest,

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted servant,

C.C.C. March 21, 1671–72. HEN. MORE.

My kind regards to Mrs Foxcroft. I sent her letter to her son by Mr Okely at his returne from London.

221. *Henry More to Mrs. Foxcroft.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 120. "For Mrs Elizabeth Foxcroft these."]

Mrs Foxcroft:

I HAVE received yours and am satisfyde that the papers came safe to my Ladyes hand, but I am exceeding sorry to heare that any new distempers are added to her constant pains to aggrieve her Ladiship. I pray God enable her to endure all thinges, and fitt us all for the changes and chances of this muddy part of the Universe, we poor Mortalls dwell in. But I hope you will send me better newes in your next letter. This letter is like Pandora's box, no sooner opened but I know not how many mischiefes appeare in sight. I must confesse I could not but think of your Husband upon the notice of this warre with the Dutch,[1] but we must resigne all up to God. The worser the times are they are the better for the best thinges, there is my constant song, and so let God work his will. I should be glad to hear of the arrivall of V. Helmont. I wish these warres be no obstacle in his way, but I believe he is as little an enemie to mankinde as I am, though that is no security to any man. That his Majesty has given such an universall Toleration,[2] is but consentaneous to his affaires, and now both the Episcopall party and the Fanaticall are lett loose against the Romish Religion, which is so false and fond a thing, that certainly they are but unskillfull combatants or strangely defectious if they can not keep down Popery, by the best kind of weapons of a spirituall warfare. If thinges stick here as we are all bound to hope and pray they may, I must confess I have nothing but good to prognosticate of it, if all partyes will use this indulgence of his Majesty soberly and discreetly. But as for warres, I pray God hasten peace in all Christendome, and give us hearts of flesh for those of stone and iron, so every one endeavour to compose himself whyle all the world is in an hurry. Your last letter enclosed to your son Mr Okely carry'd him, he is now at London, nor do I know when he returnes. A man shall never be at peace till he have no will at all of his own, but be content with every thing as a gift from God to the world for some designe or other, or upon some groundes or other which are certainly righteous and good, whether we understand them or noe. This is but one single lesson and therefore will not distract the memory, that we may be all able thoroughly to leaven it is the hearty desire of

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[1] The omitted passage is part of the apocalyptical discussion begun in Folio 118.

[2] Lady Rawdon.

Your assured friend to serve you

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. April 6, 1672.

I pray you present my most humble and affectionat service to my Lady.

222. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 123. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester these."]

C.C.C. May 11, 1672.

Madame,

It is a good whyle now since I wrote to your Ladiship, and therefore I cannot absteine from offering you some diversion by my letters especially having lately had the honour of seeing so many of your Ladiships near relations and friends at my chamber here at Christ Colledge, whither I had the boldnesse to invite them to a dish of Colledge Commons, but there was not that superfluity that was phancyed when I had the honour to have your Ladiship here with my Lord, which is no commendation of mine having spoke to the Cook in as ample termes as I could, and he promissing me to do all thinges carefully and punctually as I intimated to him. And they seemed to be well pleas'd with their entertainment above, and the Cooke told me my Lords servants had very good satisfaction. But I suspect I was not so modish as is usuall in my quantity of wine after dinner, which though it was commended by some, yett I am jealous gave offence to others, but I considering the state of Dr Baines body and remembering my Lord to have absteined from wine at Ragley on account of the stone, besides the observation of others my self also having gott little sleep the night before (as I did indeed as little the night after for all my moderation) and being encumber'd by some other serious thoughts, fatally fell into the neglect of carrying on this ceremonie to the usuall measure, or mode, which it was very easy for me to fall into having had such an aversation from wine, that I have resolv'd not to drink any this 7 yeares, unless I palpably finde that my health requires it and so use it as a medicine. But I believe this abstinence will contribute much both to the health of my body and minde, as also this oversight (which grates against and woundes my naturall temper, that over seriously and solicitously loves to please others, and takes too much joy in it) will contribute something to the healing and corroborating my better part, and extinguishing in me that false pleasure, and bringing in a better in the stead of it. Mrs Foxcroft writt me so melancholy a letter, that I thought Dr Baines was almost ready to give up the ghost so that I was surpriz'd when I heard he was come to Cambridge; though his legges fayle him, yett his tong walkes as free as ever, and is very good company on that account, and really I phancy his minde is of a better frame then heretofore, and Sir John really is the best company in the world. But it is a fond thing to be pleased with any of these thinges, because the enjoyment of them is not in our power, but it is like a flash of the evening lightning as they are all dispersed to their occasions and leave me alone. I was mightily well pleased also with my observations of my Lords speciall care and good affection in recommending the two young Gentlemen your Ladiships Nephews[1] to Dr Cudworth, Mr Lovett[2] their Tutour, and myself, which will make me to the utmost of my power endeavour their good in the colledge here whyle they stay, as if I were their Tutour, though I am not in those circumstances, as that I thought it convenient to admitt them as my proper Pupills, and it is rather for their advantage that they are as they are, as I have more particularly signifyde to my Lord in a later letter to him.[3] I was heartily glad also to heare by my Lord that your Ladiship is recovered from your late distemper which Mrs Foxcroft wrote of, so that you are not worse then before you fell into it. His Lordship more then once was asking of my coming to Ragley but I could not resolve him any further then that I hoped I should finde some time toward the latter end of this summer to give your Ladiship a visitt. But I must first for London and then the countrey, nor can stay there long when I come. And I would not be absent from Cambridge no more then needes must for the two young Gentlemens sake, they being so affectionately recommended to me not only by my Lord but also by Sir George and his Lady, for whom upon your Ladiships good character of her I have a great esteeme, and am the more ambitious to serve her to my utmost in this affaire, which I have signifyde in my letter to her, enclos'd in one to my Lord. This Dutch warre I believe will hinder Van Helmonts voiage, and the intercourse of letters from Peganius. In his letter, as your Ladiship may remember, he referred me to Thomas Lydiate[4] for an account of Daniels workes, and really I finde this country man of ours a learned man, and to have done above my hopes or expectation on that subject, which makes me more oblig'd to my Lord for giving me the book. I did not then hope to finde so much satisfaction in it. I intend within this fortnight at furthest to go to London, to have some conference with my Nephew, and some other few affaires, amongst which is the perusing of Mr Hymes Flux and Reflux of the Sea, and to discourse of some Grammaticall Criticisms with him.[5] I have wrote severall long letters about such things to him, he is a good sound Grammarian, and serious man, I think. I intimated also in a letter to Sir Robert Murray that when I came to London next I would peruse Mr Boyles answer to that part of my Metaphysicks, that concerns his Hydrostaticall experiment.[6] Mr Boyle does not take my dissenting so from him in publick so candidly as I hoped, which I am very sorry for. For he is a person that I have a singular honour and esteeme for as I do cordially and simply declare in the book in which I meddle with his notions, and thought Philosophy had been free. If any body had confuted any thing of mine with such circumstances as I have done, I cannot perceive that that would have given me the least disgust in the world. If he were mistaken I would with the same kindnesse demonstrate his errour to the world, and lett them judge. If he was not mistaken, and did really confute me, I would thank him for delivering me out of an errour. But though I cannot help it, yett I am alwayes sorry, as often as I finde myself to have been an over kinde abettour of the truth. But intending a diversion to your Ladiship I feare by this time I may become a trouble. I should be exceeding glad to heare any further newes of your Ladiships health, which would be word exceeding welcome to

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[1] War with Holland was declared March 17, 1672.

[2] On March 15, 1672, Charles had issued a Declaration of Indulgence "that all manner of penal laws in matters ecclesiastical against whatsoever sort of non-comformists or recusants be suspended." Catholics alone were excepted.

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[1] Edward and John Rawdon, the younger sons of Sir George Rawdon, were admitted to Christ's April 25, 1672.

[2] Thomas Lovet, B.A. from Christ's, 1664–65, M.A. 1668, Fellow, 1667–93.

[3] This letter is not extant.

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[4] The Reverend Thomas Lydiate, mathematician and writer on chronology (1572–1646). He became famous through his chronological controversy with Scaliger, and was ranked by his contemporaries with Mede. A staunch royalist, he suffered severely at the outbreak of the Civil War, and died in such destitution that Samuel Johnson wrote of him in his *Vanity of Human Wishes:*

"If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiate's life, and Galileo's end."

[5] A copy of the correspondence which More carried on with Henry Hyme about his Latinity is preserved in a small quarto of 67 pp. (many of them blank) in the Cambridge University Library (G.g. VI. ii). The letters are dated from August, 1671, to March, 1671–72; they begin with a discussion of Cartesianism, in connection with More's *Enchiridium Metaphysicum,* which Hyme had been reading, and continue with a discussion of his Latinity. Hyme's work on the *Flux and Reflux of the Sea* does not appear to have been published.

[6] *An Hydrostatical discourse occasion'd by some objections of Dr. H. More in his Enchiridion Metaphysicum.* Published in Boyle's *Tracts containing new Experiments touching the relation betwixt Flame and Air, and about Explosives* (London, 1672).

Deare Madame

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted servant

Hen. More.

I pray you Madame present my service to Mrs Foxcroft, Mrs Benet, etc.

223. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 124. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley these."]

Madam,

Your Ladiships I received two or three dayes agoe, and am glad to hear mine from London came safe to your hands. I have since my returne from London been wholely taken up with framing a Reply to the *Answer* to my *Antidote against Idolatry*.[1] Which I have now finished in my scribled hand which I shall scarce be able to read againe, and must transcribe more legibly for one to write after that there may be a copy that printers when it goes to presse may not mistake me. But however nothing from your Ladiship had been unwelcome in the meane time, and I should have counted it no interruption. This engagement in a Reply to my Adversary, has much retarded my intended Journeys into Lincolnshire and to Ragley. So that I cannot see any probability of my being in a capacity of journeying to either place before about September, though I must confesse I have a great desire to wayt upon your Ladiship and to conferr with Mr Van Helmont about Peganius his proceedings in his great learned designe. I have had my health God be thanked pretty well, though I have worne myself of my legges in a maner in hastening this Reply, that I might have time for my journeys into the Country. And now a very tedious part is to come, the reading and transcribing of what I have scribbled, but I must doe it, to satisfy the light within me, as the Quaker sayes. I am sorry I am so short in my account about Peganius his work. And took it for granted it would be printed in Germanie, and suspect the issue here will be uncertaine, so few of our stationers medling with Latine bookes of any bulke, which I suppose his will be, but I suppose Mr Oldenburgh will informe him punctually of those thinges and assist as farr as the thing is capable of. The confutation of my Cabbala may very well rest where it is, I am so full of my present designe, so little time to spare from it, that I cannot read any book but in reference to my present buisinesse. But when I come to Ragley I shall peruse both it and the Translation of my *Immortality of the Soule*.[2] This is some invitation to Ragley, but my desire of wayting on your Ladiship is so great, that it wants no such additionments. I hear Mr Foxcroft is returned safe from the Indies, which I am glad of both for Mrs Foxcrofts sake and his own. But I suppose this may be no occasion of any sudden removall of Mrs Foxcroft from Ragley. Her Husband that has travayl'd so many hundred miles if not thousands rather to far strange countrys will easily be persuaded to take so short a journey to Ragley to see his wife, before the time of her removall thence. She writes nothing of your Ladiships health which therefore I will hope is not worse then before. That God would be pleased to encrease it every day more is the hearty desire of

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[1] *A brief Reply to a late Answer to . . . H. More his Antidote against Idolatry* (London, 1672).

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humbly and affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Jul. 11, 1672.

224. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 63.]

My Ever most honour'd and Dear Lord,

I CAN never promise myselfe so great satisfaction in any thing can befall me in this World as in the assurance of your Lordships good health, and of your favour, by affording me the honour of your Commands. Last night about ten of the clock my Lord of Essex was at Mr Atturnys lodgings to seal the writings to which I was a Witnesse. Upon that occasion that I might not send your Lordship notice of his Excellencys motions might prove uncertain I asked his Lordship whether He kept former resolution as to his Journy. His Lordship told me that infallibly He sett out on Munday; That on Tuesday He would lodge at Tocester,[1] on Wednesday at Coventry, on Thursday at Litchfield, on Friday at Nuport,[2] on Saturday at Chester. This I conceive your Lordship may rely upon; but if anything should unexpectedly intervene on Munday by way of Brammigan.[3] Since your Lordships departure I have endeavour'd to procure an able Gardiner; I was promised this morning account of one from Dr Morrison,[4] but he has fayled me; So that it will be impossible to send him time enough to embarque with your Lordship. However I shall if I am satisfyd from the Doctor of his qualifications send him into Ireland; and if not, endeavour to serve you from some other information. I have bin all this weeke very sollicitous in my Exchequer affayr and my Lord Clifford[5] like himselfe has lett me find the real affects of his favour; for this morning I am in the list for 500 li; and I have assurance from his Lordship for the subsequent lists. I give your Lordship an Account of this upon a double score, first that I am assur'd your Lordship has a part in the satisfaction of what soever good arrives me. In the next place that your Lordship may have evidence of the necessity of my personall abode: in a time when possibly to some in the world I cannot justify my good manners in not wayting upon your Lordship, whose person my services and desires and their performance shall ever attend.

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[2] This seems to imply that Von Rosenroth translated More's *Immortality of the Soul* into German.

[1] Towcester.

[2] Newport in Shrewsbury.

[3] Birmingham.

[4] Robert Morison, Professor of Botany at Oxford, author of the *Plantarum Historiae Universalis Oxoniensis*.

[5] Sir. Thomas Clifford had been created Baron Chudleigh of Chudleigh a short time before and had been made Lord Treasurer.

Newes your Lordship will receive from so many authoratique hands, that I can scarce justify the writing of any. On Thursday last Mr Paston sonne and Heir to Sir Robert Paston was marryed to Mrs Howard the Relict of Mr Howard and daughter to my Lady Shannon.[6] The young Gentleman is to be made an English Baron.

Our Plenepotentiary's are expected here tomorrow night. The French King after the taking of Creve-Coeur and Bonmill the latter by storm at noon day is with a 1000 Horse return'd to Paris. Tis sayd by some that a new league is concluded between the two Crowns with a Clause that neither King without the assent of Both shall Conclude a Peace: others say that a Generall Peace is Concluded and that there wants nothing but our Kings ratification upon Articles. That a Million and a half sterling shall be payd to France, and that the French King shall restore all the towns but 6 which his Majesty claimes by vertue of the Queens Dowry. That a Million shall be payd to our King, and the Brill deliver'd and 100,000 li per annum for the fishing. A little time will show which of these takes place. I hope the latter. On the Exchange they tell me the Dutch have order to prepare for a fight: and that to this end they Mann their Fleet dayly. The East India Fleets expectation causes this suddain fitting out. Three French East India ships are arrived at Port Louis very rich, which falls the price of our East India Commodity's 30 per cent. Mr Seymour did me the Honour yesterday to enquire after me, when I was abroad and he came about the patent. I shall not fayl to make him my acknowledgments. My Lord I beseech your Lordship to present me in all humble service to my Dear Sister to whom and your selfe Sir Thomas presents most sincere and humble devotion. When your Lordship does us the right to present to your Lordships company our joynt respects, I shall onely begg your pardon for this length and ever rest

Your Lordships
Most humble and most obedient servant
JOHN FINCH.

Saturday July the 19th: 72.

I have layd my Cypher having no occasion to it in these ten weekes where I cannot readily find it. I beseech your Lordship to lett me have a copy sent me by the same hand that Copy's your Lordships.

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[6] Sir Robert Paston was created Lord Paston and Viscount Yarmouth August 19, 1673; Earl of Yarmouth July 30, 1679. His eldest son William Paston, later second Earl of Yarmouth, married as his first wife Charlotte Jemima Mary, a natural daughter of Charles II. Finch's statement here is at variance with that given in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and elsewhere that Paston's second wife was Elizabeth, widow of Sir Robert Wiseman, daughter of Lord Dudley North and Anne, daughter of Sir Charles Montague.

225. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 65.]

Inner Temple
Aug. the 5th [1672.]

My Ever Most Honour'd and Dear Lord,

Your Lordship will find my former without date if my memory deceives me not; which was of the 4th.[1] Since last night, I met this morning at my Lord Arlingtons Van Helmont, and having made with all imaginable modesty the most important demandes I could thinke of relating to my Dear Sisters health, I was struck with such a Dampe upon his answers, that I had scarce courage enough to disguise my sorrow, to negotiate with my Lord Arlington, who I fear discover'd in me a perturbation his Lordship could not guesse at the cause of. But my Lord, since I am freed from those eyes that gave me subiection, I hope my own have given part of that constant Tribute they must ever pay to my Dear Sisters affliction, or the memory of it on her. I am I protest now reduc'd to such an indifferency of life, finding the greatest Comfort I ever promis'd my selfe in it (the happinesse of her Conversation) snatch'd from me, that I professe this world has little left, either of hopes or fears for me. I dare not write to her whom Van Helmont himselfe represents incapable of reading what I write. My Lord, I will send my Soul to her, but not words, the weake Interpreters of it, for I very well know that no Words can ever convey my sense, and if they did, they will onely embitter our mutuall sufferings. My Honour'd and Dear Lord, convey after your own manner what ever can be express'd of tendernesse to her from me, who am under much of impatience till I see her and will force a way to her, rather then not suddainly come. Mr Attorney,[2] his Lady, my Nephews and the Doctor are all your Lordships and my Sisters most humble servants. I write in much hast, the person attending who encloses the letters. But no time is long enough to expresse the affection and obligation I have to your Lordship, nor the sensible part I am touch'd in when I mention the name of my Dearest Sister. God Almighty is great in his dispensations and I hope she being worthy of what this world cannot give her, is render'd justly out of love with it. I am sure for her sake I am so: unlesse in it I might ever be serviceable to her or your Lordship as being unalterably

My Lord
Your Lordships
Most humble and most obedient servant,
John Finch.

226. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 126. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester these. Leave these with Edward Wait at the three Nunnes in Bedford street in Coven Garden. London."]

Madame,

This is onely to informe you that I have received your Ladiships last of Aug. 2

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[1] This letter is not extant.

[2] Heneage Finch, Attorney General.

about the time that I had even almost made an end of transcribing my Reply. I send the copy this day to London. I am sorry to hear you have been so ill of late. I thank God I am not sick, but I am so exceeding weary and worn out that I think it is hard for any one to imagine it. But I must stay a week or fortnight here, before I go into the Country, that I may hear what becomes of my copy at London. I am glad to hear they are in such an hopefull way for the printing of what they shall have ready here in England. I hope my Lord is safely arrived into Ireland by this. I think Mr Garrett or Muddiman lately mentioned the Lord lieutenants arrivall thither. I received a letter lately from Sir George Rawdon but have forborne to write to him till I can tell him of the health of Mr John Rawdon, who has had a double tertian this moneth, but he is quitt of it now, and we have sent him ten miles off for fresh ayre for a fortnight, as he desired, and I hope by that time he will be perfectly well. I hear Mr Foxcroft is come to Ragley. I hope they will not be so hasty to remove thither, having so kinde an invitation to stay, but that I may finde them there when I come, and perfect my Intelligence of those parts. I had some four dayes ago a letter that informed me pretty particularly touching the opinions of the Braminies, and from one that was a speciall friend and acquaintance of Mr Foxcrofts son. I thank you, Madame, for your kinde proferr of horses from Ragley, it is likely I shall accept of it, and shall give you notice upon my returne out of Lincolnshire where I do not intend to stay passing ten dayes. Thus with my best wishes for your Ladiships good health, I abruptly take leave and rest

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Aug. 16, 1672.

I pray you Madame, do my kinde remembrances to all with you.

227. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 67.]

My Ever most honour'd and Dearest Lord

I HAVE bin so long lost to your Lordship that the want of all Correspondence in so many Moneths serves to usher in that longer defeating of my happinesse, which Necessity imposes upon me. For, My Most Honour'd Lord, I am Commanded by his Majesty to serve him as his Ambassadour to the Gran Signor, and I have had the Honour to kisse his hand upon this Dispensation.[1] And what still rayses my Passion I am like to beginn my Voyage within 16 dayes which will I fear deprive even of my last happinesse I promis'd myselfe, your Lordships good wishes. I know your Lordship will be apt to call to your Memory, The Foxe knos many things, but the Catt knowes one. But I must avow to your Lordship that Sir Thomas Baines[2] was sick in Bedd of a feavour when I had concluded all things, nay, he knew not of the Vacancy till the Turky Company had declar'd their desires that I should fill it.

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[1] In November, 1672, Finch was appointed Ambassador to the Porte in place of Sir Daniel Harvey, who had died some weeks before. His career from this time on is described in detail by G. F. Abbott in *Under the Turk in Constantinople.*

In me convertite ferrum
Mea fraus Omnis; nihil iste nec Ausus
Nec potuit.[3]

But my Lord the state of Affayrs are such that under five years I cannot promise my selfe the happinesse of seeing your Lordship which however I was in some despayr of since your Lordship had so many Honourable and Just invitations to make Ireland your long abode. I shall never fayl to wish your Lordship the highest Content this World can afford you, and happinesse the Next. And could I flatter my selfe so much as to believe your Lordship would sometimes misse me, I should at the same time know that Prudence would have design'd me to that station which keeps me at such a Distance from you for a more Honourable and advantageous one I cannot readily thinke on. I pray God send us a Joyfull Meeting again.

I have been so happy as to meet Sir Thomas Osburn[4] twice since my return out of the Country, and he was pleas'd to mention to me a Concern in which if all the Interests I leave in England can doe any thing he shall be serv'd. I could wish the young Lady so well plac'd.[5] But I intend to wayt upon him before I leave England, though I am under a hurry of busienesse. Sir Robert Carr[6] desir'd to take your Lordships House in Surry Street, and obliged himselfe to lay out 500 li in repayr. He desires it at a convenient Rent, I told him Slingsby[7] pay'd 280 li per annum, and have referr'd him to Mr Cratford for a conclusion.

I know my Lord Rannelagh,[8] Sir Thomas Osburn and Mr Seymour[9] whom I have been to wayt upon though I found him not, send all the Newes posts and therefore with the faythfull service of Mr Attorney, his Lady, my Nephews and Sir Thomas Baines I rest

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[2] Baines was knighted May 24, 1672. At this time he planned to go to New England as one of the Commissioners.

[3] *Aeneid* ix. 427–429. Me, me, adsum, qui feci; in me convertite ferrum, O Rutuli: mea fraus omnis; nihil iste nec ausus Nec potuit.

[4] Sir Thomas Osborne, successively first Earl of Danby, Marquis of Carmarthern, Duke of Leeds. He had been made Treasurer of the Navy with Sir Thomas Lyttleton in 1668; on June 19, 1673, he became Lord High Treasurer of England and chief minister of Charles II.

[5] Finch evidently refers to the marriage which was finally arranged between Osborne's son, Edward, Viscount Latimer, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II, and Elizabeth, daughter of Simon Bennett, Finch's stepbrother.

[6] Sir Robert Carr, Baronet of Sleaford in Lincolnshire. Pepys wrote on July 29, 1667: "Sir H. Bellasis and Tom Porter . . . dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's, where it seems people do drink high, all that come."

[7] Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint.

[8] Richard Jones, third Viscount and first Earl of Ranelagh, a member of the Duke of Buckingham's cabal.

[9] Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons. He married as his second wife Letitia, daughter of Francis Popham, who was Conway's cousin. At his death, Conway left his estates to her son, Popham Seymour, who thenceforth became Popham Seymour-Conway. "Who can Amiel's praise refuse?" wrote Dryden of Edward Seymour.

"Of ancient race by birth but nobler yet,
In his own worth, and without title great."

My Lord
Your Lordships
Most humble and obedient servant,
John Finch.

Inner Temple, November 2, 1672.

228. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 74. No date; evidently November, 1672.]

My Ever most Honour'd and Dearest Lord,

The last weeke I acquainted your Lordship that His Majesty having appointed me His Ambassador to the Gran Signior, I had kissed His hand upon it, on Thursday the 7th Instant I deliver'd the Kings Letter to the Turky Company and they immediately and cheerfully acknowledg'd me under that character, so that now within twelve dayes I suppose I shall beginn my Voyage. The Duke hath bin pleas'd to promise me a ship to Constantinople, and a strong Convoy to the Merchant of which there is need, advice being come that the Dutch are putt to sea with 22 Men of Warr from 50 to 70 Guns and Double Mann'd, and 10 Fire Ships. Sir Thomas Osburn is a Gentleman I have so true an Honour for that I will Endeavour his service to the uttmost of my Capacity, and I will assure you Sir Thomas Baines and I have so discoursed this matter with Mr Attorney that he who has a reverence for Sir Thomas Osburne more then for any Gentleman in England has promis'd us to own that Concern and push it on to the uttmost and I intend before I goe to gett them to Discourse the matter. I hope all our Wishes may succeed; But of all things, I will be the least responsible for Marriages. I beseech Almighty God to prosper your Lordship in whatsoever relates to your happinesse, and I pray God send us a happy meeting once more to the unspeakable content of Your Lordships

Most humble and most obedient servant,
John Finch.

Sir Thomas Baines is full of truth and devotion for your Lordships person and service and joyns with me in prayers for your Lordships happinesse. The King has putt Sir William Hickman,[1] a Parliament man in my place for the Councill of Plantations.

229. *Thomas Bromley*[1] *to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,217*, f. 8.]

Madam!

I was much concern'd, that it was my Lot to be absent, when your Ladyship sent

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[1] Sir William Hickman, only son of Sir Willoughby Hickman of Gainsborough, was M.P. for East Retford.

[1] See p. 279 n.

Mr Cook[2] hither. I came not home in a considerable time after, and have since been ill, otherwise I should not so long have differ'd my acknowledgements of the great favour of sending Mr Cook to enquire after me. I have had an intermitting feaver, and quite a cold and coffe, as bad as my feaver, so that I esteeme my selfe not very fitt yet for any considerable journy. I confesse I could sometimes wish my selfe at Ragley, if I could come awaye, with so little Incumbrance as I seem to travel in my sleep, in an aereal Body through the dierie spaces. I can never forget your Ladyships kindnesses: and from them judge my selfe obliged (were I not confined by an internale guide) to come and goe at your Ladyships commands. However my prayers are offered up to the father of spirits that He may remember your afflections, and so farre blesse them as to give you the assurance, they are working for you, a most superlative and eternal weight of glory, as Hamond[3] renders the last part of the 17 vers of Cor. 2: 4.

Your Ladyship may wonder how I have spent my time since I left Ragley, who have yet neither finished, nor begun the 2 part of my book. I confesse (besides the improvement of my talent in instructing, as I have had opportunity) my cheif work hath been to doe, and be nothing, nor notionally, but practically, that through the true death, and divine stilnesse, the Beams of the morning starrs might illustrate my heart, and the Holy God become al in al. Man hath too long had his day; and walks in a vain shew, is disquieted in vaine, and at his best, is totally vanity. O let God reign in us, let him rend the Heavens, and come downe, let the eternal mountains melt at his presence, let the rivers of fire that flow before him consume our drosse, and so refine us into a transparent Temple, that we may be called shammah, the Lord is there. I have lately had serious reflections, on that of Paul, I have learnt in what ever state I am, To be content. Madam, theres our lesson. When we have attained it, we are amongst the little children and so in a readinesse for al the blessings of our fathers house.

Madam, I beg your Ladyships pardon, for not prefixing a time for sending the horses. I have at this instant some reasons (besides whats before mentioned) to differ it for another opportunity, remaining

Your Ladyships most obliged servant,

Upton, November 12th, [1672]. THO. BROMLEY.

My sister presents her humble service.

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230. *Sir Thomas Baines to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 69. In the hand of an amanuensis.]

Inner Temple,
Decem. the 19th, 1672.

Most Honoured Madam,

I JUST now come to the knowledge that your man John going into the Country to take leave of his friends will return by Ragley. I thought it would be very ill manners to lett him present himself to your Ladyship without a letter from either of us, and your Brother Sir John Finch being now abedd and asleep, must necessarily be excused so that that Province is devolved upon me, which I willingly undergoe because my Duty tells me I ought to have sought for the occasion. Madam! we are bothe still in England, I nayled to my bedd for these five weeks by the Gout, having only serv'd your Brother in dispatching his Domestick affayrs. Your Brother constantly abroad in dispatching his affayrs with others, we are both almost now come to a period, so that I expect in the middle of next month to be going. Our Voyage will be by land as far as Legorn, being in the way to call at the Duke of Savoys Court at Turin, from thence by command we are to goe to Genoa, whither His Majesty hath sent your Brother with an angry message, which will cause his stay there I beleive a fortnight or three weeks; from thence we are to goe to Florence to dispatch a small businesse upon His Majestys account. Then to Legorn where a Man of Warr called the Revenge[1] I think is to attend him and carry him to Constantinople it self. It is a very fayr ship of 66 Gunns which is now a fitting out. It takes in His goods, and part of His servants here, and will have orders to attend Him untill he comes to Legorn, and I beleive it will be the latter end of March, or the beginning of Aprill before we shall be there. Thus much as to our Voyage. I know your Ladyships desires to understand something of the Employment. Your Brother has covenanted with the Turky Company to stay six year. His sallary pay'd by the Turky Company is Tenn Thousand weighty Dollars a Year, two thousand every quarter before hand, and two thousand every New-Years day for a new years gift, but his pay begins not untill he arrives at Constantinople. These ten thousand weighty Dollars are really according to Exchange worth two Thousand Eight Hundred Pound a year. Over and above this the Turky Company payes his Chaplain a hundred Pound a year, his Secretary for Merchant affayrs two Hundred Pound a year, neither of which your Brother hath changed, they both being now upon the place. And my Lord Arlington together with the Turky Company having interceded for them, more then this the Turky Company allow him upon their pay two Drugger men[2] Interpreters, and five Genessarys,[3] and if at any time he takes the least Journey for them, the Turky Company are at the Chardges of the Tents, Carriages, Retinue, and all other Expences. The last Journy that Sir Daniell Harvey took for the Turky Company put them to the Chardges of seventeen thousand Dollars, nay if he hath a present made him, he may send to the Treasurer of the Companye to reward the Messenger, so that he is to be at no Chardges but to maintain and pay his Family and his House Rent. His family I adjudge will be about thirtye two,

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[2] Charles Coke, Lady Conway's amanuensis.

[3] Henry Hammond, the biblical commentator, author of the *Paraphrase and Annotations on the New Testament* (1653).

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[1] They actually sailed on the *Centurion.* The log book of the voyage is in the British Museum (*Sloane MSS 2439*): *A Journall or Relation of a voyage from England into the Streights or Mediterranian Sea, being bound for Constantinople, with the Right Honourable Sir John Finch, Ambassador for his Majestie Charles the IId . . . By mee, Charl's Wylde, Captaine, Febr., 1672/3.*

[2] Dragomans.

[3] Janizaries; cf. p. 139 n.

two Pages and twelve footmen in Livery, which he hath made very rich, one Livery serving him the whole six year, because they wear them only when they goe out, and when they come back they putt them off. As for his Wine the Turk allowes him seven thousand measures of wine Customs free. He in his owne house can spend but two thousand, so that selling the other it will pay the whole cost of his wine. Other Provisions as I am informed eccessive cheap, save only butter which is very deer; Partridges being worth about a penny apiece, a Pheasant or a Capon about five pence or six pence; Mutton, Veal, and Beef, five farthings or three halfpence a pound, wheat Eighteen pence or two shillings a Bushell, Barlye at five pence the Bushell, and fish of all sorts extraordinary good and extraordinarye cheap, a Gentleman assuring me that a fresh sturgeon of an Ell long he did see it sould for a Crown. And it is well that all things are thus, for your Brother layes out here in England in order to his Embassye and other things no less than two thousand five Hundred Pound. His Cloaths are very rich, his plate amounts to thirteen hundred Pound, more by half, than ever an Ambassadour carry, which he doth that at an Entertainment he might not blush, knowing very well that when he is invited by the Emperor, French or Venetian Ambassador, they will be all serv'd in Plate, and he is resolv'd not to be inferiour to any of them, and indeed in publick things where the Honour of the Nation is Concern'd, Parcimony is a great fault. Now as to our pleasure during our stay there we have contriv'd it thus. Our Conversation shall be, with the Craftyest and most ingenuous Jesuitt we can find, with the sobriest and most stayd Patriarchall man of the Greek Church to whome if your Ladyship please to add the arrantest and cunningest knave amonge the Jewes we can light upon, say our Conversation is made compleat. A house we shall take upon the black sea, and keep a Barge a purpose to carry us thither and to goe fishing in as often as we shall take delight and because Turky is no place for Coaches we supply that defect with a Couple of very handsome Seddans which we shall carry over with us. Thus we contrive to sweeten our stay there by as many wayes as we can suggest, not leaving behind us our Library to entertain us in our most sober thoughts but that that contributes no little matter to the pleasure and content of this Voyage is the security of our pay, being no Court pay, but full out as certain as if I had a hundred pound Rent chargded a year out of the Manor of Ragley, so that there is nothing of bitternesse is in it saving that of our friends Company, amongst which your Ladyship is the Chois, but indeed an unusefull servant as I was like to prove to your Ladyship; my Lord and all others should rather take his leave than be turn'd away, and so do I most humbly of your Ladyship. Beseeching Almighty God to take away from you what is bitter to your Lips and encrease in you what is sweet and comfortable. I rest

Most Honoured Madam

Your Ladyships most Humble and obedient and
most faithfull servant
THOMAS BAINES.

231. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 128. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley these."]

Madame,

This is to returne your Ladiship thankes for your many great favours at Ragley, and to certify you of my good journey. They kept me by violence because of the raine so long in the house that I despaired of getting any further than Southam that night. But the motion of a spring the more it is pressed it being as Mr Boyle sayes the stronger, when I was lett goe, it made me reach 7 or 8 miles further then myself hoped. I got to Dantry[1] and the rather out of some hopes to heare of some of Sir Heneages Family there. But he has a steward there that does all for him. I sett out in the rain, and it rained pretty smartly a whyle, but after surceased, and I had no more raine all my journey. And having gott to Dantry the first Night, I had so much time before me the next day that I went to Thorp to see Mr Mansell[2] and to tell him that I heard lately by my Lords servant that his son was well and how well he likt Ireland. I thought I had not gone passing 2 or 3 miles out of the way to make that visitt. But towards evening I enquiring of them how many miles it was from thence to Cambridge, they told me it was 30 miles. But however the next day, though much of the way was exceeding bad, we made shift to gett to Cambridge by six a clock, and yett din'd by the way at Huntingdon where I found myself to have a very good stomack. Which I imputed to Mounsieurs Medicine. And my friends I called upon by the way sayd I look'd better then I have done this long time, and I told them there was good reason for it, I come out of the hands of so excellent a Physicion. Indeed I believe this Hellebore is a marvailous good medicine if it be given in its due doses, especially joined with exercise. Which I wish your Ladiship could add thereto. It would thereby be much more effectuall. A friend sent me a letter in my absence about the middle of November, with a paper containing the summe of proposalls by the King of France to the protestants of his Kingdome to reunite them to the Church. I will send you the whole paper transcribed very shortly when I write to my Lord, that you may know Monsieur Vanhelmonts judgement of it. But the papyr is part of a letter from a professour of Divinity in Sedan to Mounsieur Herrot, Minister of the French Church in London, dated 3 Octobr, 1672. I have returned the *Speculum Justitiae* to your Ladiship with my many thankes for it. Your Ladiship will be pleased to send the Appendix to Madame Summerfield. I left two of them in my chamber. I shall be here a faythfull steward of your charity you intrust me with according as we concluded at Ragley for the disposing of it. Thus with my hearty prayers for your Ladiships better health, I abruptly take leave and rest,

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted servant,

Hen. More.

C.C.C. May 9, 1673.

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[1] Daventry in Northampshire, where Heneage Finch at this time resided.

[2] Cf. p. 346.

P. S.
I was thinking to write to Monsieur Van Helmont, but I thought it over grievous to add the vexation of my scribl'd hand to all grievances I have done him at Ragley. But your Ladiship will be pleas'd to present my affectionate service to him, whose excellent primitive-Christian conversation I never behold nor remember with out a great deal of love and admiration of him. I am every ways so oblig'd to him that I am like a desperate debtour that can pay nothing at least for the present. But if there ever be any opportunity of doing him any reall service that lyes in my power, I shall doe it with all gladnesse. In the mean time I must turne him over to your Ladiship to supply my defects. Mr Standish is this very morning gone into the country but will be back within this moneth. I shall mention that businesse to Dr Cudworth in the mean time, who with his wife presents his humble service to you. And the two young Gentlemen your Nephews present their humble duty to you. They are in good health and have hitherto behaved themselves very well. But their Tutour is this very morning gone out also not to return till Whitsunday. So that my arrivall to Cambridge was not unseasonable. I pray you Madame present my kinde respectes to Mr Bromley when he sees you. I am sorry I could enjoy his good company no longer.

232. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 73.]

My ever Honour'd and Dear Lord,
I AM now leaving England, which though I forsake with much regrett, when I reflect upon the severall endearments which have made deepe impression upon my temper, yet I must avow to your Lordship that I quitt it with the lesse uneasiness when I consider the necessity of my Dear Sisters retirement from all conversation, and the convenience of your Lordships choice in fixing your abode in Ireland. I have not troubled your Lordship with the frequency of my letters, since they would have bin but so many Allarm's of my departure, which for so long a time, I perswaded my self would not be acceptable to your Lordships thoughts, which I have ever found so full of affection towards me: and concern for me in whatsoever could evidence the height of kindnesse. My Lord I should show myselfe very ill acquainted with the generous Method of your dispensing your favours if I should long insist upon my humble acknowledgments: Therefore I shall onely once for all assure your Lordship that no heart can be more sensibly touch'd nor more perfectly at your Lordships devotion then mine, and nothing in this World can ever bring me greater satisfaction then the increase of Honour to your Lordship and Health to enjoy it.

This is the third time I have left my Native Soyl. If God Almighty makes me so happy as to return once more to your Lordship I shall then thinke tis time to fix at home and leave of all thoughts of further Wandring. But if my Life by its period abroad putts one too to my Travell, I beseech your Lordship to believe that you have lost the most faythfull and zealous servant the World yet ever was possess'd of. On Friday the 24th I am to take yacht at Dover for Calais, and so through France I shall go to Turin, Genova, and Florence (where I have particular Commands of buisinesse from His Majesty). At Legorne the Centurion meets me, and then I am to imbarque for Constantinople. God Almighty make your Lordship happy beyond your own wishes, and send us one meeting more to the unspeakable comfort of

My Ever most honour'd Lord

Your Lordships most humble and most faithfull servant

JOHN FINCH.

Inner Temple, May the 14th, 1673.

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233. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 130. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester these. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the three Nunnes in Bedford street in Coven Garden London."]

Madame,

THIS is onely to acquaint your Ladiship that I am returned from London, and have agreed with two Booksellers for the printing of my Translation. But the badnesse of the times and the considerations that it had been already printed here in England in English made them allow me but very mean conditions for the copy. I am to have but 25 copies of them gratis, nor will they promisse to deliver them bound, and yett I am bound to buy 100 copies of them half as deare again as they cost, though there be but 525 copies printed in all. But I believe they will print them well. But they are to begin not before the first of September, because they stay for a new letter which is not yett finished. After the preface the little book of Synchronism shall be printed. For it will make the whole volume more easy and pleasant. The graver commends the draughts, and is a good workman, but he has a minde to exercise his phancy something more then ordinary on the last draught which I am not against, provided it be guided by my approbation. The writing in these Tables is most troublesome to him, but I hope he will performe all very well, I shall have the proofs here at Cambridge to correct them. Mr Standish[1] is not yett returned. I wrote to him this very day to know how he does, whether he be againe fallen sick or noe. I have taken no Hellebore this 2 months at most, but now I intend to return to it againe. I had not the luck to finde Mr Boyle at home when I went on purpose to see him, but by good fortune this last time I met with him in Paul's Church yard, where we saluted one another very kindely. I was heartily glad to see him in so good health. I phancy'd he lookt as well as I have seen him look these seven yeares. I thanked him for his book but had no discourse about the points in it. My Lady Clifton your syster went into the country when I was at London. Mr Attorney and his Family I left very well.

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[1] Thomas Standish, a close friend of More's and Cudworth's, was Fellow of Christ's from 1653 until 1714—the longest fellowship on record.

And if I could once heare any comfortable newes of your Ladiship's health, it would be an extreme contentment to

Deare Madam

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

C.C.C. August 12, 1673

The two young Gentlemen are well and present their duty to your Ladiship. I pray you Madam when do you expect my Lord? I hope he is well and in good health though he be not come over.

234. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 132. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Auster. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street in Coven Garden. London."]

Madame,

I did not write immediately upon the receit of yours Aug. 29,[1] because I foresaw I should have the enclosed Figures to send you. Which I thought might be a little divertisement to your Ladiship, and not an unacceptable object for Mounsieur Van Helmont to spend his judgment on, how well the graver has followed his copies. Surely your Ladiship and Monsieur Van Helmont mistake the mention of the bargain I made at London, if you think I pay for the whole Impression. For I have 25 copies that cost me nothing, and buy but 100 copies of the 500, and not at such a rate as they usually sell such small Impressions at the booksellers, that is twice the value of what they cost at the printing house, but onely half as much againe, in that proportion that 3 is to 2, so that if a book for example, stand them at the printing house, papyr and printing 10s, I shall pay fifting[2] shillinges, and I thought this was a better way then to pay one fifth part lesse then the booksellers would sell it for. But if I have any books myself it will not prove very much I hope. I thank Mounsieur Van Helmont kindly for his offer of assistance for vending my part. But the price I cannot tell nor they neither till it be done, and we know how many sheets it will make. But the largeness of the sheet may be known, and how many lines in a side by Mr Medes last edition, which your Ladiship has. They are to print it such a letter and such a margin every way. The Title page as neare as I can recall it to minde I have sett down, and inclosed with the other papyrs. The printer promises to print 3 sheets a week, But I have not one sheet yett, he wanted some letters from the caster but now he is resolv'd I shall have three sheets every week. Mr Standish is at last rturned to the Colledge, and I have imparted that businesse to him, the scruple is the obnoxiousnesse of it to obloquie, otherwise he lookes upon it as a desirable thing. But the truth is, my occasions are for the present such that, if I had such a dispensation, I could not well make use of it till this buisinesse is over, that I am so full off. I can heare every day from

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[1] The letter is not extant.

[2] *Sic.*

London here, and send every day. My Scribe is all the day long with me to write, but it would be unreasonable to take so much time from any one els, though I must confesse I have as strong inclinations to be at Ragley as any one can easily have to have me there. But I must attend my maine affaire with all care or els I cannot pacify my own minde. Peganius his Translation is safe in my hands still with the little discourse. I made no motion yett to my bookprinter, to print it, though I intend to do, when my book is about half finished. I mentioned the book of [Metails?] to Mr Kettilby, but he sayd he had one already to print if he would, but he does not venture on it. I intend to gett Mr Standish to peruse Peganius his Translation and discourse (I tell him it is Von Rosenroth) to see what he will say to it and then I will send Monsieur Van Helmont further notice. I am glad my Lady Clifton is likely to have so good company at London, but I am not likely to be there God knowes when. Its much Sir John has not written to you all this time. I heard he was well when I was with Mr Attourney, but I have forgott from what place he writt, and whether it was from him or from some other hand that the newes came that the Constantinopolitan Patriarch has declared for Transubstantiation. I heard indeed that Sir Robart Murray did not dye worth an 100 li, as also that a revenue of 800 li per Annum was some way withheld from him for some plainesse and honesty of his to some great person which is needless to name, but from what hand I heard it I have quite forgott. He was indeed it seems to me honourable necessity. He is gone where he will be better used. But I never heard but the Kinge was kinde to him.[3] I am for the present much encumbered in buisinesse, but if it please God we live till next summer I shall endeavour if it be possible to visit Ragley. I am sorry to hear of your Ladiships illnesse still, and cannot desist from earnestly desiring you a great enjoyment of health. I saw not Mrs Foxcroft the last time I was at London I should be glad to hear Madame Summerfield has gott by good by the waters. Thus wishing my Lord a safe voiage and your Ladiship better health I humbly take leave and rest,

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Sept. 20, 1673.

I pray you Madame present my very humble and affectionate service to Monsieur Van Helmont. I forgott to tell you I have made mention of him in my Preface as the accommodatour of me with the papyrs of Adam Borellius[4] which I suppose he will not take ill though I forgot to tell him I would do so. The enclos'd papyr I intend onely for your Ladiship and Monsieur Van Helmont, but I do not phansy that they should be publickly taken notice of in the house, especially by gaping G. K.[5]

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[3] Sir Robert Moray died suddenly, July 4, 1673, and was buried in Westminster Abbey at the King's expense. From the time of his break with Lauderdale,—to which More evidently refers—his fortunes declined. Wood says of him (*Athenae Oxoniensis* [1721], II, 725), "Though presbyterianly inclined, he had the king's ear as much as any other person, and was indefatigable in his undertakings."

[4] Adam Borellius (Boreel), one of the early leaders of the Amsterdam *Collegium*. Stoupe, in *The Religion of the Dutch* (1680), says (p. 26): "The Borellists had their name from one Borrell, the Ringleader of their sect, a man very learned, especially in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latine tongues. He was brother of Monsieur Borrell, ambassador from the States-General to his most Christian Majesty. These

235. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 135. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Wait at the three Nuns in Bedford street in Covent Garden."]

Madame,

Now I look on the date of your last letter, I am ashamed it has lyen by me so long unanswered. But I have been so extremely taken up with fitting copy for the presse that the time slip't from me before I was aware. I am glad the Tables I sent gave your Ladiship so good divertisement. That the graver added no more art to the copy was Monsieur Vanhelmonts fault who drew the copies so well that there was nothing to be added. There is no need of altering any thing in the opened book. For all the seales but one are to be open'd in the first Table, and that one also in the second and last. So that it is well enough for the designe as it is, namely to be a note of distinction betwixt the order or series of the visions of the seal'd book and those of the opened one. By Monsieur Van Helmonts compute, this volume will have 1600 pages. But according to my compute at London, I did not conceive it would come to much more then half so much.[1] I do not print neither my *Dialogs* nor my *Apologia*. They told me it would cost for printing 20 shillings a sheet. But there can be no compute made of the price aforehand. I am hugely beholden to Monsieur Vanhelmont for his readinesse to assist me in getting off my share. But the impression is so small and my Additions so considerable taking in also the Alphabeticall Index I intend to make to it, and my Mystery of Godlinesse so scarce, that I am little solicitous of the vending of my share, and care not to lett them ly.[2] If it may chance to rise in its price, it is my advantage, if not its no disadvantage to me, who make no use of the little money I have. There is time enough to consider these thinges. If I could gett them to doe as they have done these last two weeks, work 4 sheets a week, I should hope my book would be finish'd within lesse then a year. P.[3] his Epitome of my *Immortality, etc.* is in Mr Standish his hands. There are mistakes here and there by reason of his not being perfect master of the English tong, and some of the arguments in his little discourse of preexistence are to be consider'd, but all shall be fitted right before it goe to the presse, which will be soon enough when my book is half finished. I am sorry Monsieur Van Helmont has his health no better. I beleeve he wrongs his body with too much hardship which is a fault as well as being too indulgent to

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Borrellists do for the most part maintain the opinion of the Mennonites, though they come not to their assemblies." More translated one of Boreel's hymns which he included in the *Annotations* upon Rust's *Discourse of Truth* (1682), pp. 271–276.

[5] If this refers to George Keith, the tone is very different from More's usual references to him.

[1] The volume actually has 908 pages, exclusive of the Index.

[2] In the manuscript the last word has been written twice.

[3] Peganius.

it. A mean is best. I think of Ragley oftener then he imagines by reason of Lute stringes I had off Dr Ridsley,[4] which Mr Van Helmont gave him and is consequently a benefactour to me. Which makes me very often place the scene of my thoughts at Ragley, when I play on the lute. Which is usually once a day and the onely relaxation I have from the continuall intensenesse of my buisinesse. I wish myself oft at Ragley, but it is impossible that either soul or body should be in two places at once. I am glad Madame Sommerfield is so much recovered. I would I could once hear the like good newes of your Ladiships, it would be life from the dead. But that infinite wisedome that sitts at the helm knows what's best for us all. I have enclos'd the verses, your Ladiship remindes me of. They are few but in virtue of them, you will remember no lesse then 7 Synchronals, if you take notice that Cortex stands for the Cortex Signatorum as well as Cortex Virginium, and Pith for the morning witnesses and for the slain witnesses, or their carcasses lying in [the] street of the great Citty.[5] By the comparing the verses with the Tables, your Ladiship will easily finde out the meaning of them. I have nothing more to add for the present but my hearty wishes for your Ladiships health, and the subscribing myself

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humbly and affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. November 1, 1673.

I should be glad to heare my Lord is safely returned to Ragley. Your Ladiships Nephewes present their duty to you. I pray you Madame present my humble and affectionate service to Monsieur Vanhelmont.

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236. *Lord Conway to Arthur Capell, Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*

[*Stowe MSS 203*, f. 209. Published in part in *Essex Papers* (*Camden Society*), edited by Osmund Airy, 1890, pp. 144–146.]

May it please Your Excellencie.

I HAVE presumed to write to your Excellencie the 18th and the 22th and to Sir Arthur Forbesse[1] the 18th and the 25th, so that I have not omitted any post since

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[4] Worthington wrote to Brereton in 1666, *Diary*, II, 207: "Last week I delivered my polyphon to Mr. Haak, to be sent with other things to your lordship. I know none in London but Sir Fr. Prujean and Dr. Ridgeley that play on it and they commend it for a sweet solemn harpsichord."

[5] The handwriting throughout this passage is almost indecipherable. The reference seems to be to the engravings which Van Helmont made for More's *Visionum Apocalypticarum*, in his *Opera Omnia*, I, 21. The words *Cortex* and *Pith* are used frequently by More in his apocalyptical writings to indicate the difference between the literal and the parabolical meanings of a prophecy. In his *Plain and continued Exposition of the several Prophecies or Divine Visions of the Prophet Daniel . . .* (1681), p. 285, he expresses the difference thus: "The Reader must learn to distinguish betwixt the *Cortex* and the *Pith*, betwixt the *Rine* and the *Pulp* of these Parabolical or Symbolical Visions."

[1] Sir Arthur Forbes, first Earl of Granard. In 1670 he was a member of the Irish privy council, and was appointed marshal and commander in chief of the army. In 1671 he was one of the lord justices.

I came to towne, nor shall I omit any, if my Letters are of any service or entertainment to your Excellencie.

The Dutchesse of Yorke came to Whitehall on Wensday last, the King brought her up from the Barge to the Queen's Presence Chamber, and stopt in the outer drawing roome, till the Queen came to the dore of the Presence Chamber to meet her, the Duke of Yorke led up the Dutchesse of Modena,[2] and as soone as they were entred the Presence Chamber, the King called for a Chayre for her, upon which my Lady Suffolke, my Lady Falmouth, and the rest of the Ladyes to the number of 20, that were of the Nobility ran out of the Roome, as thinking themselves of equall quality to the Dutchesse of Modena, and that night the King sent to the Duke to desire that she might not be in the Roome when the Ladyes came to kisse the Dutchesse of Yorke's hand, which was order'd accordingly. I went with my Lord Keeper and my Lord Tresurer on Thursday morning, when they kist her hand. She is a proper hansome Lady, she hath very good eyes, very good features, and a very good complexion, but she wants the Aire which should sett off all this, and having been bred in a Monastry,[3] knows not how to set one foot before another with any gracefulnesse. I observed that though many commended her in their discourse to the Duke, yet none wisht him ioy, nor would the City be brought to make Bonfires.[4]

What I writ last to *Sir A. Forbes*[5] I have from *Speaker* and *Treasurer* but *Orrery* is of opinion *Parliament will sett* and that *King having made sure of the mony will endeavour to get more of Parliament.*[6]

Speaker and *Treasurer are enemies to Herbert*[7] and swore to *Conway* that from the day he was *Secretary to Essex they would push at Essex.* I have had many debates with my selfe whether I should write this to you, or not, and at last I resolved that though it should ruine me in your favour, yet I would preserve my integrity and tell you truth.

I cannot omit one passage which probably your Excellencie will not have from any other hand, it is that upon Wensday last before the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, Sir Thomas Littleton[8] reproacht my Lord Treasurer, and calt him a Cheat, upon which all the Lords Commissioners rose up in great disorder. The occasion of it was this, The Victuallers of the Navy presented to the King a Patent for a new contract, my Lord Tresurer said that to present a Patent privatly to the King with clauses which the Lords Commissioners had expunged, was to cheat the King, to which Sir Thomas Littleton answer'd that it was no more a Cheat then his Lordship was that said it. Yesterday all the old Victuallers of the Navy were turned of, and a new Contract made with others, the old ones were all admitted to speak to the King, except Sir Thomas Littleton, who it is thought will be sent to the Tower, next Councell day, which is not till Wensday.

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[2] Princess Mary of Modena.

[3] Mary of Modena had dedicated herself to a religious life, so that a papal dispensation was necessary to permit her marriage.

[4] The marriage met with pronounced opposition not only because Mary was Catholic, but because of her relation to the French party and of the influence which the King of France had had in bringing about the marriage.

[5] The italicized passages are in cipher.

[6] "A vote was carried, after a prolonged and most interesting debate, to refuse supply before the danger from Popish councillors, and other grievances, were removed, unless the obstinacy of the Dutch should render it necessary." Note by Osmund Airy in *Essex Papers,* p. 145.

[7] William Harbord, son of Sir Charles Harbord, secretary to Essex. Instigated by Conway and others, Essex gradually turned against him, fearing that Harbord was embroiling him with factions.

[8] Sir Thomas Littleton, second baronet, father of Sir Thomas Littleton, Speaker of the House of Commons and treasurer of the navy.

The Duke of Buckingham's Regiment and the Earle of Tyrones, were order'd to march back into Ireland, but last night the King order'd the Duke of Buckinghams Regiment to stay, and will not yet resolve of sending them back.

On Munday next the King hath appointed to heare in debate the Committee for Forrain affaires, Whether the office of Master of the Ordnance in Ireland, shall stand, or fall into the office under Sir Thomas Chickeley[9] in England.

Last night my Lord Tresurer carryed me to my Lady Shrewsberryes, where there was Nell Gwyn, the Duke of Buckingham, and Mr Speaker, about three a clock in the morning we went to Supper, were very merry, and drank smartly. I wish I knew how to write your Excellencie all our good discourse, for I assure your Excellencie that I am with the greatest sincerity imaginable

Your Excellencies most obedient and most devoted servant,

C.

London, 29, November, 1673.

His Excellencie the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

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[9] Sir Thomas Chickeley was made one of the commissioners for administering the office of master general of the ordnance, with John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton and Sir John Duncombe in 1664. On June 10, 1670, he was made master general of the ordnance, which post he resigned in 1674.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Quakerism

I.

SHE was one," More once said of Anne Conway, "that would not give up her Judgment entirely unto any."[1] Even in her youth, he had noticed with quiet pleasure that she thought for herself. Grateful though she was for direction, candidly acknowledging herself wrong again and again, she had never been merely a follower. But when More, thirty years before, had urged her to think her own thoughts and follow her own reason even when it stood in opposition to authority and tradition, he had not guessed the direction in which her independence would finally lead her. Both he and John Finch had warned her in youth against her native tendency to "melancholy." Neither of them had thought it necessary to warn one who suffered almost constantly, against that twin bugbear of the seventeenth century, "enthusiasm." These two words ring like a refrain through all More's work; the states of mind they implied had been his chief concern throughout his life, for they were to him responsible for the theological and philosophical extremes, the mental and spiritual unrest of his generation. In "enthusiasm" and "melancholy" he had sought the explanation of contemporary fanaticism and atheism. It was not the melancholy of Jacques to which he objected—Jacques who could "suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs," nor the "divinest Melancholy" of *Il Penseroso*. With such melancholy More had much in common as he sat in the cool dusk with his theorbo, his body in his Cambridge cell, his soul at Ragley; or as his lamp was seen at midnight hour, while he "outwatch'd the Bear with thrice-great Hermes." He knew "enthusiasm" too. But even when he was, as he himself said, "half-mad with pleasure" in his delight in Nature, he was yet not wholly mad—as the Familists and Seekers openly boasted themselves to be in their delight in God. The "divine gale" which More felt breathing through his life was, he believed, true *enthusiasm*—"the God within." What he had fought against all his life was never the breath of the spirit, but the false wind which scorched the "hungry sheep"; everywhere about him he saw them, innocent themselves, carried away by specious leaders, "rot inwardly and foul contagion spread." Save for one brief period of youthful asceticism, More's "melancholy" and "enthusiasm" had been little more than the native state of a poetic, mystical mind, a speculative and curious nature, no more dangerous to himself or others than the ponderings and considerations of his great contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne, who in Norwich lived out a life closely similar to

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[1] Ward, *Life*, p. 200. Part of the chapter which follows is founded upon the article in the *Philosophical Review* referred to, p. 306 n.

More's, wrapped up in books and nature, in meditations on death and immortality. The poetic temperament they shared drove them to lives of seclusion, made them love the "storied windows" and the pealing organs of great cathedrals, the ivy-covered walls and close-clipped lawns of college quadrangles, the symbolism of broken urns and inverted torches, and the mystic meaning of the number five. But it was a temperament characterized above all by sweet sanity and a never ceasing love of truth. There was no lack of emotion in More or Browne, no quiescence, but an intellectual excitement and a spiritual passion that breaks through the simple language of prose in rapturous pleasure.

Years before, his fundamental sympathy for Thomas Vaughan's "Platonism" had made More's strictures against Vaughan's "enthusiasm" more severe. Though he would perhaps have denied it, much the same thing was true in regard to his attitude toward Quakerism. Modern students, with the advantage of an historical perspective, can see that early Quakerism was but one aspect of a widespread religious movement, can distinguish between the true Society of Friends and some of the absurdities which surrounded it. But to their generation, the "Quakers"—the very term was, of course, derogatory—seemed one with the Familists, the Seekers, the Ranters. All were fanatics—a crew of shreds and patches who offended the "linen decency" of religion and violated with their every utterance that fine toleration and moderation toward which More had directed the labors of his life. These groups of supposed wastrels and vagrants, who held their meetings in barns or fields, or by the side of the road, whose itinerant preachers (some of them women!) chanted with glowing eyes anthems of inspiration and revelation, who filled the prisons of the land, yet in the midst of indescribable filth and bodily suffering, retained their enthusiastic belief in the special dispensation of God to them—what could they have in common with Doctor Henry More, Fellow of Christ's College in Cambridge, scholar, gentleman, and poet?

Yet the modern student can see what More himself never entirely realized, though he had a suspicion of it before he died—that Henry More and the Quakers were integral parts of the same movement, two inevitable aspects of a whole. In his life and in his work, More had challenged the extremes to which he saw religion going during the years of the Commonwealth and the early Restoration—the aridity and lifelessness of the Church of England, the bigotry and narrowness of the Puritan sects. In a wilderness of sham and hypocrisy, More and George Fox alike called aloud for veracity. The language and the accent were different, but the message was the same. Surrounded by formalism, both longed for simplicity; in the midst of arbitrary authority, both sought for truth in spiritual inwardness. "The light within"—it is as familiar a phrase in More as in the Quakers. Not in creed, articles, bishops, priests, is authority to be found, but in the soul of man, which, a little copy of the Divine, is likest God himself. What God is that other whom man must propitiate with formalities performed with head or knee, though not with heart? What is lip service, if the soul is not filled with the breath of the spirit? To both More and the Quakers, true religion in these latter times had been smothered by a mass of irrelevant detail. Both sought a return to what they loved to call "the primitive times of the Church," to the essentials of Christianity. The doctrine which each taught in his different way was closer to the original gospel truth than England had known for many a decade. Most of all, the similarity consisted in the emphasis of both upon *moral effort.* They offered to their times, in place of a metaphysic so involved that the average mind despaired of ever comprehending it, a code of morals, practical and lucid as that of the Gospels, expressed in language which often recalled the homely figures of the parables.

There were, however, differences, which at first obscured the similarities to More, as to the Quakers; not only differences of education and training, for many of the Friends were men of gentle birth, trained in the universities; but differences of emphasis and method. Except in George Keith, one finds in the early Quakers no such pondering on philosophies and historical similarities as in More and his school; and George Keith's profound interest in such problems, much of which he gained through More and Van Helmont, was the beginning of his apostasy. His too precise thinking on the meaning of terms which the Quakers constantly employed—*reason* and *revelation* and *the light within*—which began in long talks at Ragley, echoes through every sentence of his later attack on Quakerism in *The Deism of William Penn.* More important still was the disagreement of More with at least the later Quaker leaders in regard to their theory of the nature of man, with which their theory of the nature of God was inseparably bound. In the early days of the movement it is difficult to say with certainty what theory of man's nature the Quakers held; the answer must be sought in the individual Quaker. Yet while the movement remained vital and experimental, one cannot help feeling in the naïve and spontaneous ejaculations of its early professors, particularly in Fox, a full and firm belief in the essential goodness of this man who is a little copy of the all-good God. If in those early days More and the Quakers might have seen eye to eye, and understood that in spite of their differences, their message was essentially the same, far different might have been More's influence with them, and—one ventures to believe—different too the history of Quaker doctrine. With Robert Barclay, however, a man of as high intellectual caliber as the Cambridge Platonists, a profound change came over Quaker doctrine, the result of Barclay's Scotch temperament no less than of his theological training. Barclay, in spite of his intellectual gifts, took what was for that day the most backward of steps. The descent to Avernus was easy; but for two centuries the history of Quaker doctrine affords evidence of the difficulty of return. For Barclay went back to the conventional medieval doctrine of Augustine in regard to the nature of man. "Man by nature, man as he is *man,* is corrupt and fallen."[2] For thirty years Henry More had fought against this "false" and "perverted" view of human nature. In the history of ethics he occupies an honored place as one of the earliest English thinkers to state clearly a position in opposition to the conventional view which generation had offered to generation. In the history of thought he is one of those who saw far off the dawn of modern theology, modern education, modern man. With the Quaker doctrine, as it was formulated by Robert Barclay, More could never agree; yet there was much in the movement which he came to admire, when circumstances forced him to consider it with care. It is a tribute to his high integrity and his devotion to truth, that the very circumstances which might have embittered him toward the Quakers led him at last to acknowledge their fundamental sincerity.

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[2] Cf. Rufus Jones, Introduction to W. C. Braithwaite, *Second Period of Quakerism* (1919), p. xxxi.

II.

In 1667, during one of More's long visits to Ragley, the chief topic of conversation had been the cobbler-poet of Silesia, Jacob Boehme. Worthington wrote to More in January, 1668:[3] "I believe you had your ears full of Behmenism at Ragley; for when I was at London, I met with one, who was to buy all Jacob Behmen's works to send thither." Interest in the Silesian prophet was not new in England, but the growth of that interest had been extraordinary. There was much in Boehme with which More was in accord; and indeed it is significant that his attitude in his letters is on the whole sympathetic,[4] but the element in the Silesian theologian which appealed most strongly to Fox and the early Quakers[5] was the one which most estranged More—the curt dismissal of Reason as but a "guide of the night." In the free exercise of Reason alone, More saw hope for the world, release alike from atheism and fanaticism. To him therefore Boehme remained, in spite of his insistence that "honest Jacob" was sincere, one of the many victims of *enthusiasm,* "in the number of those whose imaginative faculty has the preeminence over the rational."

But to Lady Conway, as to the Quakers, Boehme made a profound appeal; nor is it necessary to apologize for the effect upon her receptive mind of this man whom Isaac Newton was said to have shut himself away, the better to understand,[6] and whose philosophy Hegel later characterized as "one of the most notable attempts, on the part of a profound, yet uncultivated man, to grasp the in-nate nature of absolute experience."[7] But Boehme prepared the way at Ragley for reading of a more dangerous sort. Throughout More's letters in this period, two initials have grown increasingly familiar: "H.N.," which the initiate whispered stood for "Homo Novus." In reality they were those of Henry Nicholas, "that much-begodded man," as More called him, the founder of the Family of Love—the "Familists" who were More's pet detestation, and to whose influence he with many others traced the origin of Quakerism. The movement had spread from the continent to England, where its second period may be seen, and where, removed from its founder, it undoubtedly took on some of the characteristics against which More protests in his letters, which were inevitable in any popular interpretation of its central doctrine of *love*. But Lady Conway saw in the Familists, as later in the Quakers, only the best aspects. Her physical disabilities kept her from any first-hand knowledge of the extremes of such a contemporary sect; her imagination was captured by the impassioned language of Nicholas, as by that of Boehme. Eagerly and ardently, she studied the tracts of Behmenists, Familists, Seekers, and Quakers.

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[3] Worthington, *Diary and Correspondence,* III, 287. It is possibly significant that at his death Worthington left to Mrs. Foxcroft—who was at Ragley during these discussions—"what pieces" he owned of Boehme's works. See III, 370.

[4] More wrote an introductory poem for Durand Hotham's translation of Boehme, *An Introduction to the Teutonick Philosophy* (1650). As a result of the discussion of Boehme at Ragley, More published in 1670 his *Philosophiae Teutonicae Censura,* which is devoted largely to Boehme. Both here and in the *Divine Dialogues* (1713), pp. 456 ff., he suggests that the obscurity of Boehme's style will prohibit his having a wide influence; yet on the whole More is sympathetic.

[5] The influence of Boehme upon Fox is generally recognized by his biographers. See Braithwaite, *Beginnings of Quakerism,* pp. xliii ff., and Robert Barclay, *Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth* (1876), pp. 213 ff.

[6] Margaret Bailey in *Milton and Jakob Boehme* (1914), p. 80, quotes a statement made by William Law in a letter: "Sir Isaac did but reduce to a mathematical form the central principles of nature revealed in Behmen."

With Van Helmont's arrival at Ragley came other new interests. That insatiable mind sought constantly for new fare, and pamphlets in German and Latin as well as English arrived from correspondents in London and over the seas. Many of these he must have read to the Viscountess in those long hours when she could not herself read, translating, expounding, enlarging. The nomadic life of the scholar gipsy had brought him into contact with people and ideas which in Lady Conway's cloistered ears awakened echoes of a fascinating world. He was a fantastic person, bristling with paradoxes, as Leibniz said, full of strange imaginings, a living embodiment at once of the charm and the danger of *enthusiasm*. His own religious tendencies were mystical. On the continent he too must have come in contact with many of the leaders and disciples of these various sects, all of whom like himself found their chief emphasis in religion upon "the light within." Many of his interests and beliefs had run parallel to those of More and of Lady Conway; his vocabulary was curiously similar, but his emphasis was different, for Van Helmont did completely whatever he undertook. Under the spell of a new enthusiasm he was restrained by no such moderation as was constantly apparent in More. He had for many years been a close and eager student of the Neoplatonists and the mystics, and his interest in all of them, as in cabbalism, went farther than More's had ever done. He had plunged into the occult mystics, into the followers of Hermes Trismegistus, into the Pythagoreans, the Paracelsans, and the Rosicrucians, with indiscriminate enthusiasm. It was not without reason that his contemporaries associated him with the quest of the universal medicine and the philosopher's stone. He was, if ever man, a part of all that he had met; and the ever widening arch of experience beckoned him constantly on to other interests in men, in books, and in the laboratory. He refused no challenge of novelty. Nothing human—and very little superhuman!—was alien to him.

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[7] In a letter addressed by Hegel to his friend Van Ghert of Amsterdam, thanking him for the gift of Boehme's works. Quoted by Elizabeth Haldane in an article on Boehme and Hegel in the *Philosophical Review* VI (1897), 146.

Whether he had come in contact with Quakers and Quakerism before he arrived at Ragley, we cannot say.[8] Certainly if he had already known Quakerism, his interest before he came to Ragley had been only intellectual. His background of mysticism, his own interest in Boehme, however, so well prepared the soil that when a group of Quakers began to hold their meetings not far from Ragley, it was inevitable that they should have attracted the attention of this ever curious individual.[9] Stopping occasionally at their meetings, he returned full of enthusiastic interest, mingled at first perhaps with amusement, to pour it out dramatically to the Lady Conway in her chamber. Yet in spite of possible amusement it is clear that Quakerism from the beginning attracted him greatly. In its essentials, the emphasis upon the *light within,* the belief in unmediated human communion with the Divine, the casting off of shackles of convention with which this spontaneous individual had never felt sympathy, Van Helmont's theology, like More's, had much in common with Quakerism. Unlike More, he was oblivious to inconsistencies of dogma. Himself the soul of inconsistency, he shared the engaging talent of the White Queen of being able to believe six impossible things at once. With his limited command of English, he could have been no precisian in speech, and much that disturbed More in Quaker phraseology left him unmoved. Since, too, he lacked the characteristic British reserve, the fervor and passion that offended More's sense of decorum may well have stirred the emotional foreigner. Gradually the physician from the Hall, in his queer, outlandish dress, became a figure so familiar as to cause no comment at Quaker meetings. Lady Conway wrote to More on November 29, 1675:[10] "Monsieur Vanhelmont is growne a very religious Churchman, he goes every Sunday to the Quaker meetings." More than one itinerant preacher may have found himself held by the charm of those glowing eyes and the quaint flavor of the foreign idiom as Van Helmont debated excitedly some point of doctrine.

Yet for a time at least his interest remained external, though rumor was quick to suspect his conversion. More than once More wrote anxiously to inquire into the truth of a rumor that Van Helmont was holding Quaker meetings at Ragley, or that he had altered his dress or language. Each time, however, reassurance came, and, persuaded that the interest at Ragley was, like his own, entirely intellectual, More settled down again to his labors. Circumstances conspired to delay him from his expected visit to the Hall: the demands of the printers detained him at Cambridge until winter had made the ways impassable; spring and summer brought a succession of troubles, particularly the illness of two of his relatives at

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[8] Doctor Darrow conjectures that he had done so.

[9] Quaker meetings were no novelty in Warwickshire, for "the Truth" had sprung up in that county through Fox himself in 1645. Richard Farnsworth reported in 1655 that he found "near a hundred" in attendance at one meeting—probably the Baddesley community. Cf. Braithwaite, *Beginnings of Quakerism,* p. 42.

[10] See p. 409.

Grantham, of whose cases he wrote in detail to Van Helmont. Visitors of many sorts served to occupy his time. On one memorable occasion, he had had the pleasure of entertaining in his chambers Conway, Finch, and Baines. The inseparables, who had returned to England in 1671, had spent some seven months at Ragley, before they started on a visit to friends in various parts of England, antecedent to their departure on the longest of their journeys, when Finch became his Majesty's ambassador to Constantinople. What a meeting it had been there at Christ's College, after so many years, More's letter shows.[11] In spite of his worry that he had offended the company, because he had neglected to provide as much wine as the mode demanded, it had been a merry occasion. He had been delighted to find Sir Thomas—Finch had at last secured the title for him—far from being "almost ready to give up the ghost" as letters had led him to believe. "Though his legges fayle him," reported More, "yett his tong walkes as free as ever, and is very good company on that account." And, adds his tutor fondly, "Sir John is really the best company in the world."

These were not the only visitors who sought him out. The names of Quakers become more and more familiar in the pages of his letters. George Keith had been to visit him several times; Robert Barclay made tentative overtures toward friendship; John and George Whitehead spent a long evening of argument with him; and through George Keith, More began a correspondence with William Penn, which reflects only credit on both of them. All these matters form the substance of the letters from 1672 to 1675, years externally calm enough, but fundamentally full of intellectual and spiritual excitement for Van Helmont and Lady Conway.[12]

237. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 230. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Wayt at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street in Covent-Garden. London."]

Madame,

THIS is to acquaint your Ladiship that I have received both your letters. It is your Ladiships great undeserved kindnesse to me that you expresse so much desire of my being at Ragley, and I am so seriously sett on that intention, that I have designe within this weeke or two to sett two more scribes on my copy, that I may have it all fitted for the presse before my intended journey. Which if I do not I should not leave Cambridge with so serene a minde. Wherefore your Ladiship sees I am in good earnest if it please God to cast in no other impediments. But I cannot stay long at Ragley when I am there. What Mr Van Helmont desires me to doe touching Borelius I have done already. I call his book in my preface and in my book Adamus Borelius.[1] I thank your Ladiship for sending mine to my Lord. Mr Rawdons son has also writt to him, but neither hear anything from him since nor have any reason to expect it, his Lordship being so exceeding full of buisinesse in this juncture of affaires. As for my health it is something better I thank God then when I wrote last. The ayre was then very flatt and fulsome and it was the time that my sizour fell sick on the small pox, and as I suspected he would, dyed of them, to the great sorrow of his friends. For he was a good hopefull lad and civill though not so convenient a sizour for me, as I have had heretofore, but he was just now to go out Bachelour at Christmas. He had had the pox two days, before he knew he had them, much lesse any one else. Which was the case of my own Nephew here once, but yett God be thanked he escaped. There was not much matter touching Mr Vanhelmonts case, onely I was out of conceit with my self that I was in such a silly stupid case as not to take notice of such an opportunity to returne it. I commend Mr Vanhelmonts sagacity in declining the trouble of reading a book, that would prove something tedious to him by reason of it being so full of old scholastick Metaphysicall Notions: but it is, to give the Authour his due, a rationall attempt of making out by argument what others strongly incline to by the force of Imagination. I have perused most of the book. There is a peculiar witt in it, but nothing occurrs to make me in the least maner inclinable to your opinion, though I think he has done as much to the purpose as any one has or can do in that subject.[2] That I wrote you concerning Monpesson is very true. To what pittifull shifts are the grosse spiritts of this age putt to, or what a divilish designe do some men drive in these thinges. Your two Nephews are well and present their humble duty to your Ladiship. Thus wishing you renewall of strength, and health this new yeare I humbly take leave and rest,

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[11] Pp. 356 ff.

[12] Because of the marked difference in the correspondence before, during, and after Lady Conway's conversion, I have prefaced each section of this chapter by a brief introduction. See pp. 409, 433, 449.

[1] See p. 373 n.

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

Hen. More.

C.C.C. Jan. 10, [1674].

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238. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 137. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountesse Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire these. Leave these with Mr Waite at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street, Covent-Garden. London."]

C.C.C. Febr. 23, 1673–74.

Madame,

I had not been silent so long since the receit of your last, but that I had a desire of procuring an authentic copy of a story Mr Francis Robarts told me here of an Apparition, when he was here at Cambridge, the most Philosophicall one that I ever heard of before. His brother writt to him at least a fortnight agoe to send him the narration of it in the most accurate and authentick maner, but he has as yett onely sent word that he has send into Cornwall to procure a true and exact narration of it, and I fearing it may prove longer a comeing then I was at first aware off, could absteine noe longer from writing to your Ladiship, and differr that till another time. When it shall please God I shall come to Ragley, I will stay as long as I can, but I must spend some time in Lincolnshire and some at London before I can come to Ragley, And I must make an Index to my book which I cannot doe so well I phancy as here at Cambridge, where I have begun it. But they goe so slowly on at London, though I have 3 scribes here at Cambridge as I told your Ladiship I would have, that I cannot have so cleare a prospect into my businesse, as to define much time to any less to stay at Ragley. I am very sorry your Ladiship has so little intermission from your inveterate distemper. And I would not that you should adde any further affliction to yourself by over much anxiety touching the welfare of your friends abroad. We must wholely confide in God Almighty and turne all to his disposall. And Sir John his Excellency and Sir Thomas they are skill'd in Physick, and men of prudence and caution, old travellers and know as well as any I think to provide for themselves and their safety, which with Gods blessing, will prove effectuall. But to committ ourselves and all that belonges to us to God is the greatest heart ease that I know. The affaires of this world are but as the working of the clouds, if we cast but our eyes of them awhyle and then look on them againe, they are not the same. And all that I know we are to do in this scene of Mutability [is] to keep ourselves fixt in what is holy and true which is immutable, and never fayles. I am as impatient to see Mounsieur Vanhelmont as he to see me. I hope sometime this summer I shall have the opportunity to kisse his hand at Ragley. And it will be till then before the wayes will be tolerable for travailing it has been such a strange season this long time for wett. I am sorry Mr Peganius has been so very ill, he over labours himself, with that double load of civill employments and his studies. Mounsieur Vanhelmont should give him good councill in that respect. What my Lord writt to you concerning the peace[1] we see proves true to our great satisfaction, but the unexpected proroguing the parliament is a great abatement, to most of that joy. Our affairs are very unsettled, they are the happiest whose content depends not on this outward world. I writt since to my Lord but had no answer, my letter indeed requiring none, but we please ourselves here that it may, with other thinges, make it seem hopefull that we may have the happinesse to see my Lord here at Cambridge when the wayes are better. Michael[2] was here the other day, and was talking as if he had an inclination to try his fortune in Holland. I think the lad has a fanaticall bumble bee in his head, but for ought I know, may mean well, and I liked him the better because he had not forgott the kindnesses Mr Vanhelmont had done him and offered him at Ragley. With my affectionate service to Mounsieur Vanhelmont, and hearty desires of hearing some good newes of your Ladiships health, I abruptly take leave and subscribe myself,

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[2] It is impossible to conjecture what book this was.

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[1] Charles had made a separate peace with the Dutch, signed at London, February 19, 1674. Conway wrote to Essex in cipher, February 17, 1673–74 (*Essex Papers*, 1890, p. 175): "I believe that when *Peace is ratified with Holland, Parliament will be prorogued, and some months after dissolved by Proclamation. One blow Court party in House of Commons is afraid off, that Holland will insiste upon it to have the Peace ratified by Parliament.*" On February 24, he wrote again, this time not in cipher (pp. 179–180): "I need not use many words in acquainting Your Excellence with the surprise which all men have had at the Prorogation of the Parliament this morning to the 10th of November next. I shall only say, that all our great men have taken occasion to professe publickly they knew nothing of it. I never saw such a consternation as was among the members of both Houses; every man amased and reproshing one another that they had sat so long upon Eggs and could hatch nothing."

[2] See p. 393. His last name is never mentioned.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most humbly and affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

239. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 139. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley these."]

Madame,

I forbore to write immediately to your Ladiship upon the receipt of your last, because my Lords groome was so soone to come to Cambridge by whom I intended to write. And I have now according to promise sent you a copy of that story I mentioned in my last written by the party that saw the Specter, with Mr Rolle, as the writing plainly implyes. Which Mr Roll is a merchant now residing in Spaine. The character of Mr Mayon in my Lord Robarts letter, is that he is a man of a good understanding and competent estate and that he was till this conviction in utter unbelieve of any apparitions as he told my Lord Robarts in his discourse with him. The description of this Specter in his shroud or winding sheet is according to the mode of Spaine. Which Mr Mayon never knew nor heard of, so that it could be no phancy of his, but an externall object. He professed to my Lord Robarts that he was in such an infernall Agonie that his tongue could not expresse, haveing besides the externall terrour such internall Horrour of minde that he would not undergoe the same again for one moment though he might gaine the whole world by it. It is not express'd in the papyr, nor in my Lord Robarts letter, but Mr Charles Robarts told me, it was thought there was something more then ordinary betwixt the Merchant and Donna Maria. And now Madame you have all that belongs to this story as compleat as I. I am exceeding sorry your intermissions are so small, because that is your Ladiships unhappinesse, my want of your letters onely my own. They are very slow-placed at London still. I had but 2 sheets this last week though I wrote so earnestly. I am very well satisfyde with the Civility of my Lord's letter, which is sufficient compensation for the pains I have taken with the young gentlemen, whose proficiency I have endeavored with more care and earnestnesse then I ever used to any of my pupills or nearest relations, but my intention of getting them with Mr Standish to eat our Fryday night supper together, though I attempted it, yett I saw it was even as good to lett it fall, foreseeing it would signify little. And I have taken up now a resolution wholy to absteine from supper on Fridays. But I have given an account of the young gentlemen both here and such as I hope will not be unacceptable to

My Lord. If they should stay any time and Mr Mansell with them at Ragley, I wish he would assist them in reading my Enchiridion Ethicum, which I had an intention to doe, because I remember Sir George was well pleased with the Book, as your Ladiship told me, but the Elder is able to read it by himself, and help the younger to. I am very glad to hear Peganius is so well recovered, he must not over work himself now he has gott on his legs againe. If Mounsieur Van Helmont please to keep that letter from Peganius for me till I come to Ragley, it will be as convenient as if it were sent hither, and then I shall consider it and some other thinges that I differ till then, but in the mean time to present my service to him most affectionately. I am very glad to heare Sir John his Excellency is safely arrived to Constantinople and that your Ladiship is in a faire way to hear from him ere long. That Discourse of Mr Bromely[1] may be an handsome and usefull discourse. If my memory fayle me not the Bishop of Dromore once in our chappell had a touch on that subject. God willing, I shall sometime this summer endeavour to wayt upon your Ladiship, but I cannot say just when, nor how long I shall be able to stay. A man can manage his thoughts as he please but externall actions that depend upon other mens performances also are so uncertaine, that no man can reckon unlesse it be, as is sayd without his host. Which is an uncertaine way of reckoning. But I shall continue as well as I can to approve my self in this as in all thinges to my power.

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. April 12, 1674.

I pray you Madame present my very affectionate service to Monsieur Van Helmont, and Mr Bromely if he be still at Ragley. I wish your Intermissions would permitt your Ladiship to recall to minde the acquaintance you had with Copernicus his Hypothesis, the motion of the Earth, that you might examine Mr Edward Rawdon in it when he wayts on your Ladiship. I used that as an argument to him to be well skill'd in the Hypothesis.

240. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 141. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire these. Leave these with Mr Wait at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street, Covent-garden. London."]

Madame,

THIS is to make good my promisse which I made to your Ladiship in my last: of writing to you at my returne out of Lincolnshire. Which I do accordingly, haveing stay'd out just a fortnight and no more according as I told them I would here at Christ Colledge. I hope your Ladiship is satisfyde with what I wrote in my last touching my comeing this summer to Ragley. I will make amends, God willing, by staying longer with you next Spring. I found my Cousin Hall in the countrey very much afflicted with the stone or strangurie especially. I know not what to call it. I would Monsieur Vanhelmont had been there with me. But however I have made bold to send up my Cousin Hall's case to him, inclos'd in this letter to your Ladiship, if he please to consider it, and can finde out any thing that can give him better ease. He findes some good by that prescription of Sir John Finch. But he is ever and anon in great agonies by reason of the terrible paine of his urine. If Monsieur Van Helmont can direct to any thing better, then what he has hitherto made use of from Physicions, he will hugely oblige me thereby, as also if he will suggest what is most proper and effectuall for a cancer in the breast, neare ulceration, which another of my Relations I find troubled with in the Countrey, my Neece Ladde. Thus free am I to trouble Monsieur Vanhelmont. Which I should not be, were it not that I should be as ready to serve him in any thing that lyes in my power. I long till I see Peganius his letters, but I am not hasty yett to have them sent hither, till I have fram'd a letter, which will take me some time, to my Lord Chief Justice Hayles,[1] in answer to what concernes me in his two late bookes of Hydrostaticks and the Torricellian experiment. I hope I shall convince him of my principium Hylarchium or Spiritus Naturae[2] as well as I have Henricus Regius.[3] In the meane time I should be very glad to hear of your Ladiships better health then which there can come no better news to,

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[1] See pp. 279, 370.

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Jul 17, 1674

My Cousin Hall desired me to present his very humble service to your Ladiship and to my Lord if he be still at Ragley. I pray you Madame also present mine to my Lord if he be not yett gone for Ireland, and also to Monsieur Vanhelmont. Mr Rawdon also desires his duty to be presented to you and to my Lord if he be not gone.

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[1] Sir Matthew Hale published in 1672 *An Essay Touching the Gravitation or Non-Gravitation of Fluid Bodies, and the Reasons thereof;* and in 1674 *Difficiles Nugae: or Observations touching the Torricellian Experiment.* More replied in *Remarks upon two late ingenious Discourses . . . so far forth as they may concern any passages in his Enchiridion Metaphysicum* (London, 1676); Hale responded with his *Observations touching the Principles of Natural Motions, and especially touching Rarefaction and Condensation . . .* (London, 1677), which was published posthumously.

[2] More's *principium hylarchium* or "spirit of nature," one of the most characteristic features of his philosophy, is defined by him in the *Immortality of the Soul,* Bk. III, chap. ii, par. i, as "a substance incorporeal, but without sense and animadversion, pervading the whole matter of the universe, and exercising a plastic power therein, according to the sundry predispositions and occasions in the parts it works upon, raising such phenomena in the world, by directing the parts of matter, and their motion, as cannot be resolved into mere mechanical powers."

[3] Henricus Regius (Henri le Roi), professor of medicine at Utrecht. Regius was originally a Cartesian and the leader of Utrecht Cartesians; in 1640 he defended the Cartesian doctrines in public debate. Later, however, he was disowned by Descartes because of his distortion of Cartesianism into materialism. (Cf. Descartes, *Works,* ed. Adam and Tannery, XI, 672–687.) Henceforth Regius became one of the most powerful figures in the anti-Cartesian movement. More refers to him in several of his works, particularly in the *Immortality of the Soul,* Bk. II, chaps. iv, x, xv. Regius' early opposition to More may be seen in *Henrici Regii Ultrajectini Philosophia Naturalis* (Amsterdam, 1654).

241. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 143. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Waite at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street. Covent Garden."]

C.C.C. August 11, 1674.

Madame,

THIS is to acquaint your Ladiship that I have received your letter with the papyrs enclos'd in it. Since my last my compositour has fallen sick, which has stopt my buisinesse at least a week, but God be thank'd he is now well againe, and at his work. I writ today to persuade Mr Macock to sett on two more compositours, but I feare I shall scarce prevaile, and by this argument, because in November I am to go into Warwickshire. But how ever being your Ladiships pleasure is such, and your arguments not unsutable, I shall as soone as they have printed of my book and I send them up my Index, be fitting myself for Ragley, and shall send you word, but it will be exceeding inconvenient to stir hence before. Because I intend God willing to visitt your Ladiship so soone as I have dispatched my book and sent up my Index, I think it better the papyrs from Peganius lye still at Ragley till I come, and I shall peruse them and spend my thoughts on them there. What your Ladiships sayes, that Mons. Van Helmont will finde very few persons if any that have so great a value for the writings of the Jewes as himself or will think the publishing of the book of so much consequence as he does is to me hugely possible. But I think the publishing of the Zoroasticall writings will appeare of more moment and more desireable then the Talmudicall, they being a greater rarity and of such a nature that few have any ability or genius to deale with them by reason of their invincible obscurity, which if they be either totally or in a good part disinvolved of by the paines of Peganius, the Rarity of them, methinks may make them more desireable then those of the Talmud, they being of another nature and more ordinarily known. And this is the opinion of others besides me. And Peganius himself seems not to be unaware of. That doubt which he expresses in his letter to Mr Vanhelmont, whether that Suede meant some other German besides himself, that the edition of the Zoar was expected of, I can easily free him from. For I dare say it was Gerelius a Bishops son of Suedeland to whom with others skillfull in the Hebrew tong and Rabbinicall learning, I after dinner at my chamber communicated Peganius his designe to them, so as it was expressed in the papyrs I have from Mons. Van Helmont, and as I remember I have either writt or told your Ladiship of it. I am confident it is the Suede, that has spoke of this buisinesse, and therefore by the German he must mean Peganius. And I would have this fame the immediate prodrome[1] to the performance, and laying all other thinges aside to finish the Zoharasticall writings first. This is fully my judgement and I wish Peganius all good successe in it. As for my kinswoman I do not perceive that she phancyes her Cancer uncurable, though its very likely she contracted it by Melancholy. And therefore he will much oblige me if he please with the soonest to communicate that Medicine that he has cured others with, and will also send the [siendor ?][2] for my Cousin Hall with directions how to use both. And I can spare him some of my own Hellibore, to try how it will do with him. The maner of my Cousin Hall's life is very orderly and sober, he is no debauchee at all. For I suppose in reference to this he enquires after the maner of his life. I am glad to hear of Mr Foxcrofts recovery, he was thought by all I spoke with in a desperate condition, though I must confesse when Dr Cudworth and I went to give him a visit he did not seeme to be so to me. Madame I give you many thankes for acquainting me how it is with Mr Milwards son.[3] If he be so ill fitted for a students life as Mr Mansell is informed from Mr Grover[4] his master, it will be an injurie to the lad to prick him to this course of life, and therefore by all meanes they should finde out some other course of life for him. And he being so weakly for him to miscarry at my hand will be very grievous to me. And besides, which yett is the more tolerable of the two, he would fayle of that serviceableness that I expect from my sizour. All which considerations putt together make me conceive I am far from that promissed courtesy I intended to Mr Milward, which indeed would be a discourtesy as thinges are.

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[1] A favorite word of More's in the sense of *prologue* or *forerunner*.

G. Keith the Quaker about ten dayes agoe was with me. I understood he had a minde to give me a visitt by one R. Barclay[5] a great friend of his and of the same sect, who visited me first and acquainted me with G. Keith's designe. I would have made this R. Barclay supp with me, but he seem'd sometimes inclinable and sometimes off againe. I told him he was affrayd I should pervert him and turne him off from his Quakerisme. But I perswaded G. Keith when he came, both to supp with me and dine with me next day, and had I believe 9 or 12 hours discourse with him, and setting aside his Schismaticallnesse, which I roundly told him off, and the ridiculous rusticity of that sect, I found him a man very considerably learned, of a good witt and quick apprehension, and which is best of all, heartily breathing after the attainment of the new life of a Christian. He is very philosophically and platonically given, and is pleased with the Notion of the

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[2] More is possibly attempting a German or Dutch medical term.

[3] This may have been a son of the Joseph Milward who was admitted pensioner at Christ's under More in 1638. Several persons of the name—most of them sizars, as this boy must have been from More's later references—matriculated at Cambridge at the time of this letter, none of them, however, under Grove. Collett Milward, who migrated from Pembroke to Trinity in 1677, was the son of a William Milward of Lymington, Warwickshire. In the correspondence between Rawdon and Conway (*S.P. Ireland, 1663–65*) one Milward is frequently mentioned, apparently as going between Ireland and England; on one occasion (p. 462) Rawdon reports Milward's pleasure that Conway is considering employing him at Ragley.

[4] Possibly Robert Grove, Fellow of St. John's College since 1659, later Bishop of Chichester. No "Grover" appears in the Christ's College lists at this period.

[5] Robert Barclay, the great apologist, who had become a Quaker in 1667.

Spiritt of Nature. He after a [time] beg'd of me one of my Enchiridion Metaphysicum, which I tooke the handsome opportunity to give him because he gave me a little book, which he had told into English, of the Orientall Philosophy, and particularly of the profound wisdome of Hai Ebn Yokdan.[6] He read a Ms of his own to me of which he desired my judgment which was occasion of discourse as we went on with it, but it would be too tedious to me to write and your Ladiship to read in my scribbling hand an account of all our discourse at that time. I shall differ it till I have opportunity to discourse with your Ladiship with more ease at Ragley. In the mean time praying God to give you more ease from your pains I committ you to his gratious keeping and in much hast take leave and rest,

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

H. More.

242. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 145. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Edward Wait at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street. Covent-Garden. London."]

Madame,

I received your Ladiships letter and the box of medicines about a week agoe from London. They were sent thither very conveniently for my comming to London if I had held my Resolution of goeing thither, but I sent your Ladiship the reason of my not holding that resolution in my last if it came to your hands. I am now better in my health God be thanked, though my paine is not quite gone yett. I sent the box of medicines to Grantham by the carryer yesterday, and returne your Ladiship and Mons. Vanhelmont many thankes for this great favour. I pray God give good successe to the takers of them. I have writt to Dr. Clark[1] to possesse my kinswoman with as high an opinion of the Medicine as may be, and have writt to her myself to certify her of the [reputation] and fame Mons. Vanhelmont has over all Europe, if it may contribute to the efficacy of the medicine. And I have signifyde Mons. Vanhelmonts advise to my Cousin Hall, touching the hazard of over much strictness and sobriety, and how to use his Hellebore. I copyed out the directions carefully, into 2 severall papyrs, and sent them to them severally accordingly. And I hope through Gods blessing they will finde good of them. I have had but two sheets from the presse this fortnight, but yett my printer does very earnestly promisse me that he will not fayle to dispatch by the time agreed on. They had some little thing to do for the present. I was speaking not long since with Dr

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[6] *An Account of the Oriental Philosophy, shewing the Wisdom of some Renowned Men of the East, and particularly The profound Wisdom of Hai Ebn Yokdan, both in Natural and Divine Things. . . . Writ originally in Arabick, by Abi Jaaphar Ebn Tophail, and out of the Arabick translated into Latine, by Edward Pocock, a Student in Oxford. And now faithfully out of his Latine, Translated into English, For a general Service* . . . (1674).

[1] See p. 98.

Cudworth about the Zoar coming out first, and he sayes that designe is much more considerable then the other. The Authour of that book I writt your Ladiship word of is not a Jew but a Mahometan, for it ends with an Apologie for the Mahometan Religion, as, though none of the best, yett best suted to the meanesse of the capacity of the people. I think the two sentences he putts in his Preface out of it, are two of the cheifest thinges that made him sett any value on the book, and the one is, Preach not thou of the sweet savour of a thing thou hast not tasted. The other, The Sun being up, there is no need of Saturne. I am glad to hear of my Lords safe arrivall in Ireland, and of his good health. Mr Rawdon is well, God be thanked, and comes diligently to his Cartesian lecture, we are just now gott through the 3 first parts of his *Principia*. He desires to have his duty humbly presented to your Ladiship. I heard here that Mikel had gott into black clothes and into orders. He was lately here in town but did give me no visitt. I am glad he is not so wilde, but that he can conforme and read the common prayer, if he be in good earnest and can be humble enough, the man for ought I know may do well enough. I am glad Bindon parsonage was settled before my Lord went over. And I hope my Lady Clifton will make some stay with your Ladiship, she will be good chearfull company for you when your paines will permitt you to enjoy it. Thus with my humble service to her and to Mons. Vanhelmont, with abundance of thankes to him for the box of medicines, I committ you to Gods gracious keeping and rest

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Sept 17, 1674

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243. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 148. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley, near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Waite at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street Covent-Garden. London."]

C.C.C. Octobr. 19, 1674.

Madame,

SEPTEMBER 17th I wrote to your Ladiship which was not many dayes before I received a letter from Mr Cook by a scholar of our Colledge, which made me neglect the answering of it, it coming so presently after the letter wherein I had wrote of the very thinges that letter mentions, namely that I had received the Box of Medicines, and sent them into the country. I differ'd to returne my Cousin Halls thanks, and my Kinswomans, till I heard something further of the successe. But upon the very Receipt of them, I was order'd to returne their many thanks, both to your Ladiship and to Monsieur Van Helmont. My Cousin Hall, what is due to the noble Doctour as he calls him and to the Apothecarie, he desires me to defray and he will repay it to me againe. But as for my Kinswoman I shall stand responsable for her. But now Madame, to informe Monsieur Vanhelmont of the effect of his medicines. They have neither of them used them long. My Cousin Hall writes of his sugar that he can not take it every hour, as the directions are, for it would quite take away his stomach for eating or drinking, but he takes the Hellebore punctually according to direction. And the account of himself is briefly thus in his own words:—But my stomach encreaseth little, neither doe I find much change as yett, my water comes sharp and often, and my goutish humour brought upon me, but in the maine I think myself something better. But he himself imputes it, and rationally, to the shortnesse of time that he has used the Medicines. And chronicall distempers do not go off so fast. What effect the medicine has had upon my kinswoman, I understand by a letter from Dr Clark, her physicion, who was once my pupill, who writes thus: Octobr. 7th, Mrs Ladde began the use of Mons. Van Helmonts medicine, which produced no alteration in her till the Sunday following, she has been these three dayes ill at her stomack, hott and thirsty, with frequent shootings in her breast, and not onely on the cancer'd part, but likewise round about it there are many little angry pustulats, first red, afterwards maturated on their heads. And he writes further that she desires me to procure Mons Van Helmonts further advice what is to be done in respect of these or any other symptoms, which he apprehends may ensue, and whether he would order gentle purging or bleeding for she sayes there is very apt to be a fever or paine. Dr Clark in his postscript writes also thus: The cancer it self seemed to me since this medicine hath been applyde to be a little softer and lesse and that part which was ulcerated is almost dryed up, so that I persuade her to continue the use thereof. This is the whole account I receiv'd from Dr Clark whose letter bears Date Octobr. 14. Your Ladiship will much oblige me if you will be pleased to gett Mons. Van Helmont to write by Mr Cook further directions touching this case, with what convenient speed may be. As the buisinesse is represented by Dr Clark, I conceive there is no small hopes of the cure. Which I shall be very glad of upon a double account, it tending so much to the Monsieurs credit, as much as to the ease of my Kinswoman.

My pains and shooting in my left foot, is, I thank God, in a maner quite gone, and my nayle workes off leasurely. And it was a good Providence to me that I had that paine when I had it. For if I had been at the Instatement of the Chancellour,[1] and at the supper when there was such abundance of wax candles and crowd of people, and no windows open for ayre, it would have done me I know not what mischief, a friend of mine when he returned from thence told me, Its well Dr More was not there, it would have gone to killed him. And indeed I am glad I escaped the huge trouble and the danger. I have writt to my printer as chiding a letter as I could possibly without downright railing to hasten him to make an end of my book according to promisse, and urged him to tell two compositours on to redeeme the time, he says the book is 40 sheets more then he expected, but however he sent me word by Mr Kettilby, that if it be no more then I have signifyde to him, he hopes he shall dispatch within the time, but they have been extremely delaying of late, though I have urged againe and againe my occasions of going into Warwickshire, about the latter end of November. As soone as I am free, I shall be ambitious of waiting on your Ladiship and Mons. Vanhelmont. In the meantime I desire my thanks and the thanks of his Patients, my Relations be most amply returned to him, and that you would be pleased to communicate to him the contents of this letter. My Cousin Hall presents his very humble service to your Ladiship and your Nephew Mr Rawdon his humble duty. He expects every week when he shall be going but in the meantime I look to it that he looses no time whyle he stays and therefore I have begun to read to him Des Cartes Dioptricks. I wish heartily to hear the good newes of your Ladiships better health, then which nothing could come more acceptable to

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[1] Cf. J. Bass Mullinger, *History of the University of Cambridge* (1888), p. 162: "At the desire of Charles himself, the university in the same year (1674) elected the Duke of Monmouth to the Chancellorship. Monmouth was deposed from his office by his father in 1682; and after his rebellion in 1685, his picture was burnt by the yeoman bedell, and his name erased from all the lists of university officers. 'Fickle Cambridge' was taunted for its servility by one of its own members, George Stepney, of Trinity College, who recalled:

'With what applause they once received his
Grace,
And begged a copy of his god-like face.' "

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

Sir Robert Southwell has lately brought a Nephew to the Colledge.[2] I had the Honour of having him at my Chamber at a dish of Commons there some 3 or 4 dayes agoe, with an old acquaintance of his in Ireland.

244. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 149. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Waite at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street. Covent-Garden. London."]

Madame,

THIS is onely to acquaint your Ladiship that I have received your last letter which Mr Cooks letter mentiones, and after a very few days after sent an answer to it. Wherein I gave farther intelligence how it was with my kinswoman. With this letter of Mr Cooks I received also a paper of Medicines. Which I will send to Grantham with the first safe opportunity. Tomorrow sennight our Lincolnshire carryer will be here, to which time I rather chuse to stay, then venture it by the post, for feare it should miscarry, and then that would cause thrice as much delay and I know not how much more. Dr Clark is a good safe discreet person and therefore I hope there will be no inconvenience in this delay. When I send the Medicine I shall also send the directions in Mr Cooks letter. I have used all imaginable earnestnesse with my Printer to keep his word with me, that I may wait on your Ladiship and on Monsieur Vanhelmont at the time intended, but he has for almost these three moneths together, employ'd my compositour so, that he has done but half weeks worke. I have chid and taken on in severall letters with so much passion, that I was even ashamed to make show of so much as was needfull, but it is like kicking and spurring of a tired jade or Cambridge Hackney, a man makes a great deal of doe to little purpose. But yett this last week they have sent 4 sheets, whenas they had promissed six. But I have writt this very day as rouzing a letter as I can to get another compositour sett on, and have 8 sheets a week, but I cannot be over-confident of any great effect it will have, they haveing bejaded me so often and so long. I wish it may procure six sheets a week. I have forty times more trouble in printing a book then I have in writing one. But patience must carry one thorough all. But you may be sure I will use all the best meanes I can to hasten them, that I may be the sooner in a capacity to wayt on your Ladiship. In the meantime with my many thanks and affectionate service to Monsieur Vanhelmont, and hearty wishes for your Ladiships better health, I humbly take leave and rest,

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[2] The only Southwell who appears in the *Alumni Cantabrigiensis* for this period is Richard, pensioner at Clare, admitted 1678. More's reference is perhaps to Edward Southwell, who in 1690 published the English translation of More's *Enchiridion Ethicum.*

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

Hen. More.

C.C.C. November, 2, 1674.

245. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 258. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire these. Leave these with Mr Wait at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street in Covent Garden. London."]

Madame,

I did not immediately write upon the receipt of your Ladiships last bearing the date of November 13,[1] because I expected ere long the Lincolnshire carryer out of the Countrey, by whom I have now intelligence that the Medicine came safe to my Neece Ladds hands and that she has sent half of it to my Cousin Hall. But she has not yet betaken herself to the use of her Medicine again, she being so much discouraged by the paine and feaverishnesse that accompanied the use of it. And therefore at this returne of the carryer I wrote verbatim out of your Ladiships letter what concernes that to encourage her. Dr Clark writt to me word a little before that, that she would take courage and take it againe, but she had not done so at this last returne of the carryer, but she promisses she will, and this out of your Ladiships letter I hope will prevaile with her. I heard nothing from my Cousin Hall this time which I wonder at. But my Neece I suppose did not send this Medicine by a messenger on purpose as the former, and so we hear not so soone from him, but I writ to him this last returne of Rubbins, that your Ladiships enquired after his health, and what good effect he found in the Medicines, and desired

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[1] This letter is not extant.

[him] to send word by the next returne of Rubbins. We all account ourselves very much obliged to Monsieur Van Helmont, whatever the success be. I have had an horrible pudder with my printers to hasten them, and now after so much negligence, Mr Macock has engaged that I shall have 6 sheets a week, which will make some satisfaction, but it will not finish my book till after Christmasse. At this rate, so far as I can compute it will take up near two moneths. And then I hope I shall be free to wayt upon your Ladiship. I have now gone quite thorough Des Cartes Dioptricks with Mr Rawdon, and made him understand them from the beginning to the end, the Machine for making glasses not excepted. I was thinking also to impart to him the Mathematicall Demonstrations how the rayes in a Parbolicall Speculum must necessary be reflected to one focus, as they are refracted to one focus in an Ellipsis or Hyperbola, but this being something harder then what concerns the Ellipsis and Hyperbola in Des Cartes, I think it better to decline that designe and proceed immediately to Des Cartes Meteores, that we may not be idle whyle the young Gentleman is here, and I perceived by My Lord that he had a minde that Mr Rawdon should go quite thorough Des Cartes Philosophy, and his Meteors is so little a part that we may likely goe thorough it before My Lords order come to transplant him to the Inns of Court. Which I believe will much gratify him. For he has expected it a good whyle. He presents his duty to your Ladiship. I am very sorry your fitts are so frequent and still so violent, but it is some ease to me, that all thinges work for the best to the good. When I heare out of the Country I shall againe write to you. In the meane time committing you to Gods gracious keeping I take leave and rest

Deare Madame

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Dec. 3, [1674]

Madame I pray you present my humble service to Monsieur Vanhelmont. I am much obliged to him in many respects, and I am the more sensible of it, my affairs going so crosse that I can not serve him so timely as I would.

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246. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 266. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire these. Leave these with Mr Wait at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street in Covent Garden. London."]

C.C.C. December 9, [1674].

Madame,

I RECEIVED yesterday a letter from my Cousin Hall, who thinkes himself very much obliged to your Ladiship that you would concern yourself to enquire after your poor servant. He differr'd writing in hope he should be able to give some better account of himself then he can for the present. But he sayes he has been this fortnight very ill, full of paine, his urine very sharp, his bed restlesse, with the paines of the gout and other paines, notwithstanding he has observed the directions given him very strictly to this very day. He sayes he feares he has an ulcer and strangurie. He sayes his Physick makes him not one jott hearty. He sayes his water is so hott and sharp that it makes those parts sore and swell. He says, That he rosts pome[gra]nate Apples and putts them into faire water and makes apple drink and drinkes it, and he sayes he uses a milk diet, and that within those three dayes he has voyded much bloud by urine. This is the whole of the account my Cousin gives of himself. But is very sensible of your Ladiships and Monsieur Vanhelmonts kindenesse to him. I hear from Grantham also that my Neece makes use againe of the plaisters. I suppose it is from what I communicate out of your Ladiships last letter. But from Dr Clark I hear no more then that she is as she was at his last writing to me. But in a letter Decembr 3 my Nephew writes thus, Though my sister be advised from Ragley to proceed in the use of her plaister, yett I doubt she needs further advise what to doe; for besides the paine and disturbance it hath given her, it has much encreased the bignesse of the soar which is all in such a fretting distemper. This makes me tell Dr Clark that he must judge upon the spott. And I beleeve he does not deale so openly with me as he should, out of a nicenesse to displease me. Because of my great opinion I have expressed of Monsieur Vanhelmont. So that I am something at a losse what to doe in the case, and dare over sensibly presse the use of the plaister up on my Neece. For feare of the worst. I am under the surgeons hands myself for a sore in the very instep of that foot, that chaff so, and was so hott and fiery, and drew on a new nayle. And this came merely by a little too rudely scratching my instep. My flesh heretofore was very easily to be healed, however this alteration comes. But I hope I shall gett thorough it. My printers begin to send me six sheets a week, but brokenly at first. They have sent me six sheets but two are the same. But I hope they will go on in good earnest. Mr Rawdon and I do so in our Des Cartes Meteors. He humbly presents his duty to your Ladiship. With my affectionate service to Monsieur Van Helmont, wishing your Ladiship more ease and health, I humbly take leave and rest

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant

HEN. MORE.

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247. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 151. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Waite at the three Nunns in Bedford-street in Covent-Garden. London."]

Madame,

SINCE my last I have heard againe out of the Countrey. But from my Cousin Hall nothing but the very same I sent word of before. Concerning my neece, I shall transcribe verbatim out of Dr Clarks letter what he sayes. I looked on Mrs Ladds breast yesterday, and I think the tumour is not much altered, but the ulcered part is rather broader though no deeper. She keeps the Medicine to it and can better undergoe the paine thereof then before, If any considerable alteration be, whether for better or worse, I shall be sure to signify it to you. And indeed considering the nature of that distemper I wonder it is no worse (as all others which I have seen have been in this time) which makes me hope the Medicine is proper for it, and certainly a schisme of that nature must take a long time for either suppuration or discussing. This is the whole in the same words he has writt. Which makes this buisinesse seeme more hopefull to me then it did at my last writing. But useing the best means we are to committ the event to God. Which what ever it be I shall account myself much obliged to Monsieur Vanhelmont for his good will. He did not pretend to ascertaine the cure at first. But seeing by this Medicine he had cured this kinde of disease, I could not but take the boldnesse to desire him to try the successe of it on my Relation. I know not whether I mentioned my soar Instep in my last, but I have been at least these 3 weekes under the Surgions hand, but I hope the danger is over, and that I shall ere long resume my wonted exercize of running about the Orchard after chappell as I had done a good whyle before thie happened. Which I found to be a very proper exercize for me for the clearing of my lunges. They are come just to the end of my Mystery of Iniquity at the presse. Now there is but a few little Treatises to be printed off and I shall be in a capacity to wayt upon your Ladiship at Ragley. And am sorry that I could not, according to your Ladiships desire be there this Christmas. Mr Rawdon is now shortly for London, but we shall make an end of Des Cartes Meterores before he goes. And for his de Methodo he may read that himself as easyly as an ordinarie Gazett. He presents his humble duty to your Ladiship. Thus wishing your Ladiship an happy new year and more devoyd of paine and sicknesse, I take leave and rest

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Decembr, 31, 1674.

I pray you Madame present my affectionate service to Monsieur Vanhelmont. I hope it will not be long till I enjoy the divertisement of perusing his Zoriasticall writings.

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248. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 155. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Waite at the three Nunns in Bedford-street in Covent-Garden. London."]

C.C.C. Jan. 27, 1675.

Madame,

I AM very sorry to hear you have been so exceeding ill of late, but we must submitt all to God. The printers now begin to be more punctuall with me. I had this week 8 sheets to make amends for my haveing but 4 the week before, and I beleeve within this week or two the whole book will be finished of, but then there is a pretty large Index which I must finish and send them, and then I will make all possible hast to wayt upon your Ladiship. My foot is now even as good as healed, He is a very honest man that I intrusted my self with, and one that would have healed my foot sooner, but I chused rather such a plaister that any ill poysonous humour that I phancy gott into my blood, might have time to breath out at the little holes in my instep. But I am very much obliged both to your Ladiship and Monsieur Vanhelmont for your care of me. Dr Clark has writt to me againe to the same purpose as I told your Ladiship in my last. That because the cancer grows not worse, he conceives the Medicine is proper. But however I have transcribed that passage of your last letter, which conteines that judgement of Monsieur Vanhelmont concerning the leaving the use of the Medicine, but yett referr all to Dr Clarks judgement as being on the spott. Which I think is best of all and safest. In the close of his last letter of all, he tells me that my Neece after he and a kinsman of mine had been at cards with her at night and left her very chearfull, after her first sleep she was taken with a violent paine in her head with almost a blindnesse and stupidity. And Epispastick[1] was applide to her neck and a glyster administered, and had not nature thrown out abundance of water out of her eyes (as she thinkes a porringer full) Dr Clark believes she would have been in an Apoplexy, but this being about a fortnight agoe I hope this danger is over, I hearing nothing from them to the contrary. My Cousin Hall tryes all conclusions so far as I see. He sayes he takes now Daffyes Cordial drink, called Elixir Salutis, he sayes he findes himself a little better then he has lately been. Your Ladiships Nephew Mr Rawdon is gone this day to London, and left the Colledge, and left his humble duty to you. I wrote this day to my Lord, and gave him an account how well he has carryed himself during his abode here. The good successe in him makes some compensation for the sad dysaster in loosing Mr Robarts by the small pox.[2] These are afflictions to me, when any miscarry any way that I am to have any Inspection over. From which care I had now been free, but that Sir Robert Southwells Nephew, which though not my [pupil] (for I take none) yett because Sir Robert would not have brought him to the Colledge but for my sake, and the young gentleman is my neighbour as Mr Robarts was, I am caught in the like obligation againe. We must do our best and leave the successe to God. I again thank Monsieur Vanhelmont for his care of me. But my foot is so neare healing that the plaister now comes of in a maner dry. I should be exceeding glad to hear of your Ladiships better health, which is the earnest desire of

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most humbly and affectionately devoted servant

HEN MORE

I pray you Madame present my most affectionate service to Monsieur Vanhelmont. I long to be at his Zoaristicall papyrs.

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[1] A vesicatory or blister.

[2] Evidently Charles Robartes, a younger son of Lord Truro, who was admitted to Christ's November 26, 1672.

249. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 159. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with Mr Waite at the three Nunnes in Bedford-street in Covent-Garden. London."]

Feb. 17, 1675.

Madame,

THIS is onely to acquaint your Ladiship that I am now returned from London. I came last week, and din'd with my Lord Keeper the Sunday before I return'd hither, who was then well in health, onely his cheek was a little swelled with [reume?]. The house in Queen street is nobly enlarged and all things are very splendid and noble. My book now at length is quite printed off, saving the two first sheets of Table and Dedication, and my Index which I am now entring upon; and finde it a tough, tedious peece of work, but I hope I shall have finished it within this fortnight. And when I have finished it I will immediately send your Ladiship word that you may be pleased to give orders for horses from Ragley. For none here knows the way, now John Abbot is dead, that I used to come with. And as often as I have gone it I know not the way myself. I shall not stay here for the printing of my Index. But so soone as I have sent it to be printed I shall be free for my journey. I wrote Mr Milward an answer to his letter before I went to London, which I suppose has come to his hand and will satisfye him for the present. I have been long detain'd from Ragley and the enjoyment of your Ladiships excellent converse, and the society of Monsieur Van Helmont and his Zoaristicall Mss. But I shall come to them with the better appetite and with a freer minde, this first volume of mine being completed. In the mean time, wishing your Ladiship more ease and better health, with my commendations and kindest respects to Mons. Van Helmont, I take leave and rest

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships affectionately devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Febr. 17, 1675.

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250. *William Penn to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,217,* f. 14.]

London, 20th 8 mo 1675.[1]

My Friend,

NOT only the generall fame of thy desires after the best things, but thy perticuler kind invitations, have begotten in me very strong inclinations to see thee: and since many great difficulties have of late depriv'd me of that satisfaction, and that my own late illness, my Attendence on the Parliament for the releise of many of our poor distressed friends, with an unusuall importancy of business now befallen me obstruct I have been the more earnest with the Bearer, my innocent, learned, Christian Friend, George Keith, to visitt thee, who comes in the Spirit of Jesus; that gathers out of the life, glory, pride, pleasure and honner of this world. My friend, we preach not our selves, but the light of Christ in the conscience, which is gods faithfull and true wittness, that the worldly, pompous church has slain, and made merry over; and all thos that are in a fleshly religion (insensible of this pure light and spirit of Jesus) they are in Babilon, and, which is wors, of Babilon; That outward Jew, circumcision, christian, that is born of the fleshly nature in religion (viz. form without eternall life and powr) persecutes him that is born of the spirit: the one is the whore, the other the lambs bride; now that which gathers to be one of that blessed church which is the lambs spouse (that wares and goes in white linnen) is the light and spirit of Jesus, which shines in the heart, to give unto people the blessed knowledge of the glory of god in the face of Jesus Christ. So dear friend, that thou mayst retire thy mind to that tender spirit of truth which god hath sent into our hearts to convince us of sin, of righteousnesse, of judgement, that thou mayst be redeemed from lifeless professions that are in the world, I have been acquainted with Papists, Protestants, Presbiterians, Independents, Baptists, and I know that they have formerly felt some touches of the divine powr, that raised up the soul above formality. And the ancient church of Rome receiv'd, not the Pope, but the spirit (Rom. 8) to be their Rule, the Ancient Protestants, especially the blessed Martyrs wer of our mind and pleaded for inspiration to be the true foundation of all right knowledge hope, faith. The Puritans did the same, and for the Independents and Baptists, aspiring of divine life was among them, that (as I may say) brought them forth to reprove the lordly, mercinary ministrys: but none of them knew a stay, to their minds, where to waite for a dayly supply of pow'r and life, but insted of waiting for less mixture of their own spirits, they became careless, and grew litterall, earthly, formall: and fell to mans-worship: and held their faith by Traditions of men, and therefore did the Lord god send us forth, in poverty of Spirit, much fear and dread, under the operation of the pow'r of the everlasting God, to cry downe thes dry halts and rests by the way, in which is not eternall life, and to hold forth a purer manifestation of truth and life then hath hether to been: and our testemony is, that all turne their mindes unto the light, and spirit of Jesus within them, for their ye divil has reign'd and there he must be dethron'd by the brightness of the comeing and breath of the mouth of the Lord: And though I had a great proffession, flourisht with leaves, and made a fair appearance: yet till I came to be subject to this testemony of God in my heart to love, and obey it, I had noe true peace. This is he the Priests have long told us stands at the doore, and knocks, and now they are angry that we lett him in: for he teaches us, that his gospell is milk and hony with out mony and Price: but the Priests gospell is mony and great Price, without milk or hony. My friend, turne into thy heart and hear his voyce, Salvation is comeing to thy house, lett him have the dominion: watch least thou

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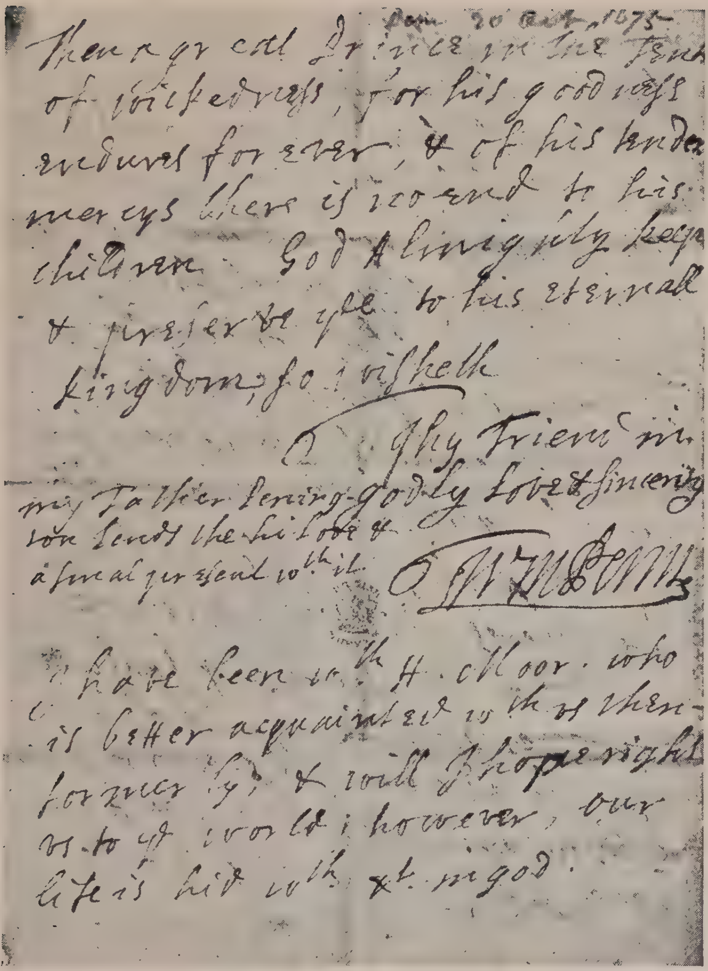
[1] The Quakers, following the Julian Calendar, according to which the year began on the 25th of March, called March the "First Month," though strictly speaking, only the last days belonged to the new year. Many of the Quakers discarded the names of the months, holding that they had a pagan origin, and described them only by number.



Penn 20 Oct. 1675

then a great Prince in the Tents
of wickedness, for his goodness
endures for ever, & of his tender
mercys there is no end to his
children. God Almighty keep
& preserve thee to his eternall
kingdom, so wisheth

Thy Friend in
godly Love & sincerity
Wm Penn

my Father Pening-
son sends thee his love &
a small present with it.

I have been with H. More who
is better acquainted with them then
formerly, & will I hope right
us to the world; however, our
life is hid with Xt in God.

WILLIAM PENN TO LADY CONWAY

Add. MSS 23,217, f. 14.

enter not into temptation: and watch unto heavenly Breathings, prayings, and Praises: for the dead can't, 'tis the liveing (into whom god has again breathed the breath of his pure life) that can acceptably pray, or praise the lord. So that we are desirous thou mightst be acquainted with the word neigh thee in thy heart (Rom. 10) that thou mayst hear it and doe it, and the blessed redemption, the heavenly union and dominion that is felt by all such true followers of the lamb: who give up to the lendings of his eternall spirit, such shall have a root of life in themselves, and stand upon a rock: an hope that makes not ashamed, for it is grounded on divine experience. The Lord god of heaven and earth draw, incline, and gather thy spirit into himselfe, to bear his cross and wittness, not only the filthyness of flesh, but spirit done away; not only to suffer loss of earth, but heaven; I mean that which is to pass away; that the new and permanent earth and heaven may be wittnessed in which dwells righteousness, where the lamb has the victory, and the soul, through his word and testemony, that the comforts and refreshments of his innocent life may abound towards us. That, a wittness, a living, faithfull and true witness though mayst be in thy generation, to his immediate powr and worke in the soul against all lifeless letterall, formall worships, in which the heavenly fellowship can not be found. O thy crys god will answer if thou keepest but the lambs word of patience! and thou wilt be pateient, if thou watch unto the light of Jesus, give not way to the roavings and wandrings of thy mind, and This blessed inward yoak, burden, and cross has been my preservation, with thousands. I cannot but admire it, speake honorably of it, and earnestly recommend it, as that which leads back to innocency by redeeming the soul from evill, and strengthening it against temptation. This is more noble then crosses of silver or gold, or dead religions: this inwardly slays and mortefys, and brings into the fellowship of the mistery of the death and resurrection of Christ and his assencion too, into the heavenly place: for the children of the resurrection, live in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus.

I have entertained thee with what was at present upon my Spirit. I pray god affect thee therewith, and the Christian visit of my friend, that thou mayst be sensible of our internall travil for thy temporall and ternall felicity. I cannot but signefy with all due anknowledgements, thy great kindness to me, for thos friendly invitations it pleas'd thee to send me: God almighty be more abundantly good to thee then I can express, in whose presence I am sure there's life, and at whose right hand there is pleasure for ever more: and I had rather be a day in his courts then a thousand elsewhere: and a poor dore keeper in his house then a great Prince in the tents of wickedness: for his goodness endures for ever, and of his tender mercys there is no end to his children. God Almighty keep and preserve yee to his eternall kingdom, so wisheth

Thy friend in godly love and sincerity,

WM. PENN.

My father Penington[1] sends the his love, and a smal present with it.

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[1] Penn's first wife was Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett. Her mother, Mary, daughter of Sir John Proude, married Isaac Penington in 1654.

I have been with H. Moor, who is better acquainted with us then formerly: and will I hope right us to the world: however our life is hid with Christ in God.

251. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 162. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with the post-master of Coventry."]

C.C.C. Novembr. 9, 1675.

Madame,

The day before I left London, which is now about a fortnight agoe, I gave Ned a large letter, he telling me that the next day he was to sett out for Ragley. In that letter I gave your Ladiship an account of all transactions relating to Monsieur Van Helmont or rather more properly to Peganius, as also of my converse at severall times with the Quakers. After which I expected no visitts from them, but beyond my expectation, late the night before I went away George Whitehead and John Whitehead[1] gave me a visit, the later of which brought me a book of his own writing, which I read over in my passage from London to Cambridge. That John Whitehead looked like a more sensible tender person and indeed his book seemd to have a good spirit in it. But George Whitehead had an aspect more smug and plump, and more expert, but the ayre of his countenance was more hard and opake, and I could not hitt it so well in my converse with him, as I could with the other, but asking him some questions, in which I meant him no ill, touching the soul of Christ, he found himself so ill at ease, that he told me (which I must confesse I marvell'd at) that he came not thither to be catechized, but the other Quaker, easily agreed with me in those questions, which only amounted to this, that Christ besides his body had also a soul, and a soul like ours in all thinges, sin onely excepted. George Keith some dayes before, brought in a few little bookes of the Quakers, and amongst them two of Isaak Penington. There's none reades more like a down right good man then he.[2] So that I do not wonder your Ladiship expressed yourself so well pleased with him at Ragley.

The week after my return hither both my boxes were sent me from Mr Kettilbys. And I have now sett up my Polyglott bible[3] (they are 8 very fine volumes) in my study. But having severall times by word of mouth thankt my Lord for this noble present, I forbore to do it againe by letter, it seeming to me over affected. All my devices also in the other boxe came safe, onely my glasse Tube was broken, but just at the very bottom, which therefore will shorten it but half an inch. For I can get an [alembic?] in the town here to sett on the water as before. But indeed Monsieur Vanhelmont had with the greatest care and art imaginable provided against this accident. But I believe it was cracked in that place before it was put up. For Mr Rawdon was telling me he thought it was and I could hardly persuade him to the contrarie. My Freeze I have bestowed on a Limner, as I told Monsieur Van Helmont I would doe to encourage him to draw the vision of Ezechiel, as I shall by times direct him, and besides it is a good peece of charity to him, his Fortunes being low and his eye sight not good enough to prosecute his trade. The 5 li I could not persuade your Ladiship to have return'd to you by the groome the time before I came from Ragley, I did, as I told your Ladiship I would doe, distribute in your Ladiships name, in charitable uses, but I forgott to signify so much when I was with you last, and had not thought of it now, but that a Bachelour of Art of Trinity Colledge (to whom I gave the last twenty shillings of it adding another twenty of my own to it (because he was necessitous, but studious, as I understood by enquiry). Fareing so well then came with another Latine Epistle to me, presuming as I perceiv'd by a clause of his Epistle, that your Ladiship did constantly extend your charity into these parts, at my returne from you. But I undeceived him, telling him that your Ladiship had enough nearer hand, to bestow your charity on, and that that was onely accidentall. However, that the scholar might not quite loose his labour in writing his Epistle, I gave him an Angel,[4] which the Lad was very thankfull for, and I beleeve I exceeded his expectations, when he saw how the case stood, by a crown. But when I see others so kinde to me, I think I have the greater obligation to be so to others as their necessity requires that are my inferiours. And besides my Lords present and Sir Georges his, I must professe my self very sensible of your Ladiships manifold favours during my time at Ragley last, and am sensible of Monsieur Van Helmonts paines as well as your Ladiships cost, for all my Hydrostaticall knacks, but I know not how to make requitall. I have been pretty well in health since my return hither but that yesterday I fell into a loosenesse, which continues on me still, and which I must confesse I have much ado to absteine from thinking it to be the effect of the same cause that brought of my toe nail [twice?]. Because for some yeares after that draught I have observed such an irritation though without effect, but now I phancy it workes, but whether for the better or the worse God alone knows. But the safety of all is wholely to be resigned to him. Thus wishing your Ladiship ease from your paines, and what is better then ease, a full resignation of your will to God, I commit you to his gracious keeping and rest,

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[1] George Whitehead (*ca.* 1636–1723) was one of the most important of the early Friends. About 1670 he settled in London, where he appeared before Charles II, James II, William III, Queen Anne, and George I, in behalf of imprisoned Quakers. His most important work is his autobiographical *Christian Progress* (1723). John Whitehead (1630–96) had become a Quaker in 1652 while a soldier at Scarborough Castle. So far as is known, the two were not related.

[2] Most of those who knew him agreed with More's estimate of Isaac Penington, who was the eldest son of Sir Isaac Penington, Lord Mayor of London. With his wife, he had been a Seeker before his convincement of Quakerism in 1658. "Cheerfully given up to suffer, he was imprisoned six times."

[3] The Antwerp Polyglot, *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta Hebraice, Chaldaice, Graece, et Latine* (1569–73) had been undertaken by Plantin at the request of Philip II of Spain. Pepys, writing shortly after the Great Fire (October 5, 1666), said: "There is above £150,000 of books burned: all the great booksellers almost undone. . . . A great want therefore there will be of books, especially Latin books and foreign books: and amongst others the Polyglott and new Bible, which . . . will be presently worth £40 apiece." Cf. p. 279.

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[4] The angel was a gold coin, first coined in 1465, when it was worth four shillings and eightpence; in the time of Henry VIII it varied from seven shillings and sixpence to eight shillings; from the time of Edward VI it was usually valued at ten shillings; it was last coined in the reign of Charles I.

Dear Madam

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,

HEN. MORE.

252. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 163. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with the postmaster of Coventry."]

Madame,

BESIDES my long letter from London which I sent by Edmond, he telling me he was to sett out for Ragley the very next day, I wrote also to your Ladiship from hence the 9th of this instant, and yett I cannot absteine from giving your Ladiship the trouble of this third. And the rather because I forgott one thing which I intended particularly to insert in it, which concernes the Zoar. I read Peganius his letter to Monsieur Van helmont, to Dr Cudworth it giveing an account of this first Tome of the Zoar to be published. He liked the designe and contrivance of thinges very well. Onely he sayd, that he thought, if a little book, which is called *Porta Lucis*,[1] were added to the rest of those preparative or introductorie little Treatises, it would add a further advantage. This I could not be quiet till I writt to your Ladiship of, if Monsieur Vanhelmont may think fitt, when he sends, to communicate it to Peganius, that he may judge what is best to be done. My distemper I was in when I wrote my last is well over now I thank God, and I am rather better then worse then before I fell ill.

I have lately received a more exact payre of scales, and a box of [Troy?] weights from London, and have carefully examined the proportion of the water in my inward buckett to that of the water betwixt the two bucketts[2] and I finde the water in the inward buckett is above 30 times more then that betwixt the two bucketts, when as we tryed it so carefully at Ragley, that we were not assured that it was passing 20 times more. That I would not omitt neither, that Monsieur Vanhelmont might be informed of the accurateness and usefulnesse of his excellent handiwork. What ever he pleases to suggest at any time touching Peganius his affaire, in reference to my Lord Keeper, I have so lodged the buisinesse with his Chaplaine, that I can fully deal with him about it by letter at any time, as occasion shall require.

The famous Physician Dr Willis I hear is dead, and of a cold the Epidemicall disease of the city.[3] And upon the death of one Dr Bozeman late parson of St Gyles my Lord Keepers chaplaine succeeds him.[4] The living they say is worth 6 or 7 hundred pounds a yeare. I am glad so worthy a person has so good a preferment. I long till I hear from your Ladiship, that I may understand how you doe, and should be exceeding glad to hear you are any thing better, or at least not at all worse. With my affectionate commendations to Monsieur Helmont, I humbly take leave and rest,

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[1] *Liber Schaare Orah, seu Portae Lucis ordine Alphabetico propositus, maximae inter Hebraeos autoritatis.* In Von Rosenroth's edition of the *Kabbala Denudata* (1677), this is the second part of the *Apparatus*.

[2] The experiment upon which More was here engaged he describes in detail in his *Remarks upon Two Late Ingenious Discourses*. Cf. p. 389 n.

Deare Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Novemb, 18, [1675]

253. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[The original, in the hand of Charles Coke, is in the Friends' Library, London. The letter has been published by J. J. Green in the *Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, VII, 49–55.]

Ragley, 29 November, 1675.

Dear Doctor,

I HAVE had a great desire to write to you ever since I received your first from London, but I am continually under so weighty a pressure of excessive sufferings, that I cannot doe what I would. Upon your first from Cambridge, mentioning your indisposition I did immediately hasten the sending you the [ ] assa[1] for pills Monsieur Van Hellmont had ordered for you, which I hope you accordingly received, and may doe well to keep that by you, if any such occasion should againe happen, which I am glad by your last to understand you are at present freed from.

George Keith gave me a visit in his journy to Scotland, I could not prevail with him to stay above 2 or 3 weekes, but that time that I had while he was in the house, I spent with much satisfaction in his company (though I was very ill, and in my bed, when I did see him). I am glad, you had an opportunity of so free and full a converse with severall of these Quakers, when you were at London, by which meanes you will be able to give a better judgment of their principles and practices, then you could doe upon the reports of others, who either through prejudice or ignorance had doubtlessly misrepresented them to you. The reading of their bookes lately had in a great measure freed me from former prejudicate opinions, but their conversation doth much more reconcile me to them. What a

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[3] Willis had been the Lady Conway's physician until in 1666 he left Oxford for London, where he established one of the largest practices of the day. He died November 11, 1675, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[4] John Sharp. Cf. p. 345 n.

[1] The rest of the word has been lost. It cannot be *quassia* as Mr. Green suggests in his printed version, since quassia was not discovered or named until the eighteenth century.

Quaker told you of G. Fox being acquainted with Rice John[2] is true and that he hath been sometimes to hear at his congregation (as he has been at most other congregations) but they certainly affirme, that he never was of his congregation nor agreed in opinion with him, and I hope we may believe the account they give of themselves, that they never were infect'd with what you call Familisme, though perhaps some simple people amongst them may have expressed themselves in suspected termes out of ignorance. I am sure this new notion of G. Keiths about Christ seems farr removed from Familisme, he attributing by that more to the externall Person of our Savior, then I think any ever hath done; he was speaking of it here, for it seemed very clear to him, and he was very full of it, but I have had more thought about it since he went upon the reading his letter to you and that to Peganius (which I have also sent you a copy of) which I had not leisure to doe before, upon the perusing of which, I cannot but judge the opinion worth your serious consideration, and, I hope, you will not think your time mispent in urging such solid reasons as you may have against it in answer to what of reason and particular experience he alledges for it; his opinion, if true, would facilitate the understanding of many places in Scripture, as well as it would make better sense of the Cabbalists Soir-Aupin and Arich-Aupin,[3] but I will leave this till I see your answer to his letter and to his answer to your Remarks, in those passages related to the extension of the soul of Christ, which if I did not mistake him, he told me you intended a serious confutation of. I could wish you would lett me see your answer to him, if you will send it hither, I know how to send it to him, and I shall take great care of the conveyance of what you send, and now I am mentioning this, I would desire you to send me his answer to your Remarkes, for I have a mind to see all, he has to say for this opinion, and it shall bee kept safe for you against you come. I have also another request to you, that you would give me another copy of your Poems, for the confidence I had of your providing me againe made me part with mine to G.K. and I hope you will pardon my great freedome with you. G.K. in his letter to Peganius seemes to be of the Jewes opinion, that there may be many soules in man, and that our sensitive soul is really distinct from that endued with understanding, since his finding them to agree with him in his opinion, about the extension of the soul of Christ has been an occasion of his so readily adhering to them in this other opinion. W. Pen writt to me by G.K.

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[2] Rice (or Rhys) John of Nottingham, one of the Ranters, and an ex-Baptist. He had caused much scandal by declaring to Fox in Derby prison: "Thy faith stands in a Christ that died at Jerusalem, and there never was such a thing." He was personally jealous of Fox, and constantly predicted his downfall.

[3] Cf. *Kabbala Denudata, or The Kabbalah Unveiled . . . translated from the Latin version of Knorr von Rosenroth . . .* by S. L. MacGregor Mathers (London, 1926), p. 24: "Besides all this there is another very important name applied to this Sephira as representing the great Father of all things. It is Arik Aupin, *Arikh Aupin,* the Vast Countenance, or Macroprosopus." P. 26: "This Sephira or 'Path' or 'Numeration'—for by these latter appellations the enumerations are sometimes called—together with the fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth, and ninth Sephiroth, is spoken of as Zoir Aupin, *Zauir Aupin,* the Lesser Countenance, or Microprosopus, by way of antithesis to Macroprosopus, or the Vast Countenance."

intending it seemes to have given me a visit, if his businesse had not hendered him at the same time, in his letter he mentioned to me his having been with you at London, and expressed some expectation of your giving a better testimony of the Quakers in print (upon your better information of them) then you had formerly done; and I understood G.K. so as if you had promised to write something in their behalf, therefore if you did not tell them so they did mistake you, for they beleive you doe intend it. I have acquainted Monsieur Van Hellmont with the great care you tooke of Peganius his affaire when you were at London, and of your recommending it so effectually to my Brother's Chaplaine and ready to write to him att any time about it, when there shall be occasion: for which we are both much obliged to you, at present, I think there is nothing more to be done, till Peganius his answer comes to what he writ to him about it. My Lord writes to me that he doubts not, but my Lord Keeper will keep a place longer then two months (in which time he may be here) vacant for him, but for another to take a preferrment for him and then to resigne it most think unlawfull, because of the oath they take upon their admission; he advises him also to take orders in our Church rather then the Lutheran, as supposing that will be lesse disputed or suspected. Monsieur Van Hellmont will write this Poste to Mr Knorr and acquaint him with what Dr Cudworth advises concerning the Zoar. I hope I have not omitted the taking notice of all the particulars of your letters, however I cannot at present add anything more, except my unalterable being

Dear Doctor,

Most affectionately yours,

ANNE CONWAY.

Monsieur Van Hellmont is growne a very religious Churchman; hee goes every Sunday to the Quakers meetings.

When you send the above desired papers be pleased to direct them to Mr Daniel Bilger at Esquire Boyls house[4] in the Pell-mell, London; he will take care of sending them hither.

III.

IN December, 1675, More went to London, called there by the unexpected bestowal upon him of a prebendary of Gloucester, for which he was indebted to Heneage Finch, now Lord Keeper of England. Clearly, he was in a state of indecision. Grateful for the affectionate thought which lay behind the gift, he had no wish to refuse; yet on the other hand, no man ever lived who cared less for personal advancement than he. For over forty years he had lived at Christ's College, and he had no desire to end his days elsewhere. When he called upon Lord Conway in order to seek advice, he found the Viscount perturbed about another matter which for a time eclipsed in their minds more temporal affairs. Conway in

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[4] At this time Boyle was residing in Pall Mall with his sister, Lady Ranelagh.

London had realized little of the change which was imperceptibly coming at Ragley. Since the days when they had amusedly compared their progress in Euclid, he and his wife had seldom written each other of intellectual affairs. Spiritual matters had never found a place in their correspondence. Thus when rumor swept from Warwickshire to London, and the report reached his ears that the Viscountess Conway had "turned Quaker," he was amazed and incredulous, yet withal profoundly disturbed. In his perplexity he laid the whole matter before More, who was at the time inclined to dismiss it. It was rumor, nothing more, exaggeration founded upon the fact that Van Helmont did undoubtedly attend Quaker meetings, and that George Fox, George Keith, and other Quakers had been guests at the Hall. One might talk with Quakers by the hour, yet not be moved in the slightest degree to other than mere intellectual interest in the movement. Had not he himself held conversation after conversation with George Keith? Lady Conway, her husband might rest assured, could never really be emotionally attracted by this "rustick sett." Such ideas were in More's mind when, returned to his lodgings at Gray's Inn, he sat down to write to the Viscountess.[13]

Back at Cambridge More found no word of Quakerism to trouble him. The only letter from Ragley which awaited him was from Charles Coke, now secretary to Lady Conway, containing sad news from Ireland. Within a few months Sir George Rawdon had lost his wife and two sons—both those "young Gentlemen" who had been More's pupils. They had been in France, sent there by Conway who had always acted as a fairy-godfather to the children of his less fortunate brother-in-law. The death of John Rawdon had occurred the previous autumn, but the news sent by his brother Edward had been long in reaching his father. "I am afraid it will quicken his end," one of Conway's correspondents wrote,[14] "for he takes it very much upon him." But though he mourned for his son, Rawdon on the whole bore his loss stoically, as his letters show. Arthur, his heir, and Edward, the flower of the flock, still lived, though Arthur's health had always been a matter of grave concern to his father and uncle. Rawdon even brightened sufficiently to write about the plans the girls were making for the return of their other brothers: they had a singing-teacher, and were learning to play the guitar "against their brother Arthur coming to concert with them. Also if Ned come, his sister Mary is learning the base viol, which, I hear, he played upon in Cambridge."[15] Their preparations were in vain. The next intimation of trouble in France reached Ragley through Edward Rawdon's companion, who wrote to the uncle about the young man's embarrassing debts.[16] Close upon this came another piece of news.[17] Ned had been run through the body in a duel, and for seven or eight days had been dangerously ill. Partially recovered, he had impatiently refused to stay in bed, and had not only dressed, but had taken solid food; he was back in bed with a critical fever. The news of his death reached his father early in March. "He went to his chamber," wrote Conway's correspondent in Ireland,[18] "and has not been seen since."

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[13] See p. 414.

[14] *Cal. S.P. Dom., 1676–77*, p. 322.

[15] *Ibid.*, p. 561.

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 524.

[17] *Cal. S.P. Dom., 1677–78*, p. 4.

"This world does so melt away about a man," wrote More, when he had read Coke's letter;[19] and he added that Mr. Mansell too was dead—Mansell whom he had himself selected from among the promising young fellows about him as Lady Conway's chaplain and Arthur Rawdon's tutor. "I suspect," he adds characteristically, "those dancings of the 3 lights on Fairy Mont in Ireland was ominous and presag'd the deaths of the 3 persons lately deceased. They were hinting some such thing when I was at Ragley last, but I gave little creditt to it then." Yet for the first time, unhappiness in the family circle did not hold first place in Lady Conway's mind.

The rumor about her conversion to Quakerism, it soon became clear, was not true, though there had been enough fire to cause at least an eddy of smoke. Whether Van Helmont had by this time become a professing Quaker it is difficult to say. On the whole it seems doubtful. It is more likely that in the summer of 1675 when More went to Ragley to discuss the matter with them, both were still, in spite of pronounced sympathies, "unconvinced." That Lady Conway had not taken the final step, and that she did not indeed at this time intend to take it is clear from the two most important of her extant letters[20]—letters which make us regret the loss of so many others of her mature period. She is deeply interested in the sect and its members—that is clear enough; yet her mind is still her own. George Keith has been with her; and she has much to say of his theological opinions, and of her gift to him of More's *Poems*. She mentions with interest More's conversations with the Quakers in London, and adds significantly: "The reading of their bookes lately had in a great measure freed me from former prejudicate opinions, but their conversation doth much more reconcile me to them." Three months later the reconciliation was even more complete. It is in her second letter to More that we must seek the explanation of the fact that, in 1677, the Viscountess Anne Conway, aristocrat and scholar though she was, joined her life to that of these outcast people.

The actual instruments of her intellectual persuasion were Van Helmont and Keith, Isaac Penington, and, it would seem, William Penn. They convinced her mind; but something very different moved her heart. To understand her final acceptance of the new belief, we must understand Anne Conway, and remember her —as who can forget her!—a woman, the keynote of whose life was suffering. Thus although to the end she may have remained conscious of certain inconsistencies in the Quaker dogma, and may still have agreed with More's judgment of Keith's philosophical opinions; although she entirely appreciated More's feeling toward the sect, and for at least two years her loyal allegiance to him did not waver, yet in the end hers was the triumph of an understanding greater than More's. Unlike More she was one who, as the Quaker Charles Lloyd wrote to Van Helmont, "had trodden some of mine unusual paths, among men of sorrow, acquainted with grief."[21] Intellectually she appreciated and admired the courage and strength which led More, in that time of schism and hatred, to stand alone upon a lofty height "above all sects whatsoever as sects," that he might gaze upon the "naked Truth of Christianity." But emotionally she comprehended, as More never could, another kind of loneliness born of human suffering, which sought refuge rather on the plain, among a despised and rejected people. From his superior height More might indeed descend occasionally to those poor outcasts, as he said, "a Physitian frequenting his patients for the increase or confirmation of their health." But Anne Conway came to them humbly and simply, pleading that they would minister unto her. The real meaning of Quakerism to her lay in something which More could not, and even Van Helmont did not entirely comprehend. It was not their simplicity and lack of ostentation, though that had its appeal. It was not their dogma, nor their way of life, though she did believe their principles "Christian and Apostolical." It was first of all the fact that in their own battle with the world, in tumult and in whirlwind, they had learned that God is truly to be found in the still small voice. There is no more poignant sentence among all the sufferer ever wrote than this: "The weight of my affliction lies so very heavy upon me, that it is incredible how very seldom I can endure anyone in my chamber, but *I find them so still* and very serious, that the company of such of them as I have hitherto seene, will be acceptable to me, as long as I am capable of enjoying any." She had passed beyond the time when *Reason* and *Philosophy* could give her aid; even *Religion,* in the sense in which More had used it when he wrote to her of the death of her child, was powerless to aid her now. The "most learned and Rhetorical discourses of resignation" had been "good and profitable" in their season; but in these last two agonizing years, it was not the *word* through which she could retain her gallant "fayth." *"They have been and are a suffering people."* It was that fact to which she clung tenaciously during the long watches of the day and night. These were men and women who again and again had gone unflinchingly through torments as grievous as hers, who had faced death without a murmur, who had not cried out under physical agony as severe as her own. Smitten hip and thigh, they had praised more triumphantly the God who had called upon them to suffer. In her darkened room, surrounded with every possible comfort that wealth could offer, Anne Conway lay and listened to tales of the filth and degradation and abuse which these soft-voiced women had endured in English prisons. Her horizon, limited so long by a single room, seemed to expand, to take in all those other sufferers in the land, who bore their pain with such fortitude that through it they found peace passing understanding. Like frail humanity from the beginning, she reached out her groping hand to *see* and *feel* the wounds; and in the constant presence in her chamber of "such living examples of great patience under sundry heavy exercises," she found at length visible denial of her doubts, and living affirmation of her "fayth"—the Word made flesh.

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[18] *Ibid.*

[19] Cf. p. 431.

[20] See pp. 407 ff., 420 ff.

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[21] This letter, which was written after a visit to Ragley, is in the British Museum, *Add. MSS 23,217,* f. 25. Many others of Lloyd's charming letters, particularly to his daughter, are in the Friends' Library in London, together with three copies of a manuscript account of him by that daughter, Elizabeth Pemberton. A concluding note declares that in 1671 Lloyd visited the Lady Conway "and he had an interview at the same time with Dr Henry Moor."

IV.

YET never does the real character of Henry More emerge more triumphantly than during these same years. To be sure, he fought until the end for her "freedom"—not from Quakerism only, but from any form of sectarianism which he feared might curb the freedom of her mind. Here, as always, however, he sought not to condemn but to understand. He visited Ragley, spending long hours in discussion with Keith, Fox, Penington, and other Quaker leaders. If he was by nature one who taught, he was one also who would "gladly learn"; and Lady Conway had the satisfaction before she died of hearing from him that "better Testimonie" of the Quakers which she had hoped. Faithful first to Truth, he could never retract some of the statements he had made in his earlier works, in which he continued to believe; in the extreme of Quakerism he could see only too clearly dangers against which he had long protested. But next to Truth, his allegiance was given to his lady, and for her sake he sought a better understanding of these people among whom she found comfort and peace. Of William Penn[22] and Isaac Penington he had never anything but good to say; and his letters are the best proof of his sympathetic interest in George Keith, George Fox, and the Whiteheads. His peculiar effect upon George Keith merits a study in itself. The history of Keith's apostasy, with its influence in both England and America, is too complex to be dismissed with a generalization; yet no one who reads Keith's account of his reasons for renouncing Quakerism[23] in the light of Henry More's letters can fail to realize that the real change in Keith began in his conversations with More and Van Helmont.[24] Ironically enough, as it was through Keith that More came to understand the fundamental truth and sincerity of the Quakers, so it was through More that Keith came to feel the failures and limitations of Quakerism. As the older divine grew in tolerance and increased in understanding, the seed which he had planted in the younger took root, and growing, burst the vase which had contained it. The meeting of Henry More and George Keith at Cambridge and at Ragley remains one of the significant episodes in the history of seventeenth-century religion.

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[22] Ward publishes in the appendix to his *Life,* pp. 311–351, a long letter written by More to William Penn, which bears no date, but seems to have been written before More's personal acquaintance with Penn. He tells in that letter of his introduction to Penn's works, which had come about through George Keith, and which had been largely responsible for causing More to change his opinion of the Quakers. More's early attitude toward the sect may be seen in his *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus* (Section XXV, "Of Quaking and the Quakers"), and he is hardly more favorable in his *Grand Mystery of Godliness.* In the *Divine Dialogues* he discriminates between early and later Quakerism (Scholia to Dialogue V, section 15). But the most interesting evidence of his growing sympathy with the movement may be seen in his edition of Joseph Glanvill's *Saducismus Triumphatus,* pp. 465 ff., where he takes issue with an earlier statement of Glanvill's against Quakerism, and points out that Glanvill has failed to discriminate between what is best and what is worst in the movement.

[23] *Mr. George Keith's Reasons for Renouncing Quakerism and Entering into Communion with the Church of England* (London, 1700).

[24] Cf. More's references to the effect upon Keith of Van Helmont's cabbalism, p. 415.

254. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 283. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire." Endorsed in Lady Conway's hand: "G. Keith and quakers."]

London, December 7, [1675].

Madame,

I RECEIVED somewhyle agoe a letter from Mr Cook and a medicine, but forbore to write immediately upon the receit thereof, having writt a little before, whereby I certifyde your Ladiship of my health, but returne now my thanks both to yourself and Monsieur Van Helmont, for his care and kindnesse. I am now in London, upon my Lord Conways letter to me concerning the vacancy of the prebend of Gloucester, which my Lord Keeper has been pleased to conferr upon me. Mr Sharp brought me the patent this morning. My Lord has expressed a great deal of kindnesse in the circumstances of this favour he has done me. For he did it with a great deal of good affection, as I understood from some speaches fell from him, which Mr Sharp told me of. And I must acknowledge likewise my great obligations to your Ladiship, that wrote so effectually to my Lord your brother in my behalf. It was very kindly done also of my Lord Conway to give me so timely notice. For I understood by him, what soliciting there was for this place, and therefore I came up so suddenly to ease my Lord Keeper of the trouble. I intend to see my Lord Conway againe tomorrow morning, to give him thankes also, and further to discourse about a matter he spoke to me of when I was with him before. It is about the report they have raised in Warwickshire and brought to the town, as if your Ladiship were in danger through Monsieur Vanhelmonts meanes to be turned Quaker. I told my Lord, how little feare there is of your Ladiships turning Quaker, they haveing nothing better to communicate to you then you have already, and that you are not at all in love with their rudenesse and clownishnesse. Which is extremely also contrarie to the Genius and practise of Monsieur Vanhelmont. I shall farther tomorrow morning conferr with my Lord about this buisinesse and ease his mind therein as well as I can. For I perceive he is much concerned in it, and it would be grievous to him, to phancy any such thing. But I am fully persuaded, your Ladiship has tasted of a better dispensation then to soile yourself by professing any sect, though you may lawfully and justly commend what good there is in any, that is holy righteous within, and no blott to your honour. They are an errant sect as well as others, and there are good and bad amongst them. And a man may be exquisitely good and not be of their sect, but not so and be of it. This I speak for more caution, but think it in a maner needlesse, to one of that perspicacity and judgement that your Ladiship is of. For my own part I converse freely with them myself, but, as I told G. Whitehead here, when he was with me, and he thought me loath to be known to converse with them, I told him plainly, I do love to deal above board, nor would do any thing, but what I care not if all the world knowe, and that my conversation with them was to undeceive them, or lead them, as a physicion converses with the sick. But the sadnesse is that most men are quite dead in a maner, and so incapable of the most concerning converse. But we will discourse more of these thinges when I shall have opportunity to wayt on your Ladiship. Which, it may be, may be sooner then I expected by reason of this late buisinesse. In the mean time with my hearty prayers for your Ladiships better health, I take leave and rest

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant

Hen. More.

I am for Cambridge againe this week. My affectionate service to Monsieur Van helmont.

255. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 165. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire."]

Madame,

I am but newly returned from London, and had come home sooner but that I could not speak with the Bishop of Gloucester, being not come yett to town, and when he was come, I forbore then to goe to him, being unsettled in my resolution whether I should accept of this place or no, discovering since, that I am tyde to more residence in my prebend, then in the Colledge. But when I shall have settled myself in my Resolutions, your Ladiship shall hear farther. The packett of letters came safe to me, though I differ'd writing till my returne hither. And Mr Cooks letter I found here makes me write thus suddenly. I have perused G.K.'s letters to Peganius and myself. And that is come to passe which I suspected if he went to Ragley, that he would light on those notions of the Cabbalists. Which would be as sweet and pleasing to him as new milk to any Kittin. But I tell you freely Madame, that this new opinion of his about the soul of Christ extended every way out of his body through the whole Creation is a haplesse and groundlesse conceit. I affirme so now, and will show my reasons in due time of my affirmation. All this is to cover and palliate their views and erroneous Fantasticall expressions touching Christ within us which was used and insisted upon by the Familists in a pique and [mood?] of contempt, and indeed unbelief of Christ without us, and so one errour begetts another, and it was just with the great pastour of our soules to lett us wander into so wilde conceits concerning him, who had so willfully estranged themselves from his person. You see Madame whither G.K. is drawn to palliate that errour of which I convicted him here in my chamber and some that affect to be so infallibly inspired what they will not imagine, rather then conceit they are mistaken in their Inspiration. They that hasten to grow rich fall into many snares and temptation, and so they that are hasty after Theoreticall Inspiration. G.K. is a good honest man according to his measure, and two Scotchmen that gave me a visit the night before I came from London, no Quakers, both gave him a good report. But really he is lyable to over headstrong Enthusiasme, and has too lubricous a reason and luxuriant phancy, which I told him of at London, and he seemed to be sensible of it. I would not for any thing those papyrs should appear in publick, both for his own sake, and the pretensions in generall of being inspired. For they will make the profession of the assistance of the Spiritt and inspiration ridiculous, disparage the honest principles of the Quakers, and plunge the Reformation into more and more contempt. This I speake in faythfullnesse to him and to all well meaning men. I will with what speed I can frame a confuation of what he has asserted, and send it to your Ladiship. I persuade my self he has not so little witt as to be able to persist in those conceits. He has not yet sent me his Answer to my Remarkes, but when he has I shall send them to your Ladiship. And I will by one meanes or another procure you a copy of my Poemes. What you say of G.K. embracing of the opinion of Jewes concerning plurality of soules in one body, he is so greedy after the conceit of being infallibly inspired, that he will swallow any thing, that will nourish that in him. And I am sorry to see him so weak in that point. Why may not the Quakers be mistaken as well as other folks? W.P. and others were very desirous that I should give the Quakers a better testimonie then they do. For they are very unrighteous in their formes of rayling against them and making them nothing better then the Church of Rome. But for my part as I have found some Quakers better, then I have represented them, so I have found others such as have confirmed me in my opinion of their Familisticalnesse, so that I cannot pronounce for the generality of their Sect. But I told them they can better cleare themselves, then I can, if they would publish authentickly the articles of their sect, as of their Sect. But I perceive by the Scotchmen that were with me that they have made a great noise of their hope of my giving them a better testimonie, and in such phrases as I do not at all like. But I told George in my Scholia, I may take occasion to say something better of some of them, but I cannot by any meanes undertake for them all. Madame you are free, and I desire your Ladiship never to list yourself to any Sect, but you may be civill to all that are good of any. Which advice I believe I gave you about 30 yeares agoe, or at least as soon as ever I was acquaint with you. And though Monsieur Van Helmont go to their meetings, yett I would advize him by all meanes to absteine from useing their garb in Hall or speech. Severall goe to heare them that never come to that, and have a kindnesse for them, although they partake not of their odnisses. This is all that occurres at this time. Wherefore committing you to Gods gracious keeping, I take leave and rest,

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Decembr. 29, 1675.

256. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 153. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway."]

10 Jan. 1675[6].

Madame,

I HAVE according to your Ladiships desire and my own promisse to you sent an Examination or Confutation of G.K's opinion touching the extension of the soul of Christ, and also a good large letter to him, both which when you have perused if you please to take copies of them I shall like it very well. I haveing no perfect copies of neither of them myself. In some places of both my Examination and the Letter I use some quicknesse and plainenesse of speech, out of no ill will at all, but that I may awaken him out of his Enthusiastick devotion. For so it seemes to me if he be in good earnest as I suppose he is. If he had offer'd reason for his new conceit it had been lesse scandalous, but to pretend illumination and Revelation for such an Invention, as this will appear to any unprejudiced person, seemes to me to be a great weaknesse and rashnesse in him, and of ill consequence, if it should go abroad, as I perceive he desires it should by his letter to Peganius. Which in my judgement is very unadvisedly done of him, as I have intimated to him in my letter. I have intimated enough in my Examination against the unreasonablenesse of his opinion, but whereas your Ladiship conceives it would facilitate the understanding of many places of Scripture (which pretense I have taken away quite I hope in my answer to his proofs) it were easy to show that it would involve others in farr more difficulty. For besides that Christ cannot truly be sayd to be the son of mann, neither his larger soul nor his lesser being humane, so it likewise clashes with the Scripture (Hebr. I. v. 9) Thou hast loved righteousnesse and hated iniquity, therefore God even thy God has anointed thee with the oyle of Gladnesse above thy fellowes. Which is wonderfull how else to understand of the Humanity of Christ, unlesse he had such a soul as other men have, of itself indeed peccable but by reason of his perpetuall faythfulnesse, alwayes devoyd of sin, and what soule could be reckoned his fellow if his soul were as large as the world, others comensurate to that visible profundity. And I doubt not but there are abundance of other places of Scripture, that are as repugnant to this novell conceit as this. Methinkes that your Ladiship is over sure in that point, that the Quakers from the beginning had nothing to do with Familisme. The carriage of James Naylour,[1] who was then at least equall with Fox, is to me a demonstration how much at least many of them were tinctured with Familisme. And I was told by one, when I went up to London last, who was acquainted with the Familists, and in a maner received into their sect, that these very Familists that he was acquainted withall, to the number of about twenty, was downright Quakers as soone as that forme appeared. And I must confesse I alwayes looked upon them as Familists onely armed with rudenesse and an obstinate Activity. But that they have emerged into a greater nearnesse to the true Apostolick Christianity, all good Christians ought to rejoice in it. But that they are hardly come of from all points of Familisme, is plaine or that they stick so much at the externall Mediation of our Savior and would have this Mediation of his performed within onely. And that that Christ that dyed at Jerusalem was nothing else but the Logos assuming a body, which point when I began to sift with G. Wh. at London, he was very soare and touchy on that side, even so much that I wondered at his carriage, I intending nothing but well to him. But to make this mediation of Christ in us, is a wonderfull forced thing, and nothing but that blind infidel spirit of Familisme could ever have ventured on it. The Scripture is expresse for the externall mediation of Christ in the Heavens, Rom. 8.34, Hebr. 7.25. But where there is mention of an Intercession in us, that is not spoke of Christ but of the spirit of Christ, Rom. 8.26. The Spirit is there sayd to make Intercession for us with groanings unutterable, that being there attributed to the spiritt, which by its presence and separable operation it works in us, the Spiritt causing a conspiracy of will betwixt himself and us, which ineffable motion and desire being as well above our own nature as expressions and in sighs and groans toward God. The Spiritt in our behalf dictates these inexpresible desires, which are according to the will of God, and so in some sense is the [volume?] of the Spirit as well as of us at once. Which very desire is the life and essence of all prayer. But if that be given to the Spiritt which He makes us to doe it is but an ordinarie metonymie. In the mean time there is not the least colour to extend the soul of Christ into the bodyes of men to solve this Phenomenon, it being so expressly sayd it is done by the Spiritt. There are other thinges also that are but the appendages of Familisme that the Quakers are not yet cleansed from, but I cannot insist on them. G. K. promissed me a Copy of his Answer to my Remarks but I have it not yett. When I have it I will not fayle to communicate it to your Ladiship. In the meantime I have sent you my Poems, I think as handsomely bound as the other you gave away, butt without stringes, for I observ'd in another book that you did not care for them. G. K. when he so greedily takes in the Jewes opinion of plurality of soules in one body, seemes to catch at any thing to susteine himself in so weak a cause, and so maintaine one absurd theory with another. But indeed I take him to be a good stout Trojan, and hear well of him from his own countrymen that are not Quakers. Which makes me hope that such extravagant errours can not lodge long in so well an appointed minde, though it be a strong biasse to engage in any sect, or even to have pretended an opinion given one by Inspiration. Humility and sobriety of spiritt, how safe an harbour is it! Concerning the expectation of my giving the Quakers a better Testimonie, I have sayd I think what is materiall to G. K. in my Letter to him and need not here repeat it. There are some things which I hugely like in the Quakers and I wish all Christians would imitate them in. But concerning that Testimonie all that I promissed was to G. K. that in my

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[1] James Naylor (Nayler) became a convert to Quakerism during Fox's visit to Wakefield in 1651. Thanks to his fervid oratory, he made a profound impression, particularly upon women, and ultimately founded a sect by which he was acclaimed as a prophet and even as Messiah.

Scholia on my *Enchiridium Metaphysicum* I might take occasion to give some Testimonie of some things I observed in him, better then I had assurance of in any other of the Quakers, and so of W. P. and some few more, and what I finde here amongst them that I know, I shall not stick to mention, that is laudable but I must confesse I do not take my selfe at all mistaken, so farr as I have declared concerning the first state of them. But lett that passe. I am glad to see them now as well as they are, and there are some thinges in them, that are sincere amongst them, egregiously good, and I wish all the world was but gone so far towards the best, and it would be a good symptome. For those I speak of are sickly like children; the generality of other Religionists little better then the sicknesse of grown men.

I suppose you hear of my Lord-keepers advance to be Lord High Chancellour of England, whenas when I came from London the rumour was that the purse was taken from him.[2] I shall be ready at any time to use my Interest with my Lord Chancellour's Chaplain on the behalf of Monsieur Van Helmonts friend, so soon as I have direction. Whether I shall accept of the prebend of Gloucester, I am still in a demurr. I must linger for the result of a businesse here first. Mr Van Helmont though he goes so diligently to the Quakers meetings I hope will retain his liberty still and be of the election sect, taking what is Good but leaveing out any thing that will lessen him or make him seem worse. And I have thought of it now of late, that when any man quaker dines at Ragley, it were better, and it may be more easy to them, to come in after grace is sayd, and so after dinner to go out before it is sayd. I think this would be farr more decorous, and I believe as acceptable to them. Madame you will pardon my curiosity that I minde such thinges at this distance. But I seek nothing in it but the good of all. I think my Remarkes will be out of this next week. I shall appoint Mr Kettilby to send 6 of them, that G. K. may have one when you send him these other papyrs. With my hearty prayers for your better health, and all the blessings of the inward and the outward man, I take leave and rest,

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant.

HEN. MORE.

Since my writing of this, I heare there are Quaker meetings at Ragley with Monsieur Van Helmont, but I sayd I thought it was a mistake, and that it was occasion'd from Monsieur Van Helmont's going to the Quakers meetings. I pray you Madame present my affectionate service to him. I hope all sincere Christians will meet together in Heaven at last.

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[2] On December 19, 1675, Finch surrendered the seals, but received them again immediately with the title of Lord Chancellor. The account in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is in error, in implying that this occurred in 1674.

257. *Lady Conway to Henry More.*

[The original, in the hand of Charles Coke, is in the Friends' Library, London. The letter was published by J. J. Green in the *Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, XXII, 52–55.]

Ragley, 4 February, 1675[6]

Dear Doctor.

Since my last I must with thankes acknowledge the receit of three letters from you, one from London and two from Cambridge, the last of which was accompanied with what was also very acceptable to me, viz., a fair copy of your Poems (which is a book I highly value) and your letter to G.K., with your particular and serious examination of his new opinion, both which I have perused with much satisfaction, your arguments against his opinion having much of strength and solidity in them. Your Letter to him containes very sober and usefull cautions and as you say, I think, it will be very hard for them to prove from involuntarie paine or greif experimentally felt, that there is another living-being in them distinct from their own souls. The places of Scripture interpreted by you, as alledged by them in favour of their opinion, doe certainly fall short of a proof of any such far extended soul distinct from the Deity, as G.K. supposeth, whether they be to be understood just so as you have explained them or not. But I cannot think that he would be understood to meane, what you would inferr from his Letter to you (though I confesse his expressions have given you just occasion to take that advantage of him) that the lesser soul of Christ is onely plastical and not of the same nature with the souls of other men; but this by the by, we shall understand his meaning best by his next reply. Your answeres to the collection you have made of the proofs of his opinion seemes to me very considerable and such as makes his arguments fall short of a proof of what he would assert, but me thinkes his 10th, 11, 12, 13, 14 makes the best shew for his assertion.

I think it will not be easy for him to free his opinion from those seeming absurdities, you take notice, it is entangled with, many of which I did apprehend it to be involved with before I read what you writt and therefore was the better pleased to find them so fully insisted on and largely expressed to my hand by so judicious and able a pen which certainly will give him occasion very seriously to consider the point in his reply to such weighty objections as are contained in your papers to him. But I cannot imagine that he would be understood (which you seemed to suppose) that this farr extended soul of Christ did preceed the H. Ghost, for that being the life of the Deity, it is a contradiction to fancy the Deity ever destitute of. I shall be sure to keep a copy here of your letter and examination to G.K. and send him the original very suddenly together with your *Remarks* as you have appointed, 6 of which Kettleby sent hither last week according to your order, one I suppose you designed for Monsieur Van Helmont, and another for Coke, and one I pretend to for my self, but there then remaines two undisposed of, which I wait for your direction about. I hear Mr Boyle sayes you had better never have printed it, for you are mistaken in all your experiments. I wonder you are so long in determining concerning your Prebend, but I am so wholy ignorant both of the nature of the place and also of those affaires that occasion your irresolution, that I have nothing to say concerning it, but onely what my Lord writt to me, that my Lord Chancellour or Mr Sharp told him, that if you did not resolve suddenly, that something of the proffitt of the place would be lost, if you should accept afterwards of it.

Peganius seems to farr engag'd at the present in some affaires, where he is, and therefore there will be no occasion as yett to make use of your assistance in his behalf to Mr Sharp (though Monsieur Van Helmont is very sensible of your kinde offer in mentioning your readinesse to doe it). But the condition of his affaires may perhaps be altered before any thing falls to be offered him here and then he would be willing to accept of what was desired for him, I perceive, wherefore we judge it best to be silent concerning him at present, it being time enough to mention his refusal, if it should happen to be offer'd before he can embrace it.

I have sent you here enclosed a relation of an unusual manner of death, which I received lately from Mr Bromley,[1] whose Brother was in the beginning of December last released from his tedious sicknesse; should I adventure upon a presage concerning my owne condition, from the redoubling of my afflictions, the continuednesse of my great paines, increase of weaknesse, with additionall new distempers, I might fancy my release also not farr off, from these weighty sufferings, I have groaned under so many yeares longer then he was exercised with his disease, but life and death are in the hands of the Almighty, and what he designes for me, I desire, I may be enabled to give myself up to, willingly with out murmuring who onely knows what measure of sufferings are necessary for me. I think you mistook me in what I writt of the Quakers, if I rightly remember it, for I never thought that none of the Familists might turn Quakers either at the first rising of them or since, but that G. Foxe was never listed into that Sect, before his taking up this forme; I am of your opinion, that there are many bad people amongst them, as well as of other professions, and doe also beleeve, that their converse with you might be of good use to them, for the clearing up of their understanding, and advancing their progresse towards the best things and therefore that your Conversation with them at London might be as you expresse it charitably intended, like that of a Physitian frequenting his patients for the increase or confirmation of their health, but I must professe that my converse with them is upon a contrary account, to receive health and refreshment from them. They have been and are a suffering people and are taught from the consolation [that] has been experimentally felt by them under their great tryals to administer comfort upon occasion to others in great distresse, and as Solomon sayes, a word in due season is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. The weight of my affliction lies so very heavy upon me, that it is incredible how very seldom I can endure anyone in my chamber, but I find them so still, and very serious, that the company of such of them as I have hitherto seene, will be acceptable to me, as long as I am capable of enjoying any; the particular acquaintance with such living examples of great patience under sundry heavy exercises, both of bodily sicknesse and other calamitys (as some of them have related to me) I find begetts a more lively fayth and uninterrupted desire of approaching to such a behaviour in like exigencyes, then the most learned and Rhetorical discourses of resignation can doe, though such also are good and profitable in their season: I should not have run into this digression, but to take from you all occasion of wonder, if you should heare that I sometimes see some of them, that can see nobody else, for if my condition would permit it, I should desire more of their company and the knowledge of their particular experiences being refreshing to me and I hope may be of some use, but I have not seene above 2 or 3 of these suffering persons since G.K. went away, though W.P. and some others did then seeme to intend me a visitt, neither is that true you heard reported that Monsieur Van Helmont has Quakers meetings here though he continues a frequenter of their meetings abroad but has not altered either his garb or language. I thank you for your caution in the close of your last letter, when any shall dine here, but you must excuse me, that I doe not think it advisable to putt your counsell in practice. I am not in love wth the name of a Quaker nor yett wth what you terme their rusticity, but their principles and practices (at least most of them) as far as I am capable to judge are Christian and Apostolical; and the most of them as farr as I can see or hear live as they preach, which makes me hope (if my presage doe not deceive me) to be better served by such in my chamber, then I have yett been by any of any other profession, but of this I shall best judge after tryal, which I am now experienceing, a woman in the place of Pordage I have just now taken upon tryal and she is already come to me. Her father was a gentleman of an estate and left each of his daughters 1500 li apeice to their portions. I am also changing my two maides into Quakers, in the place of one of which I have taken Mary Waril. She comes to me, I think, about a fortnight hence; her father was also a gentleman and has left her a portion the interest of which has maintained her with out necessitating her to serve; the other I have not yett pitched upon,[2] but intend she shall be of the same profession, for if they prove what they seeme to be, lovers of quiett and retirement, they will fitt the circumstances I am in (that cannot endure any noise) better then others. I pray God give us all a clear discerning betweene Melancholy Enthusiasme and true Inspiration that we may not be imposed upon to believe a lye. The great difference of opinion in this point amongst the learned and experienced occasions much perplexity in minds less exercised, and so not well fitted for judging.

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[1] In the letters from Thomas Bromley to the Viscountess Conway (*Add. MSS 23,217*, ff. 2–8) there are frequent references to his brother John's illness. He writes May 25, 1672: "I find my Brother under utter discouragement of ever seeing Ragley, except in a dierie or ethereal body. His most humble service and utmost thankes for your Ladyships unparallel'd offer."

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[2] Joseph Besse in his *Sufferings of the People called Quakers* (London, 1753) mentions a Priscilla Evans, "a fair Latin scholar and for a while in the service of the Countess Conway" (I, 749). She was the daughter of Edward and Katherine Evans, resident in Radnorshire, who, for declining to take the oath of allegiance, were cast into prison in 1662. Edward Evans "being an infirm man and unable to bear the Filth and Dampness of the Place, laid down his Life."

I have now made shift to lengthen this letter even to the exercise of your patience, but cannot doubt of your [excusing] a fault, which my condition secures you from being committed often. I shall be glad to hear of your receipt of this at your first leisure, and of your resolve as to the affair of Gloucester (if it be determined) and when I may hope to see you here.

Monsieur Van Hellmont has now given one of your Remarkes to Mr Wilson, so that there remaines but one undisposed of. I shall ever remaine,

Dear Doctor,

Your most affectionate and obliged Friend,

Anne Conway.

258. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 157. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire these." The letter is torn.]

Febr. 9, 1675–76.

[Madame]

[This is] to acquaint your Ladiship that I have received your [ingen]ious and judicious letter, whereby I also understand that my book of Poems and papyrs, came safe to you, of which I am glad. I used all possible care I could in setting down G.K.'s assertions comformable to his papyrs sent me. And truly I think I am not mistaken in that of the lesser soul of Christ. But as for that great soul, I do not remember that I say he makes it preceed the Holy Ghost in time but in order of nature. But I am here at London now and have not the papyrs by me. The sixt copy of my Remarks is for my Lords library, where Mr Knight[1] lyes and so it was needlesse to send one for him. But I intended one for Mr Wilson, and I thank Monsieur Van Helmont for giving him it. If I be mistaken in my Experiments, I suppose Mr Boyle will show me my mistakes, and all the world besides, which makes me conclude it is better that I have printed them that I and such as I may be undeceived by him or some he may employ against my Lord Hailes and me. For that pinches Mr Boyle most in those Remarks which my Lord Hailes and myself agree in which is the exploding that monstrous spring of the ayre. I have now determined concerning my prebend of Gloucester, and have prevailed with my Lord Chancelour to confer it upon Mr Fowler, a good scholar and a good Christian, one that Dr Worthington left his children and his estate to looke after,[2] for he is a very honest man indeed in all mens judgements and if he should dye, he has not passing 140 li to distribut in portions to 5 small children of his. He has writt several books with very good approbation, besides publishing some thinges of Dr Worthingtons. Now Madame, my earnest request to you is that you would (as I promissed my Lord Chancelour) returne him thankes for this favour he was pleased to do to my friend. I reckon that he has as good as given me two prebends in conferring this which I have relinquished upon one that is both my friend, and so every way fitt to receive the favour. I pray you Madame, the next time you can write, be pleased to gratify me in this request as to returne to my Lord your brother thanks in my behalf. I am straiten'd in time, and am to morrow for Cambridge, and therefore have nothing more to adde for the present but my hearty prayers for your Ladiships better health and so abruptly take leave and rest

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[1] Evidently the librarian.

[2] Edward Fowler, D.D., who became Bishop of Gloucester in 1691, edited three of Worthington's works, which were left in manuscript. Thomas Grigg, Rector of St. Mary Axe, writing to Worthington's son many years after the father's death, said (*Diary and Correspondence,* I, 379): "He expressed the most tender care of his children, and desired me, if possible, that his daughters might be with me. He was pleased to say, that Mr. Fowler would ease me of the worldly part."

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionat servant,

HEN. MORE.

I shall make some stay at Cambridge before I go into Lincolnshire, and therefore it will be the [beginning] of April I believe before I can wayt upon your Ladiship at Ragley. [I pray] you Madame present my affectionate service to Monsieur Van Helmont.

259. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 167. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with the postmaster of Coventry."]

C.C.C. Febr. 26, 1675–76.

Madame,

I WAS in hast when I wrote to your Ladiship from London. Which made me forgett my thanks for the narration of the girle that was 7 dayes in an Exstasie. That Doctour Amertoun[1] was of our Colledge, and had the Relation from his uncle whyle he was here with us and severall of our fellowes remember the story, which he received from his uncle out of the Countrey. I have been perpetually hindr'd by buisinesse or els I should scarce have absteined from writing so soon as I return'd hither. I was at ease when I had quitt my prebend, it being so crosse to my maine designe. I could not be so much master of my own time if I had taken it as I may be now I have quitted it.

What your Ladiship writes of G. Keiths 10, 11, 12, 13, 14th proofs, that they are the best, or make the best show, I agree to. But I think I have offer'd what is a sufficient answer to those that are unprejudiced. I received a letter from him yesterday from Aberdeen. He enquires after your Ladiships health and Monsieur Van helmonts. His book of Immediate Revelation is shortly to come out with an Appendix which is an answer to 5 of my chief Objections.[2] I wish he has behaved himself with wisedome and solidity therein. For by the papers your Ladiship sent me of his from Ragley, most certainly he is over subject to be imposed upon by Heat and Imagination. But I hope he is honest at the bottom. He sends me word that the Students of Aberdeen have writt a great book against the Quakers, wherein they tell the world that the Quakers give out that I am a Quaker.[3] In which George concernes himself to be troubled at it. But no body that knowes me can take me to be a Quaker, and they that know me not, it is some body els they mean is a Quaker, or the Image of their own brains not me. I perceive G.K. has not yett received my papers I sent to Ragley, and my letter, that may give him occasion to consyder himself for his good. I shall differr writing to him till he has received them. A country man of Monsieur Van Helmonts, I mean a German, one Christophorus Sturmius, professour of naturall Philosophy and Mathematicks, has attaqued my Principium Hylarchicum.[4] He is a good ingenious man and well seen in his way. But I pray you Madam, tell Monsieur Van Helmont, That the Sandalphon will prick up his eares for all this and that truth is invincible. I read the latter part of your letter that declares your designe in being served in your chamber by Quakers to two or three of my friends, judicious persons, and they could not blame your designe, but look'd upon it as a thing reasonable in your condition. That God would be pleased to give you more strength and lesse paine, is the hearty desire of

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[1] No such name occurs either in the *Alumni Cantabrigiensis* or in the published registers of Christ's College for this period.

[2] The *Immediate Revelation* was republished in 1675 "with an Appendix containing an Answer to some farther Objections" in which Keith discusses at length, though without mentioning his name, the criticisms which More raises in his letters.

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[3] In April, 1675, occurred a debate "in Alexander Harper his Close (or Yard) in Aberdeen" between "some former Students of Divinity (so-called) of the University of Aberdene and the People called Quakers." The opponents were John Lesly, Alexander Shireff, Paul Gellie, all Masters of Art; the defendants, Robert Barclay and George Keith; the moderator for the Quakers, Alexander Skene, husband of Lillias Skene, the Quaker poetess and a friend of Lady Conway. An account of the controversy is given in a pamphlet "A True and Faithful Accompt of the most material Passages of a Dispute betwixt some former Students of Divinity of the University of Aberdene and the People called Quakers . . . London, 1675." The pamphlet, which was published by the Quakers, shows a strong Quaker bias. In 1676 the students concerned printed the book to which More refers, *Quakerism Canvassed;* the Quakers replied with two tracts, both called *Quakerism Confirmed;* the first, which bears no author's name, has been attributed to Keith and Skene; the second was the joint work of Barclay and Keith. In the second part, p. 18, the authors say: "They place at large a citation out of H. More, whom they say *the Q. have reported to be a Quaker*. This is a false calumny which they are dared to prove. That H. More hath in a letter to G.K. owned some of the Q. principles, is true, as particularly that of immediat objective Revelation, called by them *the head of the Monster,* and that the seed is a substance, which *they count one of the Q. grand errours*. As for that citation of H. More, he wrot it upon trust, and was not an eye-witness of these things, and it recurrs upon him and them to prove the things true."

[4] Johann Christoph Sturm (1635–1703), the real founder of physical science in Germany, who first introduced the teaching of mathematics into German schools. Like More, he devoted much of his life to an attempt to reconcile the ancient and the Cartesian philosophies, and was known for an eclectic system which he evolved. Although he himself achieved no original work in physics, his service in the spread of the experimental method was incalculable. The attack to which More refers was the *Epistola ad Virum Celeberrimum Henricum Morum de Spiritu ipsius Hylarchio, aerisque; pondere et Elaterio Philosophis modernis plerisque probato aucta . . .* which Sturm published in his *Collegium Experimentale Sive Curiosum . . .* (Norimberga . . . MDCLXXVI). The *Collegium* was a collection of all the physical experiments known to Sturm, with his expositions to students. The letter to More, which occupies 113 pages of the second volume, is a reply to More's *Enchiridium Metaphysicum,* particularly to those sections in which he develops his theory of the Spirit of Nature, with which he attempted to offset the mechanical implications of the Cartesian philosophy.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,

HEN. MORE.

260. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 169. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with the postmaster in Coventry."]

Madame,

I RECEIVED Mr Cooks by the last post, and write by this to give your Ladiship thanks for ordering my letter and papers to be sent so timely to G.K. who I suppose has them before now, and before I wrote to him againe. Which was but two or three dayes ago. So that I was as good as my word, more by good chance then any constancy in my own Resolution. I thank your Ladiship for speaking to my Lord to returne your Ladiships thanks to my Lord Chancellour for his favour in bestowing that prebend which your Ladiship had procured me (for which I renew my hearty thanks to your Ladiship) on my friend Mr Fowler, on whom it is so sutably bestowed both in respect of his deserts and indigencyes. Indeed I account myself, as I told him, doubly beholden to his Lordship, for that noble favour, and look upon myself as if I had received two prebends from him. And am the more passionately sorry for the losse of his good Lady, who died last Thursday morning.[1] She lay speechlesse all Wednesday as I heard by a letter from Mr Kettelby. I am sorry I have no better newes to send your Ladiship. I am not yett gone into Lincolneshire and was wavering whether I should make any such journey, but hearing lately from my Nephew that he had newes from Grantham that his sister is not likely to hold out long, and desires to see him and mee before she dyes, if she grow no better, I am likely to make a journey to Grantham, and into Holland to settle some thinges there, but a fortnight is the utmost I intend to be out from Cambridge, and upon my returne thither againe out of Lincolnshire I shall write to your Ladiship the time precisely when I would have the Horses come hither from Ragley. Which I suspect will not be till some time in the moneth of May. But your Ladiship shall not fayle to heare from me exactly when I returne from Lincolnshire and it may be at my going thither, if it be any time till I take journey. In the mean time wishing your Ladiship better health I commit you to Gods gracious keeping and am

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[1] Elizabeth Finch, Countess of Nottingham, died March 16, 1676. Tobias Hewitt, writing that day to Lady Barrington, says: "This night my Lord Chamberlain's lady died. Yesterday the whole College of Physicians were with her all the afternoon." (Quoted, Charlotte Fell Smith, *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick* [1901], p. 301.)

Dear Madame

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Maris 22, 1676.

I pray you Madame present my humble and affectionate service to my Lord and to Monsieur Vanhelmont.

261. *George Keith to Robert Barclay.*

[*Reliquiae Barclaianae,* 1870, p. 8.]

Abd.: Tolbooth[1]
12th of the 3/mo: 1676.

DEAR Robert Barclay to whom is my very dear love remembred in the blessed Truth. I have little at present to write unto thee, thy Father having writ at large, we are thirty men friends in Prison, many of us having continued about 9 weeks, some 8, some 7, and some less as they did take them up meeting after meeting, yet some more remain to be taken, we have exceeding sweet and comfortable meetings most frequently wherein the power of the Lord doth mightily appear in the midst of us, so that Friends generally are greatly encouraged, to the astonishing and confounding our adversaries. Remember my dear Love to Friends of truth at London, as thou has freedom, especially to Wm. Pen, and tell him, I received his letter, also to George Whitehead, Alexander Parker, Wm. Mede, William Welch, John Swintoun[2] and others. In thy return homewards I have a great desire if thou be free to it that thou again visit her called the Lady Conway, and I could wish thou hadst more time with her than formerly, which might be usefull to her, and also to Van Helmont, if thou dost see her remember my dear love to her and shew her that I am busie answering H. More's papers unto me, and have near finished my answer, which I hope ere long to send unto her, or else to bring them myself if the persecution that is at present cease here away, and that I find freedom to visit friends in England this Summer. But if the Lord open a door in this countrie for the receiving the Truth among People, as it is like to be, and of which we have some good expectation, the power of the Lord so gloriously appearing among us, which is preparing us for some great service, I verily believe this may be ane occasion to stay me some time, otherwise I may be very free to go, and if thou happen to see Henry Moir remember my dear love to him and notwithstanding of his mistakes I would have Friends be very loving and tender to him, as indeed I find still a great love to him in my heart, but as for his paper, I see no difficulties in it at all, to weaken me in anything I have written to him, this being all at present, I remain thy loving Brother.

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[1] *Tolbooth* (tollbooth). Originally a temporary structure for collecting market charges, the name came to be applied to a jail or prison. Keith was in 1676 imprisoned for the second time in the Aberdeen lower prison. Before his release, Barclay was also imprisoned there.

[2] A. C. Bickley in *George Fox and the Early Quakers* (London, 1884) speaks of "Alexander Parker, whose love for his leader and his family well-nigh surpassed the love of woman." Parker's sufferings for his beliefs are described in Joseph Besse's *Collection of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers* (1753, I, 393, 408, 480). The case of William Welch is described *ibid.,* I, 437. The trial of William Penn and William Mead at the Old Bailey, "a Struggle between the Efforts of arbitrary Power in the Magistrates of this City, and the just and ancient Liberties of the People of England," is related at length by Besse, I, 416–426. William C. Braithwaite in his *Beginnings of Quakerism* (1912), p. 119 n., describes John Swinton as one who joined the Friends in 1653 after Fox's second conviction under the Blasphemy Act. His punishment is discussed by Besse, I, 202. A James Swintoun is supposed to have been responsible for the conversion to Quakerism of Robert Barclay's father.

G. K.

262. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 86.]

Pera of Constantinople
March 1/11, 1676/7.

My most Honour'd and Dear Lord

I AM now fully convinc'd that your Lordship was against my going to and is against my staying at Constantinople for the being entirely deprived of the greatest satisfaction this distance from your Person can afford, the Honour of your Lordships letters, is the best but the most severe method could have bin thought of to make me weary of this Station. But my Dear Lord things that are reduc'd to Extremitys, doe by custom change their nature, for I have known Persons of Quality that have bin long us'd to the Oar, voluntarily after their redemption return to the Gally: and therefore your Lordships Prudence which in all other things is admirable, seems to want something of the usuall conduct in giving no remission to your rigour. Beleive it my Lord, that the hardships, sufferings which were mingled with some Interchange of delight would render the want of the continuance of those delights more grievous, and their change into torment more insupportable. If therefore your Lordship designed your four years silence as an act of rigour, to arrive to the heigth of the Intention, your Lordship should now by breaking your long Silence lett me understand (as wretch'd people in a Darke Dungeon by the least Peephole that introduces light) the comfort I am depriv'd of. But I fear my length lookes by exercising your Lordships patience like an Act of Revenge; with much brevity and as much Truth therefore I must assure your Lordship that it is much easier for me to become your Martyr then your opposer, for I am with perfect resignation

My most Honour'd Lord,
Your Lordships most humble and most obedient servant,

JOHN FINCH.

John Mattershead upon the call of his wife has left my service, when I could ill spare Him; 72 li that I sent into England for Him, and a summe near that I believe He carry'd with Him Honestly gott; I cannot say that He was dishonest for had he bin so, He might have gotten very much: though I cannot commend in Him that was my caterer, His obstinate refusall to make any other then Generall Accounts once a moneth. But I will no further concern my selfe with one that has left my service.

263. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 80. "For the Right honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire."]

London, April 3, [1677] at the Bishops head
in Paules Churchyard.

Madame,

Since my last to your Ladiship, I have been so taken up with my preparations for the printing of my Philosophicall volume, that I have forgott every thing beside, which makes me the lesse wonder that Monsieur Van Helmont has forgott me, and has not sent me a complete copy of the Apparatus to the Zoar, which since my coming hither, I understand is published.[1] I see a copy of it here in England. I have been here this fortnight to see my second part I mentioned well entered in the presse, which I have cast into two Tomes that the Edition may be dispatched in half the time it would otherwise be. I hope it will be finish'd within a yeare, I being to have six sheets a week. One Tome is begun and I hope the other will be tomorrow. I did not ask that imperfect copy of the Apparatus of the Zoar of Monsieur Van Helmont when I writ from Ragley, both because it was imperfect and I thought he might rather desire to keep it by him to show it to friends as occasion required. I come thus late to London by reason of Cuperus his Confutation of Tractatus Theologicopoliticus[2] which Monsieur Van Helmont gave me at Ragley from a friend in Holland, in quires, which whyle it was a binding at Cambridge I fell a reading Theologicopoliticus the better to understand Cuperus his confutation when it came from binding. But I found this Theologicopoliticus such an impious work, that I could not forbeare confuting him whyle a[3] reade him. This and other thinges spent so much time that I am a moneth or six weekes later here then I intended. Proposing this Confutation of mine shall make up some part of this Philosophicall volumn. And as for Cuperus, that pretends to confute him, truly I do not know that he is better then he whom he pretends to confute.

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[1] The first part of Peganius' long-anticipated treatise appeared at Sulzbach in 1677 as the *Kabbala Denudata.* The second volume contained the various papers which More had written to Peganius.

[2] Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,* published in 1670, was a "critical inquiry into the history, purpose, and authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures, with the right to free theories, and free discussion asserted." Gisbert Cuperus, the Dutch historian (1644–1716), replied to it in 1676 in his *Arcana Atheisme revelata examine Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.* More wrote two confutations of Spinoza, the first, in 1677, entitled *Epistola altera ad V.C.;* the second in 1678, *Demonstrationis duarum Praepositionum quae praecipuae apud Spinozium Atheismi sunt Columnae, brevis solidaque Confutatio.* Both were included in his *Opera Omnia.*

[3] *Sic.*

Grosse ignorance and impiety has seized the hearts of so many. But being come hither I remembered to fullfill my promisse to Mrs Foxcroft, in order to Mrs Bennet to understand how she recovered so good use of her eyes beyond all hopes, and determined this very day or tomorrow to go to Clapham, but Mr Bromley giving me a visit last week, and telling me that Mrs Bennet had been lately with your Ladiship, I got my Landlord Kettilby this day, he being to go to Clapham, to visitt Mrs Foxcroft and to enquire if it be true that Mrs Bennet has been with your Ladiship. Which Mrs Foxcroft affirming to him, I demurr of my visitt to Mrs Foxcroft now, especially he that was to go with me being something carefull how he goes over the water, though he be a very kinde friend of Mrs Foxcrofts. But if your Ladiship has still a minde, that I should give Mrs Foxcroft a visit, I think it will be the latter end of next weeke, before I quitt the towne, if you please to send me word, I shall be very ready in that or any thing els, that lyes in my power to approve my self

Dear Madame,

Your Ladiships humbly devoted servant,

HEN. MORE.

I saw my Lord Conway once and intend to see him once more this week, if he be not gone. I pray you Madame my service to Mr Van Helmont.

What a peal my Lord Chancellour rang in my eares about your being turned Quaker, and what a storme I bore with be too long to rehearse in this letter. I told him I would either write to your Ladiship or declare by word of mouth what he sayd when I see you.

264. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 171. "For the Right Honourable the Lady Anne Viscountess Conway at Ragley near Alcester in Warwickshire. Leave these with the postmaster of Coventry."]

C.C.C. Apr. 29, 1677.

Madame,

It is now a good whyle since I received Mr Cooks last letter, but I differ'd writing in hopes to heare out of Holland concerning that miraculous cure. But the ill newes Mr Cook writt me is fresh in my memorie, touching Mr Rawdons death.[1] I was more affected with it then with that of his brother, there being so great a disparity in their qualifications. But I am most of all sorry for Sir George that his old age should be laden with such heavy losses in so small a time of his Lady and his two sons, both of them so hopeful. But if Mr Arthur stand firm or recover into any settledness of health, I hope my Lord will beare those other crosses with the more ease. Since Mr Cooks last wherein he sent word of Mr Mansells sicknesse, I heare he is dead, and there is one chosen into his Fellowship at Kings Colledge.

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[1] The deaths of the two Rawdon boys, who had been More's pupils, are discussed, pp. 410–411.

I am sorry Mr Arthur has lost so good a Tutour. This world does so melt away about a man that it is great folly and vanity to lett his soul cleave to it at all. I suspect those dancings of the 3 lights on Fairy Mont in Ireland was ominous and presag'd the deaths of the 3 persons lately deceased.[2] They were hinting some such thing when I was at Ragley last, but I gave little creditt to it then. I have received about a fortnight agoe a very kinde letter from George Keith, who desires his deare love to be remembered to your Ladiship. He earnestly desiring me to write to him, tho I did not see any thing in his letter that required an answer, more then he might gather out of my other papers he has. I writt a pretty long letter, freely and plainly to him, but now I have done so, I find not myself free, as the Quakeres phrase is, to send it. I perceive by his letter that he has written some few sheetes concerning the extension of the soul of Christ that are intended to be published. But I must confesse I think he had done more advisedly if he had stood to his first conviction in my chamber touching that point, then to encumber himself so and bewilder himself in nothings, that he mindes only to maintaine some rash phrase or conceits of his party. But I perceive that now he will have the Logos to be that farr extended soul of Christ so that he is faine to shift from one thing to another, having no bottome but a desire to maintaine the creditt of himself and his party. As if they might not be mistaken as well as other mortalls. In this his desire he will venture farre for grosse Arminianism. But I wish with all my heart that he and his friend Barclay were well deliver'd out of prisons both of minde and body. I understood by Mr Cooks letter that Monsieur Van Helmont was gone to Sulzback to Mr Knorr, when as I understood by himself that he intended for Holland onely, and that he would be back before the spring. I would faine have him at Ragley before I come, that I might gitt him to dispatch the picture we were upon of the vision of Ezechiel, for he has a good careful dexterity in such thinges. But if he be taken up long with his Zoar at Sulzback, I must make what shift I can here or at London, whither I am very shortly to goe. And after my returne thence, I shall be more able to acquaint your Ladiship when I can conveniently come to Ragley. In the mean time, praying to God to give you a greater share of health and ease from your paines, I committ you to his gracious keeping and am

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionate servant,

HEN. MORE.

I pray you Madam present my very humble services to my Lord.

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[2] More describes the lights in detail, and develops his theory in regard to their origin in the *Notes* to the later editions of his *Immortality of the Soul,* Bk. III, chap. viii. He concludes: "The Matter being told to the Lady of the Family (Lady Rawdon) a most religious heroine, which lay at that time of a Distemper, she answer'd, that such a Light appear'd also there before the Death of her Brother. But she dy'd not onely her self but two of her sons likewise, most hopeful Youths, through an untimely Fate, within the space almost of one year."

265. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 88.]

My ever most Honour'd and most Dear Lord,

Yesterday I was made happy in your Lordships of December the 16:26 beyond what is easy for me to expresse or your Lordship to apprehend: for so Great, as well as True, is the Passion that I have ever had for your Lordships Person and Service, that upon your kindnesse or unkindnesse depend the greatest comfort or affliction that can befall me; and Believe it, that though tis impossible for me to thinke, much lesse to act any thing repugnant to the highest Devotions for your Lordship yet I was under some Jealousy (for High Passions are subject to it) that I was grown lesse in your favour, which was suggested to me from that long silence of yours, I tooke as a Pennance: all which Umbrages and mists are vanish'd and scatter'd by the new warmth and vigour your Lordships most obliging letter has inspir' me withall.

I am now to give your Lordship my most humble thankes for those good offices you have bin pleas'd to doe me, in your repeated attempts of fixing something upon me suitable to your Lordships desires in England: which I know must therefore have bin some station answerable to my own wishes. I must really confesse I had rather owe my obligations to your goodness than any Person living, and though the length of my return renders your Lordships sollicitations ineffectuall, yet that is an argument that growes every day weaker, and is continually wearing away.

My Lord all advice and counsell from your Lordship I ever did and shall receive with a veneration due to your Prudence and Wisedome: and therefore that of writing to my Lord Treasurer I have immediately putt into Execution: I had often thoughts of it before: but considering the variety of important buisinesse His Lordships High charges must of necessity be attended with, I was unwilling to be thought a misspender of his Lordships time: and an Ill Judge of those weighty Concerns, that were part of his constant and dayly applications. I am sure no man living can with greater reverence, either thinke or speake of his Lordship: and I shall beseech you to doe me the Honour of letting his Lordship know that he hath not in the world a more faythfull servant and admirer, nor more ambitious of the Honour of his commands.

I am infinitely glad to hear of the satisfactory divertisements your Lordship mett with the last Summer, and your Designs of perpetuating them at London and New-Markett. I heartily wish the Conversation your Lordship proposes may every way answer your expectations: but I envy others the happinesse of that of your Lordship. 'Twere a happinesse that is some part of my wishes to be in any thing serviceable here to your Lordship and therefore as farr as I am capable of forwarding or carrying on your Design of Horses, I shall promote it to your best advantage. But I shall reserve the present Province of information as to this Point wholely to Sir Thomas Baines. I give your Lordship many thankes for the effecting my desires of paying to John Mattershead's wife the summe of 53 li. He is, since a second Bill I order'd Him for another Summe, gone Home to his wife by the same conveyance this goes to your Lordship. He told me He should never gett so much mony as He gott in my service (and really my Lord I apprehend so too) but that the obligations to His wife would permit Him to stay no longer: nor indeed does he intend to serve any longer, having now gott a stock to enter upon a farm.

In pursuance of your Lordships commands, I shall gett time to proceed in the remaining Parts of that Discourse which Relates to this Empire[1] and shall send them to your Lordship. I had allready sent my letters for England, and send a Dispatch on Purpose to Smirna to arrive the Ships if possible before their departure. My Lord, 'tis no small satisfaction to me in that habituall affliction my Dearest Sisters illnesse make me lye under, that she is pleas'd to enquire after one so remote from her. I dare not give her the trouble of writing to her, fearing it may be proportionable to that of her own writing. I beseech your Lordship to endear my most affectionate humble service to her; and lett her know that I received the letter Dr More wrote by her order. My Lord, I know not what more to send you, for my Heart is allwayes with you: and full of the greatest service, respects, and affection that ever were in any Heart; the fullest of faythfull and unfeigned Devotion, and 'tis impossible for me ever to thinke my selfe in this World happy till I have the Honour of Personally assuring your Lordship of the truth of my Passion for your Service and Honour for your Person as being

My Lord

Your Lordships most humble and most obedient Servant

JOHN FINCH.

Pera of Constantinople, June 1/11, 1677.

V.

HAVING herself tasted of the new dispensation, Lady Conway desired that others might also, if not be persuaded, at least understand. Even in her weakness,—she wrote that she had not been able to have her bed made for above three months—she ordered books by Friends to be sent to Sir George Rawdon, of whose criticism she was well aware; and though he could not understand, yet he replied with ungrudging admiration that she was at least "a gallant soldier." Her always bounteous charity was lavished now on these new brethren.[25] Her efforts and success in behalf of suffering Quakers in Ireland may be seen in the last letters to and from her husband, her own, significantly enough, dated according to the Quaker calendar, and signed for the first time "Thine."[26] Her relatives were never reconciled to her conversion. Conway's attitude is clear enough; he did ungrudgingly and generously whatever she asked in regard to the Irish Quakers. He attempted to understand her position by reading some of the books she had sent to Rawdon, and that even though, as he says, he was "troubled with a Rheume in one of my eyes" so that he read only "with much paine." But he could never reconcile himself to that "senselesse, wilful, ridiculous generation of people," whose extremes he saw so much more clearly than could his wife. The sympathetic reader can feel only pity for the friendly Conway when, on his last visit to Ragley during his wife's lifetime, he found that "all the women about my wife and most of the rest are Quakers, and Mons. Van Helmont is governour of that flock, an unpleasing sort of people, silent, sullen, and of a removed conversation."[27]

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[1] A tract on this subject written by Finch to Conway is preserved in *Add. MSS 23,215*, ff. 76–83; there is also a long letter to Lady Conway on the subject, *ibid.*, ff. 84–86.

[25] Robert Barclay records that the Friends' Meeting House at Aberdeen was "mostly bought with his own money and some by his means obtained from the Countess of Conway."

[26] Cf. p. 449.

John Finch also strove to understand, but could not. Though his personal affection does not seem to have been tried by her conversion, he wrote his sister a long disquisition on the irrationality of the Quakers' speech and manners.[28] But Finch had spent many years abroad, and lived now among a people stranger far than any Quakers. Disturbances in England seemed to him far away. If correspondence had been difficult when Finch was in Italy, it was almost impossible now. During the four years of his sister's life after her conversion, he seems to have heard no direct word from her, nor she from him, save the one letter mentioned above. Perhaps for the first time in her life, Anne Conway did not miss his letters.

Her influence may be detected not only in the treatment of Quakers in Ireland, but in the attitude toward those in England of Heneage Finch, both as Lord Keeper and as Lord Chancellor. Her brother, like her husband, had never refused a request of Anne Conway's. It is true that William Penn found Heneage Finch stubborn on the matter of Fox's release from Worcester jail in 1674. But Thomas Moore, writing about the same matter, reports that he has seen the King, and later that the Lord Keeper has been amenable, but that Arlington disrupted the business.[29]

In spite of Henry More's attempted understanding, there seems no question that during the last two years, Lady Conway for the first time had little real need of him. Perhaps her mind was so full of her new interests, her spirit so engrossed with those "strong wrestlings" which Barclay later described, that there was no room for her "auncient friend." Though he spent the entire summer of 1677 at Ragley, we have Conway's word that, although Quakers had free access to his wife, "Dr More, though he was in the house all last summer, did not see her above twice or thrice."[30] If on his return he continued to write her, as he must have done, still hopefully striving to call her back to "her old loving Nurse," the Church of England, his letters, with one single exception, have disappeared. Perhaps she herself removed them from the pile of papers she had always cherished "as if they were Socrates' his"; perhaps she destroyed them; perhaps she sent them for refutation to her new spiritual mentors, George Keith, William Penn, or Isaac

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[27] *Rawdon Papers,* p. 254.

[28] This letter has not been republished. It is to be found in the British Museum, *Add. MSS 23,215,* f. 94.

[29] Cf. *The Journal of George Fox* (1911), II, 298, 303.

[30] *Rawdon Papers,* p. 254.

Penington. At all events, it is no longer from More's letters, but from journals and letters of the Quakers that we must tell the story of Anne Conway's last days.

In prison at Aberdeen, George Keith, impervious to surroundings which custom had rendered familiar, finished his answer to More's criticisms. William Penn, too, wrote to Lady Conway, and, it would seem from casual references in papers of the Quakers, later stayed for some time at Ragley. His first letter to her still lies among her papers.[31] At Ragley, Anne Conway's design, which she had earlier communicated to More, of changing all her servants for Quakers, was gradually put into effect. She intrusted the matter to Lillias Skene, the Quaker poetess,[32] one of the most interesting, as she was one of the most important Quaker converts in Scotland, who had visited her at Ragley and who continued to correspond with her on her return to Scotland. During these last years, Isaac Penington also wrote to Lady Conway, letters filled with affectionate interest. "I have heard," he began his first letter in 1677,[33] "both of thy love to truth, and of thy great afflictions outwardly; both which occasion a sense concerning thee, and breathings to the tender Father of my love for thee." From that time until the end of his life he found time to write her often, having heard from her own lips the story of her conviction, rising in his language from simple statements of everyday happenings to the mystical joy and rapture of the prophets.

Robert Barclay, meanwhile, had written the news first of Van Helmont's, then of Lady Conway's interest in Quakerism to the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, whose mother had been a friend of the first Viscount Conway, and who had for many years been herself a friend of Van Helmont's, and greatly interested in Henry More.[34] Barclay evidently felt that there was reason to believe that the Princess' interest in Quakerism which, like Lady Conway's, had begun in the intellectual curiosity she had shown in all theological and philosophical movements, might deepen into something more than interest. But her reception of the news seemed to preclude that possibility, "I cannot submitt unto the oppinion or practise of any other," she wrote,[35]—a sentiment which More must have applauded—"though I grant that they have more light than myself. The Countess of Conoway doth well to go on the way that she thinks best, but I should not doe well to follow her, unless I had the same conviction, neither did it ever enter into my thoughts to do so." Upon his release from prison, Barclay proceeded to London, from whence, before he set out on one of his many journeys, he wrote Elizabeth:[36] "I am now entred into my Journey, and intend to pass by the way of Ragley." To Ragley he went, where he spent many hours in converse with the Viscountess

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[31] See pp. 401 ff.

[32] Cf. p. 438 n.

[33] Several of Penington's letters to Lady Conway are printed in *The Letters of Isaac Penington* (London, 1828), pp. 128–132, and 250–253.

[34] Barclay writing to the Princess Elizabeth on June 15, 1677 (*Reliquiae Barclaianae*), tells an amusing story of Van Helmont's finding "himself under a necessity" of "keeping his hat upon his head" to the great surprise of Prince Rupert and the Lord Craven whom he happened to meet immediately after the impulse came upon him.

[35] *Reliquiae Barclaianae,* p. 27.

[36] *Ibid.,* p. 29.

Conway, as a result of which he wrote again to Elizabeth:[37] "That truly noble and virtuous Lady the Vice Countess of Conoway . . . told me she had looked upon some things practised by us as so small and inconsiderable that she was apt to believe that there was not that weight in them which we seemed to lay upon them, or if it should so appear to her, she could very easily yield to the practise, but when she came to find it her place so to do then she saw there was a great deal more difficulty than she apprehended, and could not have believed to have found so strong wrestlings before she could give up to obey, especially considering her circumstances who being constantly tied to her chamber was thereby delivered from many of those affronts whom the like case might make others liable to."

George Fox, too, was a frequent visitor at Ragley, stopping there whenever his duties led him into Warwickshire. In his *Journal* he notes early in March, 1678:[38] "Then struck to Ragley in Warwickshire to visit the Lady Conway who I understood was very desirous to see me, and whom I found tender and loving, and willing to detain me longer than I had freedom to stay." Edward Haistwell, Fox's amanuensis, in his *Diary,* notes in 1677:[39] "On the 6 day (4th month) there came one Dr Moor to dispute with G.F." The next year he gives a careful account of Fox's visit with Keith to Ragley, where the Quakers spent much of their time in answering a pamphlet which the "priest of the parish" had written against them.[40]

In those last days, so full of spiritual exaltation for Anne Conway—no longer *Lady* Conway to her new brethren—was there, one wonders, no thought of Henry More and his lonely Cambridge cell? "I have forborne this good whyle from writing to your Ladiship," he wrote in January, 1678–79,[41] "partly because I thought it might be but a disturbance rather then a diversion, you being so very ill, as I heard, and partly because I had no new occasion of writing, having not gone up to London since my last writing unto you." A change, indeed, for when in thirty years had either More or Anne Conway felt the need of a "new occasion for writing?" There is little now for More to say, and that little sad—news of a "necessitous" student for whom he craved her charity, loyal messages to Monsieur Van Helmont, most of all talk of the "dismall plott." "I pray God," he writes sadly, "fitt us all for the worst of times, and give us timely repentance to avert the just judgements of God." Then with a rumble of the thunder which the readers of his anti-Papist pamphlets knew so well: "For the stink and stench of them have too long offended the nostrils of the Almighty, so that it may be just with God to cast a dunghill upon a Dunghill and to overthrow Protestantism with Poperie." *It is just with God*—it had been since the beginning the familiar refrain of More the theologian. But the man creeps back in reminiscent words: "It is the concerne of every serious man so to live that he will not be much surpriz'd or amazed *si coelum ruat,* if the whole frame of the world break about our eares, as it does in a maner when the fabrick of our little world is to be demolished." The unsubstantial pageant did not so completely fade but memory remained. In such mood More laid down his pen, having for the last time committed his Lady to "Gods gracious keeping."

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[37] *Reliquiae Barclaianae,* p. 31.

[38] *The Journal of George Fox* (London, 1891), II, 319.

[39] *The Short Journals and Itinerary Journals of George Fox,* ed. Norman Penney (1925), p. 233.

[40] It is probable that the "German booke" referred to in that passage was the work of Peganius, with whom Keith corresponded. The book written by the "priest of the parish," which is referred to also by Fox (*Reliquiae Barclaianae,* p. 44) was *The Spirit of Delusion Reproved, or the Quakers Cause Fairly Heard and Justly Condemned, being an Answer to William Penn, George Fox, Edward Whitehead, George Keith, Edward Burroughs, and severall others. By Thomas Wilson, Rector of Arrow in Warwickshire* (London, 1678).

[41] See p. 447.

266. *George Keith to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,217,* f. 21.]

6th 3d mo: 1677

Dearly Beloved friend,

Since by reason of thy present condition, I can not see thee, I find it in my heart to leave unto thee my salutation of love and peace, in the sensible feelling of the love and peace of God in Jesus Christ that reacheth forth unto thee, certainly knowing, that thou are loved of God above many notwithstanding of thy great and long continued afflections, because of which, nature or the naturall part in thee is ready to say, that the lord doth not love thee, nor regard thee. But I beseech thee hearken not to that part, nor to any spirit or principle in thee that wold dictate or suggest any such thing but hearken to the faithfull witness of God in thy heart, the blessed spirit of Christ Jesus, and that will tell thee, that all thy afflictions that the lord hath laid upon thee, are the certain effects of the love of God, and ordered to come upon thee for thy good, as in due tyme I hope thou shall see, and feel more abundantly, and in the mean tyme, I beseech thee wait upon the lord, in all possible patience, and quietness of mind, whereunto I hope the lord will enable thee, from a clear testimony and obedience of his own spirit, light, and life in thy heart, to know, what he doth require of thee in any particular thing, or things, either to doe or forbear, and when thou finde the least measure of onenesse or nearness unto the Lord, and thy heart in the least measure of a praying frame, cry unto him that he would make manifest unto thee, what is his holy will, that that thou may doe it, yea beg it of him, in the true humility of thy soul that hee wold show thee, wherefor he doth so afflict thee, or doth suffer thee to be so afflicted, yea plead with him, because of his great goodness, and love, who is goodnesse and love it selfe, and who hath in a large measure pour'd forth upon the children of men of his divine goodness and mercy and whatever thou seekest of the father, seek it in and for his dear sons sake, the lord Jesus Christ, I mean not in a bare forme of words, but in a sense of that blessed life and spirit of Christ Jesus in thy heart for what thou seekest in the sense, and moving of that life, the father cannot deny it unto thee, either to give thee the very same, or that which is better, yea that which is best for thee. My desires are great, and frequent unto the lord for thee, and for thy encouragement, I can tell thee I have found oft freedome in that blessed life of Christ Jesus to remember thee before the lord, and plead with him that hee would be gracious unto thee, and compassionate and consolate thee in thy great affliction and this hath still been the answer of the lord in my heart, that he hath given me a sense of his love even to theewards, and although it is and hath been my great desire, in submission to the will of God that he might either raise thee up in the outward man, or at least mitigate thy great outward afflictions, yett I have found the greatest freedome and drawings in my mind, to desire and wish it from the lord, that he would make thee yet more sensible of his great power to raise thee up in thy soul and inward man to feell with us of that abundant divine consolation and refreshment wherewith he doth daily refresh us in the midst of all our afflictions of this present life. So farewell, dearly beloved, and loved of God, and in him be encouraged, and raised up over all that wold discourage or disquiet thee,

from thy friend and sympathiser,

GEORGE KEITH.

267. *Lillias Skene*[1] *to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,217*, f. 23.]

Newtyl, 16th of the 6th mo. 77.

My deare and tenderly beloved freind,

IN the deare and tender Love of god thou heth been oft in my rememberance since I pearted with thee though I never had the convenience to express it by a line nor to give one acount of my suckses in what I undertook to tray at London conserning on to suplie Maares place. I steyed bot on night at London after my return and could not meet with Rebeca, bot when I went to speak with G.F. I axedentalie met with Anna Whithed and left it with hir to use hir indevor to the thing, and also I sent word by a friend to Rebeka to mind it, but I fond no certen expectation for lenning toe, that any friend will be got to dischearg that place. Thus I fonnd meet to aquent thee off. As for a waiting maid, I caused the young women of whom I spok to writ how shoon I com to Edinbrough (who after waiting for counsell from the Lord) was very cleer and willing to com because of the Love was raised in hir heart to thee. I am hopfull thou wilt find ground of satisfaction in hir, and what is otherways I desir thee on truths acount signifie it lovingly to hir, for it wold com neer me upon several acounts if ye should heastilie greart, least it might be looked at by observers.

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[1] Lillias Skene, before her marriage Lillias Gillespie, was one of the most interesting, as she was one of the most important Quaker converts in Scotland. She belonged to a family which included Patrick Gillespie, Principal of Glasgow University, and George Gillespie, of Covenanting fame. About 1660 she had become the wife of Alexander Skene, of Newtyle, author of *Memorials for the Government of the Royal Burgh of Scotland*. Her husband, an Aberdeen merchant, held office in the Town Council as treasurer, dean of the guild, and bailie. Prominent in the best society of the district, they caused a furor by their conversion to Quakerism, shortly after William Dewsbury's first preaching in Aberdeen, and they became the center of violent denunciation on the part of the clergy. Both of them remained ardent and influential members of the sect, the history of which may be traced in Lillias Skene's verses, many of which have been published in *The Bards of Bon-Accord*. Some are quoted in the *British Friend*, XLV, 261–266.

I long to hear, how it heth ben with thee inwardly and outwardly sins we parted, and I will receav the intimation of it as a kiendness to me. As for my return to Scotland I acount my self ingadged by the bonds of inteer Love and friendship to signifie it unto thee and my dear freind Van Helman whom I lov in the Lord. The seam resons I mentioned to both of you becom mor and mor weightie to me, and cleered up mor and mor in me, as I waited inwardly to know the Lords voice in his Light, which he hath given for a leader and a comander to the people, even that this was not the seson he requeered such a thing from me, and a lardg sence I had that many friends visits at ons, wold not be expedient from me, so in the libertie of the spirit, and in the unitie of freends, whos Life was a strenth to me, I returned, and the Lord was with me in many observable steps of his providence for my preservation and comfort, glorie be unto him for ever. I was some days at Abd. with our dear friends in prison who ar every way weel. Since my coming John Suintonn Elder is added to the nomber. Ther is not romm now, for mor beds abov beds, which signifieth to me inlardgment hastneth. My deare friend, fent not nor be weary under thy personal trayels bot feel tribulation working patience and late patience have its perfect work. My desirs are that mor and mor that eye may be opened in thee that looks beyond the things that are seen, and in the living sence of the invisable glorie of the kingdom of god thou may live above the desir of temporarie satisfactions, craying secretly in thy heart that by all thy present suferings thin iniquetis may be perched away and senseteev netur be crusified, in the death of which shal he com to regn whos right it is, and the conforter whom no man can tak from thee will dwel in thee and abyd with thee for ever to whose tender compations I comend thee, and remain

My deare freind

Thy friend and remembrancer to serve the in the Lord,

Lillias Skene.

268. *Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon.*

[*Rawdon Papers*, pp. 254–257.]

Dear Brother.

You find fault with me for not writing to you in the multitude of your troubles, whereas I am most certain I neither omitted, nor delayed to answer all your letters in what was material for me to answer. In your last you signify your intentions of sending your daughter into England, to which I should willingly agree, if I knew where she could be conveniently placed. In my family all the women about my wife, and most of the rest, are Quakers, and Mons. Van Helmont is governour of that flock, an unpleasing sort of people, silent, sullen, and of a removed conversation, which can be no ways agreeable to your daughter, nor for her advantage. These and all of that society have free access to my wife, but I believe Dr. More, though he was in the house all the last summer, did not see her above twice or thrice. Now when I am absent at London, or in Ireland, as I hope to be next summer, what can my niece do amongst them? I have considered amongst all my acquaintance, and I can find none to my mind. Mr. Speaker's Lady[1] is a most virtuous person, but her husband is worse for women than my Lord Ranelagh.[2] If she were in either of these families, the world would judge I might better have ventured her in a bawdy-house. My Lord Chancellor's family is a very good family, but 'tis so numerous, and his Lady being dead, I do not think they would admit of it. My sister Clifton lives so sluttishly and foolishly, that it would not be of any advantage to my niece. So that I protest I cannot think of any place convenient; I wish you would defer it till I speak with you. The best I can think of is my Lady Puckering at Warwick;[3] she is a discreet Lady, and they live handsomely, and sometimes she goes to London with her husband in a session of Parliament. If you continue in your resolution of sending over your daughter before I come into Ireland, I will speak with my Lady Puckering unless you can think of some better place amongst your own acquaintance. This is the reason that I wrote to you long since it was convenient for you to marry your daughter, because, as things stood with me, I knew not how to provide for her in the mean time so as I would do, and as might be proper for her.—When I received my Lord Coloony's[4] letter, I gave you an account of the answer I made him, and of my readiness to serve him for the getting of his son's pardon, only I desired him to provide a solicitor, for I could not undertake that part. I hope that he and you have received my letters, tho' I hear nothing of it, they were both inclosed in a cover to Philomy ô Neile. But I perceive your daughter will not have Mr. Coote,[5] and my Lord Granard[6] is angry with me that I do not appear or concern myself for his son so much as he would have me. Whereas I shall never do more for any one in the world, than only to agree to whatsoever you do. This is my resolution to him and all mankind in this matter. I believe you will have no occasion of removing to Portmore, from those apprehensions you mention of my Lord of Ormond's coming into the North. My Lord Treasurer[7] writes to me that my Lord Lauderdale's letters say, there is no fear of any insurrection in Scotland. But I wish you had gone there when my Lord Granard's party came down, then you had avoided all these troubles and perplexities which now pursue you, and out of which there is no way to get out, but to let them pass over as clouds do, of themselves. Do nothing that is unhandsome for you to do, but be quiet, and let them pass over of themselves. This is the best advice I can give you, who shall ever be,

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[1] Letitia, wife of Sir Edward Seymour, whose second son Francis was Conway's heir.

[2] Richard Jones, third Viscount and first Earl of Ranelagh, grandson of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, and of Thomas Jones, Archbishop of Dublin.

[3] Lady Puckering had been Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Murray, before her marriage to Sir Henry Puckering (Sir Henry Newton until he assumed the name of his maternal uncle to whom he was heir). The Puckerings lived at The Priory, Warwick, which Evelyn called (*Diary,* ed. 1850–52, I, 297) "a melancholy old seat." Both Sir Henry and his wife were famed for their charity to distressed Cavaliers.

[4] A "Colloony" is mentioned several times by Conway and Rawdon in their correspondence in the *State Papers, Ireland, 1669–70,* once in connection with Coote; but he is there called "Lord" only once, when Conway speaks of him (*Calendar, S.P. Ireland, 1669–70,* p. 243) as "My Lieutenant Colonel Lord Collooney."

[5] Possibly a son of Richard, first Baron Coote, whose name occurs several times in the Rawdon-Conway correspondence for 1666–69.

[6] Sir Arthur Forbes, first Earl of Granard. In November, 1678, Mary, eldest daughter of Sir George Rawdon, married his son Arthur.

[7] Lord Danby.

Yours, etc.,

Ragley, 28 December, 1677. CONWAY.

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269. *Sir John Finch to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,215*, f. 90.]

My Ever Honour'd and Dear Lord

THE worthy Bearer Mr Rycaut[1] cannot but by fame be known to your Lordship, since nothing of Curiosity scapes your notice in any Language, and scarce any of the modern ones but doe acknowledg the observations this Gentleman has made of Turky to be the most exact the world has hitherto seen; by making his English Penn speake the Idiom of every civilized Country. My Lord he has I believe finished and that by his Majestys command the Account of the State of the Greeke Church and Religion: and I know him to be so judicious a Person, that though I have not seen the worke, I dare say twill be a peece of the greatest light in that latter the world has yet known, who are usually under great mistakes in the reppresentations made of objects at so great a Distance. I must further acquaint your Lordship that this Gentleman has for the Space of Twelve years executed the charge of Consul at Smirna with so much Prudence and Integrity of conduct, that he has gained the Hearts of the Ambassadors who were happy in his discreet management, and of the Factory where he resided, and the Company who employ'd him. Things not easily twisted together by lesse dexterity then his. Upon all these Accounts this Gentleman will deserve your Lordships favour, but he being one that I have further a particular friendship for, I must be a Petitioner to your Lordship to lett him find upon my Account the effects of it on all occasions; for by any Act of Grace pass'd upon him your Lordship will fixe over new obligations upon

My Lord

Your Lordships most obedient servant and entirely
affectionate Brother,

Pera of Constantinople, March 16/26, 1677/8 JOHN FINCH.

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[1] Paul Rycaut, traveler, author, and consul at Smyrna, had been B.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650. In 1661 he went to Turkey as secretary to Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchilsea. In 1667 he was appointed by the Levant Company their consul at Smyrna, where he remained for eleven years. At the command of the King, he published in 1678 *The Present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches* and *The History of the Turkish Empire from 1623 to 1677*. In October, 1685, he was appointed secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, who had recently been created Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; he was knighted the same year. His most important work was *The Present State of the Ottoman Empire* (1668).

270. *Lord Conway to his wife.*

[*S.P. Ireland, CCCVIII,* No. 181.]

Lisburne, 2 Octobr, 1678.

My Dearest Deare,

I WROTE to you last post that I would dispatch away Will Temple this weeke, so being now at Lisburne, as I am every Tuesday and Wednesday, I send him away tomorrow, and should be glad to heare of his safe arrivall at Ragley which none that I know will be so carefull to informe me of it. I have sent by him 200li for the finishing of my Building, and I have written to Mr Cratford as I told you in my last. One thing only I am to seeke, whether you desire I should send you over any Frise. I left a Parcell behinde me in Cookes hands, as I take it, which was very good, and I beleeve as much as you will use.

My Neece will be marryed to my Lord Granards eldest Sonne, I beleeve upon the 28 of Novembr. He went away this morning to Dublin, where Writings are drawing by directions from my Lord Granard and my Brother Rawdon. My Neece Mary is of a very good disposition and comely enough, but the youngest Brill is one of the prettiest girls that ever I saw, and the wittiest. The second Dolly hath had the smallpox since her Mothers death, which hath donne her some injury. I am

My Dearest Deare,
Eternally yours,
CONWAY.

271. *Lady Francis Clifton to her sister, Lady Conway.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCVI,* No. 227.]

Dear Sister

GOOD and wholesome counsel is alwayes seasonable, but especially in such a condition as your leter and paper found me. I heartily thank you for your great care and kindness therein, and I shal endeavour to observe and practise all those Christian rules and precepts therein contained, and which I wish I had been so happy as to have received from your mouth, rather then from your hand. However, I desire herein as in all other things to submit unto Gods holy will, knowing that all his providences shal work for the good of them that love him and hope in his mercy. I am very well satisfied with my present condition since God is pleased that it shal be so with me, and if it be his will to restore me and to make me further usefull in this world; I shal most thankfully receive so great a blessing and shal endeavour to live in some measure worthy of it. In the mean time I shal waite with patience and if ever recovered that I may safely adventure to take such a journey, I shal give my self the long desired satisfaction to see you at Ragley, until when I hope you will remember me in your daily prayers, as I shal be mindful of you in mine, as being

Your most affectionat sister
FRANCIS CLIFTON

Clifton the 3d day of Octob. 1678

I groan continually and am ready to give up the Ghost for breath, and have so great an oppression, that I can hardly gasp, or moove, or stirr my selfe the least in my bed, or from one chair to another though but a yards space without excessive torment. My Stomach and legs are very much swelled, insomuch that what my temper was, and will be I can scarce give you an account. It began with a kind of plurisie and then turned to an ague and fever, and at last to a lethargie: which I doe all I can to remoove.

272. *Lady Francis Clifton to her sister.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCVII,* No. 41.]

Dearest Sister

I AM but just come to be able to write againe; but so very ill that I can scarce breath yet or walke halfe a chamber length without leading, nor two if I be; but panting worse then if I had run to London; my feet and legges being swelled like mill posts that pitts hughly and I most exceed my strinth, my Doctor hath but patch me up, he saith for to goe to London fur further helpe, wher I hope to be able to set out for about a fortnight hence, to be in London with in these 3 weekes. I am charged by my Doctor neither to touch pen nor paper for my life, and therefore will say noe more but that you have at the last 6 Doz of such as you never yet tasted or he feares must ever hope to doe againe. I pray God it proves so and then I shall the lesse Greive for all those innumerable vexatious put offs to you and

Your ever most entirely affectionate sister

F. CLIFTON.

Oct. 17th Thuesdy.
[1678]

He must have 30 shill for the Carriage. The price of the wine I know not. There is 17 Gallons.

273. *Lord Conway to his wife.*

[*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCVIII,* No. 184.]

Lisburne, 30 Octobr, 1678.

My dearest deare,

THIS is the weekley day which I take for the dispatch of bisinesse among my Tennants, and having given Rob Myles leave to goe over to settle his affaires upon the death of Mrs Walford, to whom he is Executor I am glad of the opportunity of writing to you by one who can informe you of what I doe in these parts, and how I have my health, which is well hitherto, thanks be to God, onely I begin earlyer then usuall to be troubled with a Rheume in my Teeth. I receaved Monsieur Van Helmonts Letter of the 5th past with yours enclos'd to my Brother Rawdon, which I delivered to him, and he told me he would write to you now by Rob Myles. I was very glad to see of your writing to any body and upon any occasion. All the Quaker wives whose husbands I acquainted you formerly were in prison, are at this instant in the House waiting for me because Mr Lovell the Chancellor hath appointed this day to give me an answer about them. All the matter is, I must pay the Fees my selfe, yet I hope to have them released before night, and what service soever I can doe you I shall always doe it, but I finde them to be a senselesse, wilful, ridiculous generation of people, rather to be pitied then envyed. I pray let me heare of you as often as you can, for I am entirely

Yours,
Conway.

274. *Lady Francis Clifton to her sister.*

[*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCVII,* No. 132.]

Dearest Sister

I can only tell you that we are just now thankes be to God safe and indifferently well arrived to London, though ill sundry wayes still; yet much better then I thought it possible I could have beene. Mr Garkenwell said he could spare but 8 Gallons at the most which he told me would be 6 doz; but it seems the bottles as he said is more then a quart: soe that 5 Doz. tooke up 17 Gallon and a pint which was the reason that you had but 5 dozen. I beseech you continue your favourable remembrance of me with your excellent brawn at Christmas: on which manely dependeth

Your ever most entirely affectionat sister
F. Clifton

Nov. 2nd, [1678]

275. *Charles Coke to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 42. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at his house in Anger-street. Dublin. Ireland."]

Ragley, 5 November, 1678.

May it please Your Honour

My Lady was pleased to order me to acquaint Your Honour of Mr Temples safe arrivall hither the last week, which Her Ladyship hopes Mr Parsons did not faile to acquaint Your Honour of at the same time, though Her Ladyship would not have neglected of making mee to have done it also, had I not been absent.

In this letter he brought Her Ladyship, as also in the former (which Her Ladyship sent to Mr Parsons to give Your Honour an account of Her Ladyships recept of) Your Honour acquaints Her Ladyship with Your Honour's having writ to Mr Cratford about the paying Her Ladyship her mony at Christmas, but Your Honour forgot in both to lett Her Ladyship know, to whom he is appoynted to pay it, and when Her Ladyship is to receive it, which My Lady desires Your Honour to lett Her Ladyship know in your Honour's next. My Lady desired M. V Hellmont to write to Your Honour in the beginning of the last month, in which Her Ladyship enclosed a papyr for Sir George Rawdon, which Her Ladyship hath not yet heard, whether it was received. Her Ladyship's Sister the Lady

Clifton intended to be at London last week to endeavour the bettering of her health from the London Physitians, shee being very ill of a Dropsy.

My Lady will be glad to hear of Your Honour's having compleated your kindnesse to Your Honour's neighbour prisoners, which Your Honour mentioned to Her Ladyship by procuring their liberty. My Lady hath had no opportunity to inquire after that Starkey, which Your Honour mentioned to Her Ladyship, but if the story be true, Her Ladyship is sorry to hear, that he should not walk according to the truth, which he makes profession of.

Your Honour left no freez in my hands, but upon inquiry Mr Parsons informes me that there was a peece and a little remnant left, which, he beleives may be left up in that roome which James Hunter took the key away with him, but the doore hath not yet been opened to see, because that will not be sufficient for such as are to have coates and therefore thought it best to expect Your Honour's order when Your Honour will be pleased to send more to supply what is wanting, if Your Honour sends any for the servants, as Your Honour uses to doe, My Lady desires there should be sent with it one peece of the finest coloured freez for Her Ladyship.

Mr Temple came hither ten dayes agoe, but returned two dayes after back to Chester to expect the landing of Your Honour's horses, from whence he is not yett returned. This is all My Lady was pleased to command to write

Your Honour's

Most Obedient and Faithfull Servant,

Charles Coke.

276. *Charles Coke to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213*, f. 44. "For the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Conway at his house in Anger-street. Dublin. Ireland."]

Nov. 13, 1678.

May it please Your Lordship:

My Lady hath received Your Honour's letter of the 22nd past, and is very glad to finde Your Honour hath enjoyed your health so well ever since Your Honour went from here, since which time Her Honour hath dayly lost both of her strength and of that sometimes more tollerable condition Her Honour then had, her violent paines still attending this weak condition that Her Honour is now in, so that Her Honour is more incapable then ever of any outward refreshment or divertisement whatsoever being able to have very few wordes with any that is with Her Honour. My Lady sent to Mr Woodcock as Your Honour ordered in your last, who was willing to pay the mony accordingly. My Lady was pleased to order me to take the freez out of the dairy and distribut it as farr as it would goe to such as used to have of it below staires without making use of any of it above. My Lady particularly ordered me to returne Your Honour Her hearty thankes for the kindnesse Your Honour has begun to shew to Her Honour's friends in the truth, and Her Honour's earnest desire for Your Honour is, that Your Honour may dayly increase in your love to the truth and to all those that are in it.

My Lady desires Your Honour would remember Her very affectionately to Her Brother Rawdon and to lett him know that Her Honour hath received his letter[1] to which Her Honour thought to have returned a few lines in answer (had not Her weak condition hindered) though he may finde what he would seeme to object satisfactorily spoke to in the papyr Her Honour sent, for the false Jew and the false Christian will be found to have one father; but Her Honour thinks to send His Worship by Robert Miles 2 or 3 bookes, which because they are small, Her Honour hopes His Worship may finde leisure to peruse.

This is all Her Honour was pleased to command to write

Your Lordships
Most obedient and faithfull Servant
CHARLES COKE.

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277. *Lord Conway to his wife.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213*, f. 46. No superscription.]

Portmore, 8 January, 1678[9.]

My dearest Deare,

LAST week I receaved Cooke's letter of the 13th past; which being not writ in his ordinary straine, I suppose the draft of it was yours, and therefore I should be extreamely well pleased with it, if it did not create trouble in me, by the description of your great paines and sufferings. I am glad to finde your businesse was accommodated by Mr Woodcock as to the payment of your mony, which I am sure would be punctually answered by Mr Clifford. I drew upon him 300 li more to be payd to Frank Parsons for the coming on of my building, being warranted thereunto by a letter of his, that he would pay both yours and this. I wrote my letters the 7th of Decembr, and sent them all to Frank Parsons, yet I have never heard one syllable in answer.

He tells me that you order'd him to returne me thanks for my kindnesse to your friends in the truth. If you reckon them all so that are in that profession I assure you have a pack of as arrant knaves to your friends as any I know. I doe not say that they are all such, but I have met with some, that I have fownd to be so. Geo Gregson presented me lately with two speeches of William Pens to a Committee of Parliament in March last. In one of them he says, They are of the same principles of Faith with us in the most fundamental Articles, if so then the Difference is only in matters of practise, and if I should agree that theirs is better then ours, I think I should loose the use of my reason.

I did obey your commands to my Brother Rawdon by shewing him your Letter.

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[1] On November 6, 1678, Rawdon wrote to Lady Conway an affectionate letter (*S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCXXXVIII*, No. 185), in which he thanked her for her "pious meditations" and her interest in his welfare. He concluded with admiration for her bravery and courage under unparalleled affliction, "like a good soldier of the Captaine of our Salvation."

We have had very good wether of late, the beginning of Autumn was very wett and I had defluxions in my Gums and Teeth at that time, much earlyer then usuall, which made me apprehend this winter and this Country, but since that I have been very free of all distempers whatsoever.

I doen't doubt but you heare of the Impeachment against my Lord Treasurer[1] carryed up to the House of Lords by the House of Commons, and upon this I thought to have been comming o'er and to have gonne strait to London by Post, to have given him all the assistance I could, but hearing that he getts the better of them in the House of Lords, I hope he is in no great danger, and that I may be permitted to stay a little longer, which I doe not designe shall be above eight weekes intending to be in Dublin by the middle of March, where I shall make very little stay. Pray send to Frank Parsons and desire him to give me an account of my letter above mentioned. Also I think it time for Rob Myles to be returning over to me, and the weather is very good.

I shall add no more, but that I am entirely and with the greatest affection,

Yours,

CONWAY.

278. *Henry More to Lady Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216*, f. 173. "For the Honourable the Lady Conway at Ragley these."]

C.C.C. Jan. 27, 1678–79.

Madame,

I HAVE forborne this good whyle from writing to your Ladiship partly because I thought it might be but a disturbance rather then a diversion, you being so very ill as I heard, and partly because I had no new occasion of writing, having not gone to London since my last writing unto you. Unlesse I should have taken occasion of writing concerning this dismall plott,[1] as without question it was if it had taken effect, and whether are the disgizes tangled yett from it or no God alone knowes, it was layd deep and reached far and whether all the traines and signets of it are to be avoyded or intended to be avoyded we that have nothing to doe with state affaires are not in a capacity to conjecture. It is the concerne of every serious man so to live that he will not be much surpriz'd or amazed *si coelum ruat,* if the whole frame of the world break about our eares, as it does in a maner when the fabrick of our little world is to be demolished by disease or violence. I pray God fitt us all for the worst of times, and give us timely repentance to avert the just judgements of God that are hanging over the wanton heedlesse and unthankfull protestant Churches. For the stink and [stench?] of them have too long offended the nostrills of the Almighty so that it may be just with God to cast a dunghill upon a Dunghill and to overthrow Protestantism with Poperie. Which will be a great tryall upon men, but happy are they that can say, greater is He that is in us then he that is in the world. But such thinges as these I need not suggest to your Ladiship who are likely the least to be concerned in them, nor had I given you this interruption but by reason of this special opportunity of sending by Mr Milward, who came to the University to see his son, and bring him some necessaries, who telling me, though your Ladiship has been excessively weak and ill, that you are now something better, I made the more bold to give you this trouble, and the rather, being engaged by the importunity of Mr Milward to write to your Ladiship in behalf of his son. I perceive by Mr Milward that his fortunes are low, and he can gett as yett no help but a small exhibition from the Colledge, toward the maintenance of his son, and therefore he was earnest with me to solicit your Ladiships charity in his behalf. He told me my Lady Dowager contributed 40s a quarter toward his keeping at Schooles. I heare nothing but well of the lad, and think your charity will be well and seasonably bestowed if you please to allow him something till he can gett a scholarship and untill he can gett a degree on his back and be capable of some employment or preferment. There wants no argument to so good a minde. Therefore committing the whole buisiness to your Ladiships consideration and committing you to Gods gracious keeping, I am,

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[1] Danby was impeached December 21, 1678. On December 30 the proroguing of Parliament deferred further action. The new Parliament met in March; on Lady-day Danby resigned his office and received the King's pardon under the Great Seal.

[1] The Popish Plot.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladiships most humble and affectionat servant,

HEN. MORE.

I pray you Madam present my affectionate service to Monsieur Van Helmont. I received Mr Cooks last.

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279. *Lady Conway to her husband.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214,* f. 40. In the hand of Charles Coke. No superscription.]

My Deare,

IN the last I made, Coke mentioned my intention of sending some bookes to my Brother Rawdon, which I have accordingly now done by R. Miles and desire they may be presented to him, which I hope, as he shall seriously peruse in the fear of God, may give him satisfaction in such points, as at present may prejudice him against friends in the truth, for want of a right understanding of their principles and practises; The parcell is swelled to a greater bulk then I at first designed, but having such a conveniency of sending, I thought it not amisse to give him some choice, hoping he will find leisure to peruse some of them, or at least some part of them, which I can with the more freedome desire, because I have respect to nothing, but his profit and advantage, in endeavouring to give him a right understanding of things, and, therefore, I hope he will not misinterpret my good will; he will not expect they should have been accompanyed with a letter, when he knows the state of my weak condition, that I have not been able to have had my bed made for above these three monthes. I hope neither of you will think that time ill spent, which you shall employ in reading these bookes, but that you will judg it to be the best entertainment in your seriousnesse; because they direct to and in more clearnesse discover and chalk out the way, by which all serious seekers after God may attaine their desired satisfaction and true rest, then any have ever done before them, since the Apostles times, and though there are some found amongst the Professors of truth that are not of them as was also amongst the Apostles, yet that ought not to hinder the considerat and unprejudiced from receiving the truth. Your eternall and temporall felicity I very heartily desire. I remaine

Thine,
Very affectionately and really,
Ragley, 13 M/11, 1678/9 ANNE CONWAY.

280. *Lord Conway to his wife.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213*, f. 49. "To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess Conway at Ragley in Warwickshire. Leave this with the Post Master at Coventree."]

My Dearest Deare,

I RECEAVED your letter of the 13th past by Robert Myles, about this day fortnight, but I was then so troubled with a Rheume in one of my Eyes that I could neither read, nor write: yet I did read some of your Books with much paine before I delivered them to my Brother Rawdon, so that I think it kept me the longer before I could write, and this is my first letter, to tell you that I am extreamly grieved and troubled to heare of your continued paine, and extremity of weaknesse. I am not now able to write to Frank Parsons as you desire, but if I thought that that would doe it, I should make a shift, but as soone as I come to Ragley, I shall certainly pay off all the Servants and others. About a fortnight hence I hope to begin my Journy to Dublin, from thence I shall immediately send away my Coach and Horses into England, and order my Coach to stay for me at Wrexham. I doe not designe to stay in Dublin above a fortnight, it may be lesse, but from thence I shall write to you. Pray let Will Temple know that my young Colts goe away two or three days before me, and that I send Tho: Lightfoot with them, to be shipt for Nesson, where he expects Will Temple should come and receave them, and then Tho: Lightfoot returnes hither. I send my saddle horses to Hollyhead, where I designe to land my selfe. George Gregson was heere with me last week and intends shortly to England, where I have invited him to Ragley, which he hath promised me. I am now troubled with multitude of company, every one putting off their compliments as well as businesse to the last, and therefore, shall only add that I am

Eternally yours
CONWAY.

This morning I got a Bottle of Birch-water.

VI.

No response came from Ragley to More's last letter, and indeed it is doubtful whether Lady Conway ever read it. Some other hand perhaps laid it among the papers she had kept so long. She had passed beyond all care for Popish plots, beyond any interest in the charity she had for many years extended to needy students at Cambridge. Years before, after the death of the Dowager Viscountess Conway, Lady Conway had written to More that she desired no ostentation and display, but only to leave the world quietly. Her adoption of Quaker principles had augmented that desire. When she took up for the last time the "black-lead pen" with which she painfully wrote, it was to add a codicil to the will she had written six years before, begging her husband to respect her wishes, and permit her body to be buried without ceremony or display.[42] Though she was fully aware that she was dying, she refused to send for her husband. Death, upon whose face she had looked longingly so many times, was no ugly specter to her; she welcomed the approach of a deliverer. Until the end, Conway had no suspicion of the true state of affairs; he had been accustomed for years to letters telling of weakness and suffering. The last letters which passed between them are filled with the homely details of everyday life, hers, as for so long a time, not in her own hand, nor yet now even in her own phrase. Only the codicil of her will was written slowly and painfully in her characteristic writing. Conway's last letters report the simple happenings and simple annoyances of every day, concluding with a homely touch. That letter came too late. On its long journey from Ireland, it crossed another, sealed in black, a sort of journal[43] in which Charles Coke set down a complete account of the end of what Lady Conway might truly have called, with Alexander Pope, "this long disease, my life."

281. *Charles Coke to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 47.]

Ragley, 18 February, 1678–79.

May it please Your Honour.

On Wednesday and Saturday last I sent the following letter; for fear of miscarriage I send it again:

I asked Monsieur Van Hellmont whether it was not necessary that he acquainted Your Honour with My Lady's extreme illness, he answered me, that he proposed it some dayes agoe to Her Ladyship, as thinking it his duty to give Your Honour notice of it, but her Ladyship was pleased strictly to forbid him, saying that her sicknesse was of that nature, that no notice could be given till she should be dead, and that her intimation in the letter with the note by R. Miles would be sufficient, yett I could not be satisfied, till I had given Your Honour this account, that since I had the happinesse to be here Her Ladyship has never been so long troubled with continuall great paines and exceeding weaknesse, as she is at present, so that night and day two persons are constantly with her to support her, her violent paines having taken away her rest and stomach, which makes her groane and crye continually.

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[42] See the Appendix, p. 481.

[43] *Add. MSS 23,213,* f. 47.

If I have trangressed in giving without order Your Honour this dolorous relation, I humbly crave Your Honour's pardon for it, and so shall allways remaine,

Your Lordship's

Ever obedient and most Faithfull Servant,

CHARLES COKE.

The rest of the account the faithful steward has added at the end of the sheet, and in the margin, evidently setting it down from day to day:

21 Febr.

Since the 18 to this day Her Honour continues very painefull and weak, taking nothing but now and then a spoonefull of small-beer, being tended and supported as is mentioned above.

22 Febr.

This morning about 6 a clock M. V Hellmont came to me and tells me, that My Lady is grown so weak, that she hath lost all her motion except a little in her armes, and takes no more but sometimes a spoonefull of small-beer being without feavour, yett no rest, but her excessive paines continues still, causing her continuall cryes and groanes, so that he judges Her Ladyship cannot continue long, which is the reason he desired me to send this enclosed copy.

23 Febr.

Between 7 and 8 of the Clock at night My Lady parted this life, having her perfect understanding and senses to the last minute, giving up her Spirit very peaceably without any perceiveable motion and keeping a very sweet face, her pains have held her to the last, about Saturday at noone her leggs began to swell.

M. V Hellmont (who recommends himself most respectfully to Your Honour) desired to have the enclosed copys sent, and hath advised with Mr Parsons and Mr Temple that the wooden Coffin shall be pitched and rossined within, which is to have two lids, whereof the first is to have a glasse opposite to Her Honour's face, so that Your Honour at his arrival may see it, after which it is to be covered with another, and than all to be putt in lead.

Mrs Wingfield desired me to acquaint Your Honour what she shall doe with Her Honour's two maids, not knowing the usuall custom of this house, if she shall send them away before Your Honour's coming, and if they are to expect mourning or money in lieu of it. About 3 weekes agoe, My Lady had a new footman (the other leaving this place for a trade) which I shall keep for the credit of the house till Your Honour's further order.

VII.

"Her Antient Friend being acquainted with the Circumstances of her Death from Ragley, return'd only this short Answer, 'I perceive and bless God for it, that my Lady Conway was my Lady Conway to her last Breath; the greatest Example of Patience and Presence of Mind, in highest Extremities of Pain and Affliction, that we shall easily meet with: Scarce any thing to be found like her, since the Primitive times of the Church.' "[44]

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[44] Ward, *Life*, p. 208.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Sequels

I.

ART, more kind than life, lowers the curtain on the heroine's death; the play is played out. Reality must choose the method of anticlimax, after all the method of Shakespeare. Ophelia, Juliet, Cordelia, these are dead; but what of those who remain—Hamlet and Horatio, Lear and Kent, stern Montague and broken Capulet? Anne Conway's body lay at Ragley, waiting her husband's return, peaceful in death which had come to her as a friend to release her from torment. In order that Conway might see his wife again, and remember her serene and calm, Van Helmont devoted to her, dead, the skill which could not ease her, living. He prepared a double coffin, the inner one of glass, the outer of wood. In this he placed the body, so frail and slender that it seemed impossible for it to have withstood so many years the storms of suffering that had shaken it. By his art—he was his father's son—he preserved it in spirits of wine. So she lay in the library at Ragley until her husband returned. He closed the heavy wooden cover; the coffin was enclosed in lead; and Conway, with Van Helmont and More, saw her laid as she had wished without ostentation,[1] in the little church at Arrow, where her body still rests in its double casket. On the plain leaden cover someone has scratched two words: "Quaker Lady." It is her only epitaph.

Van Helmont, his occupation gone, set out once more upon his wanderings. By the autumn of 1679 he was back again on the continent, with much of his old enthusiasm throwing himself into all sorts of schemes, one of the chief being the establishment of a universal language, the lack of which he had often deplored in those days when he and More and Lady Conway had talked so haltingly together. At Herford he spent some time with the Princess Elizabeth, herself to die during the winter; and we may catch occasional glimpses of him through his connection with the Quakers in various countries. Within a few years his associations once more led him back to England, where we may see him again agreeing and disagreeing with these people with whom he had thrown in his lot. Of his break with them, which led him to call himself no more a "Quaker," but rather a "Seeker," we cannot here speak; whatever he may have meant by that abused term, there is little question, from what Leibniz has later to say, that Van Helmont remained in his own mind a Quaker to the end.[2]

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[1] It seems certain, from the complete lack of any account of the funeral, that Lady Conway's wish was granted by her husband. Numerous references to the magnificent funeral of the Dowager Lady Conway are extant.

[2] Dr. Darrow has discussed this disputed point in his notes on Van Helmont. There is in the Public Record Office a letter from Van Helmont to Conway (*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXVI,* No. 51) which has been dated July 11, 1681(?). The date is obviously wrong, since Dr. Darrow had evidence to show that Van Helmont left England soon after the death of Lady Conway.

When he departed from Ragley, it is possible that he left behind him the various manuscript papers which are now in the British Museum; but he took with him two others of much interest. One was a copy, made for Lady Conway, of William Penn's *Journal,* kept during his travels in Holland and Germany. Penn had had no intention of publishing these notes, which, as he says, were "written for his own satisfaction and that of some relations and particular Friends." But Van Helmont, convinced of their importance, gave him no peace until he promised to allow their publication. Penn himself says in his preface: "A copy that was found among the late Countess of Conway's papers falling into the hands of a person who much frequented that family, he was earnest with me, both by himself and others, to have leave to publish it for a common good." It was thus that Penn's *Account of His Travels in Holland and Germany* came to be published in 1694.

The other manuscript was a notebook in which at some time during her last years Lady Conway had written, as More expressed it, "abruptly and scatteredly . . . in a Paper-Book, with a Black-lead Pen"[3] her philosophical system. The approximate date we may conjecture. Certain obvious similarities with Van Helmont's beliefs indicate that it was begun after his arrival at Ragley in 1671. Likewise, the absence of any influence of Quakerism shows clearly that it was laid aside before her interest in that movement began. It is probable that it was written during the first two or three years of Van Helmont's residence with her, when her strength was greater than ever afterward. After her death, More and Van Helmont planned the publication of the book. Together they seem to have written a preface which More's biographer, Richard Ward, found among his papers and reprinted in his *Life.*[4] Thinking that it would meet with a better reception in the learned world, particularly the continental world, in Latin, they arranged for its translation. It is not unlikely that More himself performed this last service for his friend. When Van Helmont left England he took the manuscript to Holland, where it appeared in 1690.[5] Two years later it was retranslated into English[6] and published under the title, *The Principles of the Most Ancient and Modern Philosophy*. The Preface which accompanies the book, both in Latin and English, is not More's and Van Helmont's, but merely a brief foreword, telling the reader that the book is the work of "a certain English Countess, a Woman learn'd beyond her sex, being very well skill'd in the Latin and Greek tongues, and exceedingly well vers'd in all kinds of Philosophy." The little book, both in Latin and in English, is now extremely rare; it was probably at no time widely known. Yet, as we shall see, it had the fittest of audiences, and was far from being without significance in the history of thought. Brief as it is, it is a remarkable piece of work. It is clear that, revolting from Aristotle and the scholastic philosophers, the Viscountess had, with More, turned to Descartes. But, like More, as time went on, she found more in Descartes to criticize than to praise. She was profoundly influenced by cabbalism, the "Very Ancient Philosophy" of which the Preface speaks. Her attempt in her treatise was to suggest a way of thinking which should include the most significant features of Cartesianism, amplified and corrected by what she believed to be the complementary system of the cabbalistic philosophers.[7] As any thoughtful student of the work may see, her desire is not therefore to go back to the past; but—like many other seventeenth-century cabbalists—to find a way of thought which should make consistent the Christian religion and the new science of the century. The book is more than an echo of Henry More; there are ideas in it of which he never approved. Likewise, while it shows marked traces of Van Helmont, it contains ideas foreign to him as well. The synthesis is peculiar to Anne Conway herself. It is, of course, only a fragment. The argument stops abruptly, the "dull and small character" having apparently become indecipherable. Yet if we may judge from the fragment it is one of the most original philosophical documents ever written by a woman.[8]

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[3] Ward, *Life,* p. 203.

[4] *Ibid.,* pp. 203–209.

[5] *Opuscula Philosophica Quibus Continentur Principia Philosophiae Antiquissimae et Recentissimae Ac Philosophiae Vulgaris Refutatio* (Amstelodami, 1690).

[6] The translator, "J.C.," is identified in the *Dictionary of National Biography* with Jacobus Crull. No reason is given, nor have I been able to find any. It seems to me more likely that the initials were those of John Clark, M.D., who in 1694 translated Van Helmont's *Seder Olam.* His name is mentioned in the advertisement which is prefixed to the English translation of the *Principles.*

As he had discovered the philosopher's stone, so it seemed Van Helmont had found the fountain of youth. He was over sixty when Lady Conway died, yet nearly twenty years later, we find him, at eighty, evidently not a day older, as versatile, enthusiastic, compelling as ever. In 1696 he arrived at Hanover, where he proceeded to wait upon two old friends, Sophie, Electress of Brunswick, and Johann Gottfried von Leibniz, at this time librarian at Hanover. The relationship between Leibniz and Van Helmont, Lady Conway and Henry More, is an unnoticed, but significant, brief chapter in the history of European thought. According to Leibniz himself, his acquaintance with Van Helmont had begun in 1671, presumably during the brief period when Van Helmont had returned from Ragley to the continent. In 1694, Van Helmont was much in Leibniz' mind.[9] He and the Electress Sophie carried on a lengthy correspondence about Van Helmont's philosophical system which interested them both greatly. Van Helmont had sent the Electress two of his books, which she in turn had sent to Leibniz. He has read them, he declares, with pleasure and profit. Sometimes he does not fully understand them, at other times he refuses to assent to all Van Helmont's conclusions. He says elsewhere, indeed, that he occasionally finds Van Helmont "bristling with paradoxes."[10] Yet he considers his philosophical system of great importance, and has long hoped that Van Helmont would find some worthy expositor who could reduce to order the remarkable ideas of the master.[11] With that he passes on to a reasoned discussion of Van Helmont's system and his own agreement and disagreement.

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[7] I have discussed a characteristic attempt to reconcile religion and science by means of cabbalistic interpretation in *Milton and the Conjectura Cabbalistica* in the *Philological Quarterly*, VI (1927), 1–18.

[8] I have discussed the technical philosophy of the *Principles* more fully in a forthcoming paper.

[9] See *Leibnitii Opera Omnia*, Genevae (1768), VI, 70 and *passim; Historia Bibliothecae Augustae . . . a Jacobo Burckhard*, II, 321.

[10] *Nouveaux Essais* (1886), p. 167.

In March, 1696, Van Helmont arrived in Hanover. We see him through Leibniz' eyes as he appeared then,[12] seventy-nine years old, yet as active and alert as he had been a quarter of a century before, dressed in a plain Quaker dress of brown wool, carrying a cloak of the same dull shade, and a hat "sans audaces," so that, Leibniz remarked, one would have thought him an artisan rather than a Baron. He was as versatile as ever. He had, Leibniz remarks, learned many trades, and had been now a turner, again a weaver, later still a painter; he understood all chemistry and was deeply versed in Hebrew. Writing to Thomas Burnet in England, Leibniz describes their daily conversations, as they betook themselves each morning to Madame l'Electrice.[13] Here, he says, Van Helmont held the floor, pouring forth with flashing eyes his experiences, his theories, and his beliefs. From time to time the more exact Leibniz interrupted, for, he says, "Il a de la peine à s'expliquer clairement." Constantly in his conversation, Van Helmont went back to the days in England, and the names of Lady Conway and Henry More recur again and again. "Il a été ami particulier de Mad. la Comtesse de Kennaway," Leibniz wrote to Burnet, "et il me conta l'histoire de cette Dame extraordinaire. Il me parla fort aussi de Mr. Henry Morus, qui a aussi été de ses amis."

Whether this conversation was Leibniz' first introduction to the work of the Viscountess Conway, we can only surmise. It is possible that during former visits to the continent, Van Helmont had spread abroad her fame, even during her lifetime, possible that Leibniz had even before this received from Van Helmont her *Principles of the Most Ancient and Modern Philosophy*. But there is no question of the profound interest she aroused in Leibniz, not only as the chief actor in a remarkable story, but as the expositor of what he considered a valuable philosophical system. Her name appears again and again in his letters. The decade which immediately follows constitutes, as biographers have recognized, the formative period of Leibniz' philosophical system. It is not in his books, most of which were published either late in his life or long after his death, that we may trace the forces which gave direction to his thought, but in his letters and in the fragmentary papers, most of them unsigned, which he contributed during these years to the *Acta Eruditorum* and the *Journal des Sçavans*. Desultory and haphazard as these productions seem, they are all—even his historical and geographical treatises—evidence of the one central idea of his life: his desire to reduce to order and continuity the diversified life of which he found himself a part. More perhaps than the work of any other philosopher, except Bruno, they are marked by that excitement which stirs even the modern reader and makes him live again in an age of discovery.

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[11] It appears from a series of notes found among Leibniz' correspondence that he himself had some idea of becoming Van Helmont's expositor. Cf. *Correspondance,* II, 8–10.

[12] *Ibid.*

[13] *Opera Omnia,* VI, 233.

In his *Nouveaux Essais,* which he began in 1687, but did not complete until 1703, he tells of the gradual formulation of the "new system" which was to reconcile Plato and Democritus, Aristotle and Descartes, the scholastics and the moderns, theology and reason. Here we may find more than once the name of Lady Conway, quoted now as one who, better than Cardan and Campanella, has "logé vie et perception en toutes choses"; again, as one who comes first of all to Leibniz' mind among "ceux qui spiritualisent." For in Lady Conway's *Principles* Leibniz recognized many of his own most characteristic ideas, developed, it seemed to him, without the extremes which marked More, on the one hand, Van Helmont on the other. This was in his mind when Leibniz wrote in 1697 to Burnet:[14] "Je vous ai marqué autrefois en quoi je diffère un peu moi-meme de M. Locke, et je serai bien aise d'en avoir un jour votre sentiment. *Les miens en philosophie approchent un peu d'avantage de ceux de feu Madame la Comtesse de Conway,* et tiennent le milieu entre Platon et Democrite, puisque je crois que tout se fait mechaniquement, comme veulent Democrite et Descartes, contre l'opinion de Mr. Morus et ses semblables; et que néanmoins tout se fait encore vitalement et suivant les causes finales, tout étant plein de vie et perception, contre l'opinion des Démocritiens."

So much for Anne Conway's one work, one of those pebbles which, cast into the sea of thought, caused ripples farther than the eye could see. To have stirred in any degree such a mind as that of Leibniz was perhaps immortality enough. Yet the greatest tribute to her was rather in those daily conversations when, twenty years after her death, a reigning princess and the greatest philosopher of the time listened spellbound to her story as it was told to them by the Scholar Gipsy.

Fittingly enough, it is in Leibniz' letters that we find the last word of Van Helmont. On the twenty-seventh of December, 1698, he wrote to Hertel:[15] "Il faut malgré moy que je vous mande la mort de Mons. Helmont." Like his lady before him, Van Helmont was buried with a simplicity and lack of ostentation that stirred Leibniz to a bitterness, prophetic to all who know the tragic unhappiness of his own last years, and the ignominious burial, "more like a robber," as one of the few witnesses declared, "than what he really was, the ornament of his country."[16] He wrote to Hertel on January 9, 1699: "Les cérémonies sont pour les Princes; nostre bon Mons. Helmont a été délogé sans trompette et sans carillon." The long pilgrimage of the wandering Heremite was over. In the plain dress of the Quakers, he lay in an unadorned grave, perhaps as Matthew Arnold imagined, in "some quiet churchyard,"

> Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
> Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—
> Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

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[14] *Opera Omnia,* VI, 262–263.

[15] *Historia Bibliothecae Augustae,* II, 326.

[16] *Memoirs of John Ker of Kersland, written by himself* (1726), I, 118.

The secrets which the Inquisition could not force from him were buried with him. His was a life which had enthralled the imagination of Europe. It was a life, too, in which we of a later generation may perceive the development in one man's time from superstition to philosophy, from magic to science. Somewhere on German soil a weather-beaten headstone marks symbolically the end at once of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance. Perhaps a curious passer-by may still laboriously trace out, with inquiring eye and finger, the name of Franciscus Mercurius Helmontius, and the words of the epitaph which Leibniz wrote for him:

> Nil Patre inferior iacet hic Helmontius alter,
>   Qui iunxit varias mentis et artis opes;
> In quo Pythagoras et Cabbala sacra revixit,
>   Elaeusque, parat qui sua cuncta sibi,
> Quod si Graia virum tellus, et prisca tulissent
>   Saecula, nunc inter lumina prima foret.[17]

II.

The news of the death of his "Dearest Dear" traveled slowly to John Finch in Constantinople. His sister had been dead nine months when the first intimation of it came in a letter from Daniel Finch, who, knowing the deep affection of Sir John for his sister, had written to Baines, begging him to break the news. But Baines had been for some time increasingly unwell, and much of his correspondence came first to Finch's hands. Thus it happened that he himself opened the letter. He wrote to his nephew:[18] "I heartily thank you for the tendernesse you express'd towards me in conveying the fatall news to me of my dear sister Conway's death; though I confesse it fell upon me with all its weight, it being my fortune to open Sir Thomas his letter before he himselfe perused it, and like poison given in an antidote, the operation was more unavoydable." A month later he wrote to Conway:[19] "The Newes of my Dear Sisters Death, was and ever will be as afflicting to me that nothing this World has left, can be an Object worthy to divert that grief which I have for Her, of whom the World it selfe was not worthy. My thoughts were often fix'd there with comfort and satisfaction, when the disquiett of businesse under unguidable accidents, rendered them naturally tumultuous. . . . My Lord, I must never hope to see againe in this World, knowledge enough to have made a Man of Parts proud, in a more talkative Sexe to be possess'd without noise."

The sorrows of Sir John Finch's last years came in battalions. Successful enough in the eyes of the world, he realized his own essential failure. His embassy had been at best a mediocre success. He and Sir Thomas were unpopular among the orientals who understood the ambassador and his "chevalier" as little as their occidental minds understood the Turk. Yet it had not been an unhappy life, this placid period at Constantinople; the oriental luxury with which they had surrounded themselves veiled for the most part its dangers. "We both take a great delight," Baines had written to Conway a few years before, "to set in our chairs and see the birds in the court lodge upon the cypress tree." Those had been halcyon days, to which they looked back wistfully. "We see across the dead years," writes one of their biographers sympathetically,[20] "that long-since vanished courtyard at Pera, with its tall, bird-haunted cypress tree, and on the open gallery above, behind its wood railing, two clean-shaven, middle-aged English bachelors, in full-bottomed wigs, seated side by side watching the young wrens try their wings; while around them lay the splendour and havoc of the East: a world in which semi-tones existed not—in which the dominant note was exaggeration—where life was a singular, often a sinister mixture of brilliant light and deep gloom, and reality partook alternately of the enchantments of a dream and the horrors of a nightmare."

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[17] *Historia Bibliothecae Augustae,* II, 326. Leibniz himself notes, in connection with the fourth line: "Elaeus-Hippias sçavoit tout faire jusqu'aux habits et souliers."

[18] *Burley Papers,* II, 60. The letter is dated November 22, 1679.

[19] *S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXII,* No. 90.

Nightmare triumphed over dream. An official visit to the Kehayah at Adrianople in 1675, which began in dignity, ended in chaos, for the plague broke out, the worst epidemic ever known at Adrianople. The story is told at first hand in the diary of John Covel, and in letters which he wrote to friends at Cambridge.[21] When they arrived for their farewells, they found the Kehayah melancholy, "having that very morning buryed four out of his house." Within the day, five of the Ambassador's retinue were dying, and the ambassadorial party fled in a panic, leaving one of their servants unburied in a field. As Sir John and Sir Thomas set out from the city of horrors, one of their carters fell dead beside the cart. To journey through towns meant further exposure to the plague; to journey along deserted ways meant exposure to robbers. So deeply had they supped of horrors that the very silence of the deserted road was fearful, and, as Covel remarked, "a calf with a white face disheartened them all." In spite of their speed, the invisible enemy galloped before them. When they arrived at Constantinople they found the plague already there. Two of their retinue died upon their arrival; and distracted messages came from Finch's cousin, Lord Winchilsea, who had lost his daughter as well as his servants, and who was fleeing "this disconsolate disease" from place to place, with his wife in hourly expectation of a child.[22]

The plague over, peace descended for awhile; but within a few months came the shock of the death of Ahmed Kuprili, the Grand Vizier, Finch's firm ally, and the only real link of understanding he had had with this mysterious nation. Such cross occurrences darkened the years. Yet always to console him against the slings and arrows had come a vision of placid future days in England, of home, and the welcome of his sister. "No person," he wrote in July, 1681,[23] "ever long'd so much for the arrivall of any thing as I doe for my departure from this place." The news of his sister's death shattered one of his dreams, and strange happen-

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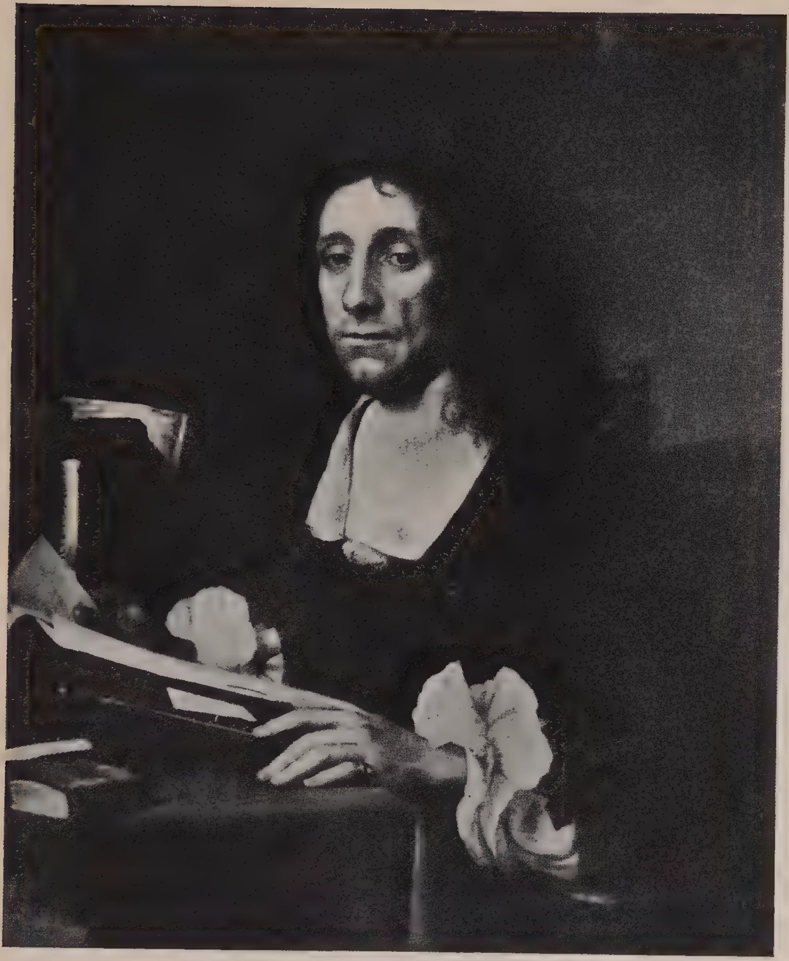
[20] Abbott, *Under the Turk,* pp. 44–45.

[21] "Extracts from the Diaries of Dr. John Covel," in *Early Voyages and Travels in the Levant,* ed. J. T. Bent (1893).

[22] Abbott, *op. cit.,* p. 177.

[23] *Burley Papers,* II, 116.



SIR THOMAS BAINES

CARLO DOLCI

From the portrait at Burley-on-the-Hill.

ings filled his superstitious soul with dread. "Sir Thomas and I," wrote Finch after his premonitions had proven true,[24] "sitting at table in our gallery at Pera after supper . . . there was a loud knocking upon the round table we sat at, for near the space of a quarter of an houre. We called in three servants, my secretary, Derham, and Zacar, which last, astonished at the thing, threw off the carpet[25] and crept under the table; and then the knocking seemed to be above the table; as it seemed to us to have been underneath it."

This was not the only "warning." "About four dayes before Sir Thomas his sickness," continued Finch, "one of my *dentes incisores* dropt out of my head without any pain whilst wee dined together; which seemes to confirm the interpretation of those who make the dreaming of the losse of a tooth to be the prediction of the losse of a friend." On August 16, 1681, Sir John was taken with a tertian ague; but Sir Thomas, as he had shared his friend's joys, shared his ills also; on August 22 he was seized with a "malignant double tertian." "Five days before his death," wrote his inseparable companion,[26] "Sir Thomas told me that he was very certain he should dye, according to the method of providence; for that God had, under so many diseases, preserved him so long as he could be any wayes usefull or serviceable to me, but that now, returning into England where my friends were all so well in their severall posts, he could no longer be of any use to me, and therefore God would put a period to that life which he only wished for my sake." Sir Thomas was magnificently consistent to the end. As more than once he had obstinately determined to live, so now he determined to die. On the fifth of September, the companionship which had begun thirty-five years before, was broken by death—ironically enough, on the very day on which Finch finally received the permission to return to England which he had sought unavailingly for months. The strain of his constant attendance upon his friend, with the shock of his death, told on Sir John's already precarious health. Dazed and uncomprehending, he was put to bed by his physicians. His stupefaction gave way to "an irresistible torrent of grief" which in turn became delirium; for weeks his physicians despaired of his recovery; but as so often had been the case with his frail sister, his body struggled back at length to a life which his heart and mind did not desire.

When he could once more take up the thread of correspondence, he wrote the news to those who would be most concerned. "I have lost Sir Thomas Baines," he abruptly begins his letter to his brother Heneage Finch, now Earl of Nottingham,[27] "and your Lordship in him, and your family, the faithfullest servant, as well as I the best of friends." During all the time that he wrote his relatives and completed his official reports of his embassy, he was feverishly busy with preparations for departure from a country which had become unbearable to him. His ship was at last ready, after disappointments and annoyances too long to be related. In November he laboriously embarked. For days men had been carrying down to the harbor the rich possessions in which he and Sir Thomas had taken so great pride. The list[28] is an imposing one, of furs and embroideries, cloth of gold and silver—"a looking glasse with rubyes and emeralds and a combe case of the same"; "a targett jewelled with massy gold"; "a halfe moon coverlid, vastly large, of 24 pikes flowers of smyrna upon red and blew"; "a Persian small table carpett with animals, two serpents in the middle, and great Persian writing about the border"; "two cushions, cloth of gold." When all these luxuries were on board, the servants returned for the last time, and in silence carried to the ship the embalmed body of Sir Thomas Baines. Behind it walked the Ambassador; so he set off with his sad cargo alone to England.[29]

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[24] *Ibid.*, II, 162–163.

[25] Table-cover.

[26] *Burley Papers*, II, 163.

[27] *Ibid.*, II, 118.

The long voyage had its effect. New scenes and people—for numerous stops were made—gave Finch the anodyne he needed. From Livorno he wrote almost cheerfully to his nephew, Daniel Finch:[30] "I have been at Ambrogiana to wayt upon the Great Duke. . . . He treated me most splendidly and most kindly, and in my return thence, though I lay in his pallace but one night, I lost my fitt of the quartan, the first time that it ever missed me." A week later he added:[31] "In this time I have been at Legorn, I have here and from Florence furnish'd myself with the best sett of pictures, I dare say, that are in any private gentleman's hands. They are above sixty in number, and four of them of Carlo Dolce.[32] I hope in God in my voyage homeward to leave my quartan on the coast of Spain or at Tanger, and that I shall gett some strength and flesh before I see you."

In July, 1682, Finch came at last to his "native soyl," another Richard who wept for joy to stand upon his "dear earth once again." His happiness was bittersweet. It was pleasant to hear the English speech, to breathe the English air. These had not changed. The white cliffs, which had loomed suddenly through the mist, were English cliffs; the sea over which he had voyaged so many weeks broke here on English shores. But the very familiarity was the more poignant. Sir John would not have been John Finch had tears not filled his eyes when he remembered another ship, another voyage, himself not then "Sir" or even "Doctor," setting out adventurously in a tiny French craft, ardent, intent—young. The same sea; the same cliffs; but beside him then had been his friend, and back there at Rye ("a place onely worth my remembrance because you have been in it") his "Dearest Deare." She lay now in quiet Arrow; there on his ship was the silent body of Sir Thomas Baines.

The process of disembarkation was a lengthy and depressing business. Finch had written in advance to his nephew to make arrangement for the "53 trunkes and chests I brought from Constantinople, 19 of which, being books, are large and bulky, and I have added to them 23 chests more of Italian pictures and statues. . . . There are also several jars of oil, capers, anchovies, and olives, 15 chests of Florence wine, 1 butt of Smyrna, 6 small vessels of Cephalonia wine, and 2 of Saragoza."[33] There was one moment of happiness, however, even in those dispiriting hours; though his favorite nephew was not there to welcome him, messengers had come, to explain that he had been delayed because of the birth of an heir, for whom he begged his uncle as godfather. His brother Heneage had sent messages also, begging him to join him at the Bath, Heneage full now of years and dignities, and the physical indispositions that were the accompaniment of both. "I am sorry to hear," Sir John wrote to his nephew, "that my dear Lord and brother is so much tormented with the gout and scurvy."

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[28] *Burley Papers*, II, 114–115.

[29] In the British Museum (*Sloane MSS 3329*, ff. 5–6) is a Latin "Epitaph on Sir Thomas Baines his Bowells enterr'd att Constantinople made by Sir John Finch, 1682."

[30] *Burley Papers*, II, 167.

[31] *Ibid.*

[32] Archibald Malloch in *Finch and Baines* has established the fact that the portraits of Finch and Baines reproduced herewith were the work of Carlo Dolci.

The day which Sir John had chosen for the last honors he could pay his friend was September 5, the anniversary both of Baines's birth and death. Fittingly enough he had determined that the tomb should be the chapel of the college which had been their meeting place. The reception of the Turkish Ambassador to his old college must have helped alleviate the sadness of his mission. Every preparation had been made to receive him with honor:[34] the "Foundress' Chamber" had been made over, at great cost, windows and chimneys reconstructed, the wainscoting renewed; the room was completely refurnished. At Trumpington, the Fellows and Scholars in their coaches and on horseback were waiting; at the college gates the students were drawn up. A great and solemn dinner was held in Finch's honor, the cost of which the meticulous college accountant was careful to note as £16 17s 3d. It was not with such magnificence that he and his friend had been received when last they had visited Cambridge. In the midst of that subdued yet overwhelming greeting, when Sir John Finch's eyes sought and found the one figure he most longed to see—his tutor, older now, white-haired, yet straight and tall as he had been thirty years before, his clear hazel eyes serene as ever, though his smile was a little tremulous—he knew that both of them were thinking of that last dinner they had shared at Christ's College, up in More's chamber, when Baines's "tong walked as free as ever and was very good company on that account," and when the only shadow on the evening had been More's disturbance that the wine had run short.

The body of Sir Thomas Baines was interred in the chapel of his college, within the chancel rails. Finch raised no monument to his friend; the memorial on which they had agreed for many years had been arranged in their wills—a benefaction of four thousand pounds for the augmentation of the Mastership, and the founding of two new Fellowships, and of new scholarships, which are still known by their names. It was their wish that they might be the means of other youthful friendships as enduring as theirs, and that older fellows might, as they, spend their lives in search of knowledge. They stipulated for the fellows of their establishment great freedom; they were not to be limited to any particular county; they might profess "Physick, Law, or Divinity"; they might, if they desired, travel out of England for a period of three years at a time. In the conditions one can read the assurance of these two friends that they had found their life of study and travel so good that they could urge others to do likewise.

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[33] *Burley Papers,* II, 177.

[34] John Peile, *Christ's College,* pp. 198–200.

With the performance of the last service to his friend, Sir John found his hold on life a slender one. The years stretched blank before him. Thrown sharply back upon himself he felt the reaction. England was strange to him, her court and politics distasteful. He had eaten of the oriental lotus and real return was not possible. He had set out from Constantinople too soon after a nearly fatal illness, and had endured the hardships of a journey which would have tried a stronger man, doggedly persisting in his desire to bring back his friend to their native country. The quartan that he had hoped to leave upon the coast of Spain had insidiously accompanied him. To the magnificent home of his brother the Lord Chancellor in Queen Street, he returned, broken and lonely. Here perhaps he made the notes for his "Dedication to Sir Thomas Baines," having in mind some vague plan of bringing together the scattered scientific and philosophical papers he had written from time to time.[35] "All that I doe, or ever shall know," he wrote in this dedication, "is deriv'd from those many hours of tendernesse of your regard for me." But the paper was abruptly broken off; the contemplated volume never begun. On "October the Last" he made his will, a long and detailed document, in which he remembered all the members of his large family, and, like Baines, his "dear Tutour Henry More." His ague developed into pleurisy, and on November 18, 1682, his lonely life came to an end.

With the fine irony of impersonal record, the audit book of Christ's College lists immediately after the £2 11s 6d for the wine served at the great dinner to Finch, another item of expense—£2 17s necessary for the "charges at Trumpington when the coaches met Sir J. Finch his corps." The restless fever of life over, he lay beside his friend within the chancel rails of Christ's chapel, where a few years later More and his lifelong friend Ralph Cudworth were also to rest, ironically beside their one enemy, Ralph Widdrington. Between the organ chamber and the altar stands the double monument Daniel Finch raised to their memory, on which is carved the epitaph written by their tutor to the friendship which, initiated in his chambers, had become—he chose to believe—"per totum terrarum orbem celebratissimorum." Not a great man, this John Finch (though he had genius in him), driven by circumstances he was not strong enough to withstand to leave the quiet learning he loved for a political career he never wished; the development of his best potentialities frustrated—who can doubt?—by his abject reverence for Thomas Baines, into whose pompous mediocrity he had read profound wisdom. Doubtless Baines gave him much; without the oak the vine might have perished; but he took from John Finch the gift of laughter; the facile, brilliant mind that once had played delightfully with ideas had long been molded and hardened by what one biographer has called "abstractions according to Sir Thomas."[36] Yet it is not for posterity to say what, alone, either might have be-

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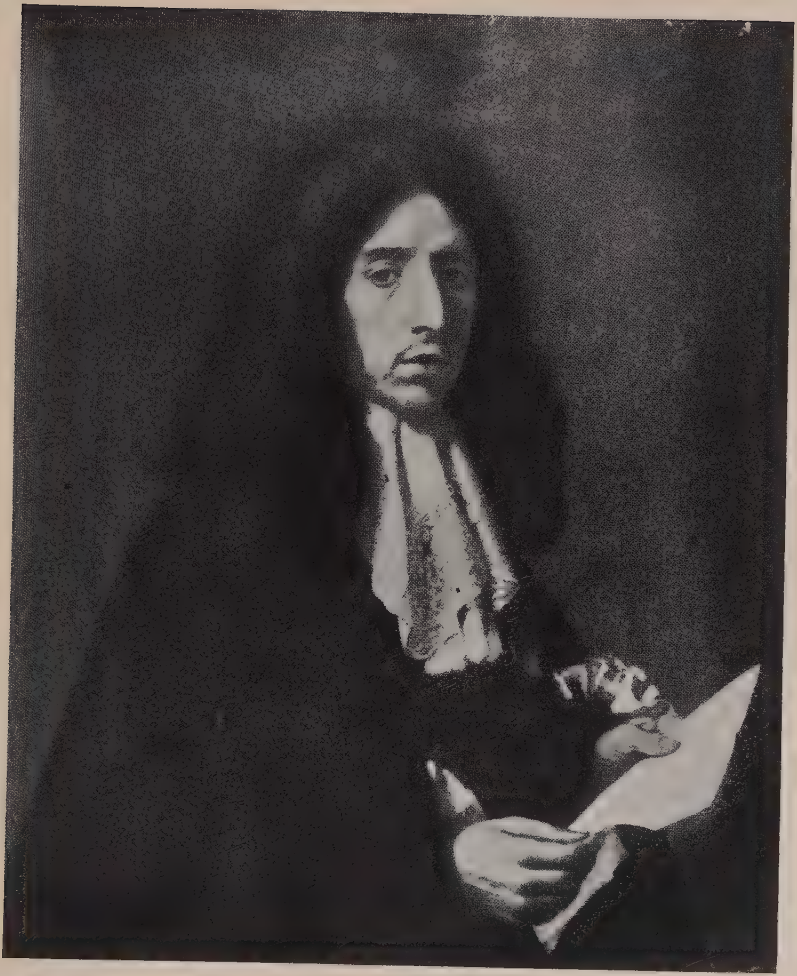
[35] *Burley Papers,* II, 128.

[36] Abbott, *Under the Turk,* p. 353.



SIR JOHN FINCH

CARLO DOLCI

From the portrait at Burley-on-the-Hill.

come. Theirs was one life, not two; and their tutor in his epitaph has spoken the last word:

> Ut Studia, Fortunas, Consilia, immo Animas vivi qui miscuerant
> Iidem suos defuncti sacros tandem miscerent cineres.

III.

Not great enough for tragedy, Lady Conway's favorite brother is nevertheless a pathetic figure in his last years; but her husband, after her death, became for a time a character to delight the writers of Restoration comedy—if one does not look too deeply beneath the surface of his story. He had not been surprised to read in Sir John Finch's letter from Constantinople the words: "I am for her sake (whose dust could it speake, would joyn with me I am sure) to begg of your Lordship to marry again." Almost from the day of his wife's death, Conway had been so admonished by all who knew him. Although before the birth of his only child, he had written to Rawdon that he had long laid aside all thoughts of an heir, yet the death of his infant son had been a great blow to his hopes. He was now a man only in the mid-fifties, of great wealth, owner of two vast estates in England and Ireland. In the very year of his wife's death he was made an Earl. His political career reached its climax in 1681 when he became one of the Secretaries of State. Yet with all his social prestige, he had for twenty years been virtually a widower, and his great houses had known no mistress since his mother's death. He was even at that moment engaged in the building of the present Hall at Ragley, which, with its great entrance hall—still said by many to be the finest in England—became one of the most admired dwellings in the kingdom.[37] The Finch family were the first to urge his remarriage. The Viscountess had been dead but two months when her sister Lady Clifton—herself to die within the year—wrote to Conway:[38] "The Lord Chancellour . . . charged me to assure you that he will not excuse you unlesse that hee may be assured that you will be marryed the next week; or at the furthest the week after, for he protested else hee would send out a commission of enquiry for your understanding. I was very much rejoyced that hee and I should both write you to the same effect, and hope his more rational arguments cannot but more strongly influence you."

Before Sir John's letter arrived from Constantinople, therefore, Conway had already made his decision; but court gossip had been before him. He was, after all, one of the most eligible matches in England; mothers of marriageable daughters (and not a few of their daughters) schemed all day and dreamt at night of that fine gentleman, the Earl of Conway, so sadly widowed and alone. There were rumors of a mysterious lady in Warwick.[39] A little later ominous reports reached maternal ears that Conway was actually married to Lord Ranelagh's daughter.[40] But the undaunted hope of the maternal breast was this time justified: the eligible Conway was not yet irrevocably taken. Conway, in fact, was looking before he leapt. He had in mind the proper type of woman, and judicially he passed in review the applications—one can call them by no other name—that poured in on all sides. Viscount Massereene recommended[41] the "daughter of a family unquestionably noble, ancient, and very sober in their education, the young lady is well qualified, her fortune plentiful." Sir Edward Harley wrote:[42] "I lately received two letters, desiring me to represent to your thoughts Lord Crewe's daughter. She is mentioned to me as a very desirable character, her portion to be 5000 li. I must also say that Lady Clare would be extremely satisfied if your inclination might be turned toward one of her family with the like portion." Neither Viscount Massereene nor Sir Edward Harley is specific as to what constituted qualifications and desirable character, unless the terms were synonymous with "plentiful fortune," an attraction which even the wealthy Earl had some reason to consider if there was truth in the rumor that Magenis repeated to him:[43] "It has been publicly spoke of that you should give 10,000 li to the Duchess of Portsmouth and some others to be made earl." Conway's secretary, Harry Hyrne, was, however, more exact in naming the qualifications of a desirable young lady. "Seeing you have made so little progress," he writes,[44] "I propounded another lady. I have not seen her, but take the following relation to be as true as if I had been an eyewitness. She is virtuous and discreet, a knight's daughter. Her sister is married to a lord. She is about 22, and has 10,000 li portion besides the possibility of a share in the estate her father intends for an only son who is weakly and will probably scarce live to be a man. She is also represented to be so handsome that no man need be ashamed to own her for his lady." The exact narration evidently interested Conway, for he pursued the matter. A few weeks later he received from his agent Christopher Cratford, additional details:[45] "The lady is a relative of Lord Townshend's. Her portion will be 10,000 li down, and another 10,000 li after her father and mother, if her brother, who is a weak youth by default of his nurse, miscarry. . . . Her two sisters are each mothers to sons."

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[37] Horace Walpole wrote to George Montagu on July 22, 1751 (*Letters,* ed. Toynbee [1903], III, 65–66): "I was much struck with Ragley; the situation is magnificent; the house far beyond anything I have seen of that bad age: for it was begun, as I have found by an old letter in the library from Lord Ranelagh to Earl Conway, in the year 1680. . . . The prospect is as fine as one destitute of a navigated river can be, and totally hitherto unimproved. . . . The hall is magnificent, sixty by forty, and thirty-eight high."

[38] *S.P. Dom., Car. II,* CCCCXI, No. 127.

But suddenly the careful plans of the dispassionate Earl were completely upset. From a coolly detached spectator he became, against his will and judgment, the chief actor in the very sort of scene his dignity liked least. Like many another man of his age Conway lost his head—one doubts whether his heart was seriously affected—over a young girl, one-third his years. Wise in her generation, she did not lose either head or heart for a moment, though her suitor was highly desirable and she herself but one of several unmarried daughters. Mistress Margaret Poulett,[46] the daughter of John, second Lord Poulett, was a niece of Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons. Young as she was—she seems to have been no more than seventeen—Mistress Poulett had already suitors to spare. "The Duke of Hamilton was there with his son Lord Arran, and their proposals began to be hearkened to," wrote her relative and Conway's confidant, Francis Gwyn.[47] And he adds, while, no doubt the middle-aged lover glowered: "Every day great applications are made to her." All who knew her, he declared (had Gwyn perhaps his own axe to grind?) "are very much in her commendation as to her person, good nature, and good conduct for one of her years." One of her years, indeed! Mistress Poulett had the ageless wisdom of the serpent. She wrote to her aunt[48] that she was "well pleased with the Proposall"; more, she wrote a letter to Conway full of guileless innocence, implying as definitely as modesty could, that his addresses would be welcome. This she dutifully delivered to her uncle Seymour for inspection, and he sent it off to Conway with a note:[49] "By the enclosed (all written with your Mistress' owne Hand) you may perceive in what a prosperous state your Amoure stands, and that there will remayne littell for you to doe but to observe Caesar's great method, with a *Veni, Vidi,* etc. All the fluttering gallants are blown away, and noe farther Treaty will be admitted till yours receive a determination. . . . Pray prepare your wooing Equipage, and your wooing Countenance, and in order thereunto seriously reflect on the first chapter of Matthew."

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[39] *Cal. S.P. Dom., 1679*, p. 229. This may, of course, actually refer to Lady Warwick.

[40] *Ibid.*, p. 259.

[41] *Ibid.*, p. 387.

[42] *Ibid.*, p. 504.

[43] *Ibid.*, *1680*, p. 406.

[44] *Ibid.*, p. 534.

[45] *Ibid.*, p. 560.

To come like Caesar was one thing; to prepare a wooing equipage and countenance quite another. Yet Francis Gwyn also seemed to feel that something out of the ordinary would be expected from a middle-aged wooer who vied with the Duke of Hamilton's son. "Your Lordship (I am confident)" he wrote,[50] "knows without my saying it how necessary a thing fine clothes and equipage is to the winning a young Lady of her age." Perplexed, a little embarrassed, Conway wrote to Seymour, who replied:[51] "I finde your Lordship something disquieted about making of your Equipage, a trouble which you ought not to putt your selfe to at this time; only a Handsome Dresse for your selfe. His Majestie hath been pleas'd to give you a Feather, and I suppose you will take Care all the rest shall be suitable."

If fine clothes were necessary for the winning of the youthful Mistress Margaret, fine clothes there should be. Determinedly the Earl gave orders. Gwyn, to whom he entrusted the matter, reported:[52] "I have consulted with . . . Lord Ranela's Taylor this day, and have bespoke two suits for your Lordship, one for the riding suite of a good colour'd cloth lined with black sattin and embroidered in the seames as they wear them now with black and a very little silver with it, and the wastcoat, which is black to be embroyder'd with the same. The other suite is to be of black cloth, lin'd with black, and the wastcoat, sleevs, and breeches to be laced, with a new fashion black and white love lace, which is both mourning enough and fine enough for this expedition, with some point lace." The more cautious Magenis was not so sure of his master's acceptance of these arrangements. "Mr. Gwyn hath made choyce of a fine Gown," he wrote to Conway,[53] "but I feare your Lordship will thinke it too high a price, it cost 19 l with all other things belonging to it." And Magenis well knew that the "gown" itself was but a beginning. "There must be also pint Cravatt, and Cuffes with 2 other lac'd ones, and I thinke your Lordship will want a Handsome Sword and a Hatt. . . . What summe may serve is yett uncertaine, but I hope 100 li will serve." In his next two advices, he has investigated further:[54] "The Point Cravatt that Mr. Gwin likes best will cost near 20 li besides the Cuffes, and other 2 plaine Cravatts. . . . The linen and gown will cost about 50 li."

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[46] She was a distant connection of Conway's, for her brother, the head of the family after her father's death, had married Essex Popham, Conway's cousin. Her mother, moreover, had married as her second husband, Conway's friend, Sir Edward Strode.

[47] *S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXII,* No. 74.

[48] *Ibid.*

[49] *Ibid.,* No. 75.

[50] *Ibid.,* No. 74.

[51] *Ibid.,* No. 79.

[52] *Ibid.,* No. 82.

The garments ordered and under way, Conway settled down to affairs of state, when an unexpected complication arose. John Poulett peremptorily forbade the visit which Conway was about to make to his sister at Wells. Astonished, Conway wrote to his friend Sir Edward Strode, Mistress Margaret's stepfather,[55] who replied that he had "discoursed Mr Poulett several times . . . and made him sensible of his unkindnesse to you."[56] The reason Poulett grudgingly gave was a vague one, that his refusal was directed not against Conway but against Edward Seymour; but one suspects that the waters ran deeper. There is no question that the young Poulett favoured the suit of Lord Arran, after all, a young man of his own age, and that he constantly procrastinated, allowing him now three months, now four, to meet the settlement which had been stipulated. To older eyes it was for some reason an unconventional and harum-scarum household of which Poulett was the head—so much so that Conway impatiently criticized this family from which he, the Earl of Conway, was barred. Strode replied to some such criticism:[57] "I agree 'tis very scandalous for them to live as and where they do, having daily idle examples before them, especially when such as Sir [John] Coplestone is entertained, and he to court and fool with Mistress M." There lies, perhaps, the secret of Mistress Margaret's reluctance to accept the highly desirable suitor. Sir John Coplestone, the emissary sent to plead his case by Lord Arran, whom political expediency had forced to take temporary refuge at The Hague,[58] had pleaded so eloquently that Lord Arran's lady had lost her heart—to the messenger! It is unlikely that the imperious Mistress Margaret had ever heard the name of simple Priscilla Mullins or of John Alden, now an old man in New England, living with his memories; but if ever she read the ponderous volumes of Shakespeare—which is doubtful—she may sometimes have murmured with the fair Olivia:

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[53] *S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXII*, No. 83.

[54] *Ibid.*, No. 84.

[55] The scanty records seem to indicate that Margaret Poulett lived with her brother, not with her mother and stepfather.

[56] *Cal. S.P. Dom., 1679*, p. 373.

[57] *Ibid., 1679–80*, p. 378.

[58] *Ibid., 1679, passim* under *Coplestone* and *Arran*.

Let him send no more—
Unless perchance *you* come to me again
To tell me how he takes it.

But there was always the brother to be reckoned with; and Strode thought he had found a way to win his heart, if not his sister's. He wrote to Conway[59] that he would endeavor to persuade Poulett if Conway would approach Edward Seymour and smooth over the family trouble. "What with your gentle conversation with the uncle," he wrote, "and the golden bait I have laid," there was little question of Conway's being received at Wells. But here Conway balked; was he, the Earl, to come on sufferance? The more he thought of it, the more impatient he grew; yet he could not forget Mistress Margaret, all grace and beauty. On the one hand, injured dignity; on the other, impelling desire. Thus he attempted a compromise: if the family really desired this match, why should Mistress Margaret not be allowed to come to London—properly chaperoned, to be sure!—where Conway might wait upon her in all his dignities and honors? Strode presented this suggestion to Poulett, and wrote Conway:[60] "After consideration and consultation . . . he gave us this answer, that if you would discourse nothing of affection, she would dine with you and spend the afternoon at cards, which I presently engaged, and that neither your words or looks should displease you."

Some other adverse wind, however, changed the course of Conway's adventure; what happened we can only surmise from allusions in his exasperated letters to Strode. Perhaps in some way he learned that the young minx was playing him against a more romantic lover. "You cannot blame me," he wrote,[61] "for my resolution never to goe to Wells now that businesse is so far over as I am confident no body in the world beleives I have the least thought of my Cousin Powlet. Yet I assure you I have still more inclination for her then for any woman that ever I heard of . . . I beleeve there is a fate in such things which I can give no account of, for I am certain I could have had such as are handsomer, richer, and superior to her in birth, I might say discretion also, if I should tax her for those affronts which were putt upon me contrary to her owne invitation and appointment, which I have seene under her hand. If therefore I suffer hereafter in the like kinde, when I have none to trust [   ][62] I thinke I deserve to be pounded in a Morter. . . . To lay aspersions on me, and then to tye me up from cleering myself is not only contrary to reason but to the practis of all civill conversation."

Perhaps the "aspersions" were too readily believed by a mind only anxious for excuse; at all events, Mistress Margaret passes from the story as she passed from Conway's life. To his relatives, who had watched the affair with anxiety, the cessation of his efforts to win the young girl came as a welcome relief. "I waited on the Lord Chancellour to dinner on Sunday," Gwyn wrote to Conway,[63] "he says he is not sorry you are not married to Mistress Powlet, because he always thought her too young, but he is very sorry you are not married to some Lady that would make you a good wife."

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[59] *Cal. S.P. Dom., 1679–80*, p. 378.

[60] *Ibid.*, p. 373.

[61] *S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXIII*, No. 1. The letter is dated February 3, 1680.

[62] The manuscript is torn.

[63] *Cal. S.P. Dom., 1680*, p. 378.

The blossom of his romance withered, Conway pursued his purpose with critical detachment. To him arrived about this time a letter written months before by Thomas Baines in Constantinople, when the belated news of Lady Conway's death had reached him. "I beseech you to marry," he had written;[64] but, unlike the others, he had gone into details as to the type of wife Conway should choose. For Conway's sake, he had, he said renewed "the obliterated character of Physick," and revived "the dead name of a physitian [to] speak to you so, that none of us may misse our great satisfaction, that you might have an offspring." Conway should select, the Doctor wrote, "a Lady by no means tall, rather low; by no means very sanguine, especially a standing red in her face, but rather inclined to pale; not of a fix'd masculine consistency, but of a feminine lax temper; by no means fat, nor indeed lean, but in the mediocrity. Healthfull as to her self and born of healthfull and fruitfull parents." With what melancholy satisfaction would the infallible Baines—could he have lived to see it—have shaken his head when he knew the sad result of Conway's disregard of one important detail in these explicit directions!

From the various ladies suggested to him by his ever ready correspondents, Conway gradually narrowed the circle of choice; at last he found the one who seemed both to himself and to his family eminently suitable in Elizabeth, daughter of George Booth, Lord Delamere. In answer to Conway's inquiries about her, one of his correspondents wrote: "The lady herself is qualified with all the circumstances that can make you happy in a wife, and I am of opinion the noble character the world justly gives you, and in particular your tenderness to your last lady has possessed that family with so great satisfaction that you may command what you please of them." On the same day the confidential Magenis wrote:[65] "I have today seen the lady. She is a proper comely lady, and fine-skinned. The only thing in her person is her nose being a little too high and sometimes red, otherwise there is no fault to be found in her person, and, as all that know her say, there is less fault in her virtue and goodness. . . . My lord and his lady are very desirous of it, and the young lady as much. . . . She was today buying a cabinet at a shop, where Mrs Acton and I had notice of her being and saw her, and, though she had bought one there, I believe she went chiefly because I should see her."

Far different this match from the other; eminently suitable and sensible, welcome to both families. Sir George Rawdon was but a spokesman of them all when he wrote that he was "heartily glad of your progress in that affair, and think a person of her age may be more successful and agreeable then one of 16 or 17."[66] Some time in the late summer of 1680 the quiet marriage was solemnized, and the new Ragley Hall knew a mistress. The Countess of Conway for a time took the place in court society that the Viscountess had never held. The twilight of Conway's life gave every evidence of peaceful calm. With his appointment as Secretary of State, he reached the height of his political career; and the realization that he was to have a child completed his happiness. The family physician wrote cheerfully from Windsor, whither he had attended his lady when the court was there; she was well; she would return to Warwickshire for the birth of her child; she longed to be back at Ragley. But Conway's evil fortune still pursued him. Less than a year after her marriage, the Countess of Conway died in childbirth; with her died Conway's second son.[67]

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[64] *S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXII,* No. 90.

[65] *Cal. S.P. Dom., 1680,* p. 406.

[66] *Ibid.,* p. 492.

Another year of mourning, and then, to the surprise of many of his friends, the Earl married again. Of this marriage little record remains, save that before the thirtieth of August, 1681, Ursula, daughter of George Stawell, brother of the first Baron Stawell, became the Countess of Conway, bringing her husband a dowry of thirty thousand pounds. But Conway had not escaped his Nemesis. Ill fortune, as well political as personal, pursued him relentlessly. In January, 1682–83, he was peremptorily removed from his office as Secretary of State; out of favor with the King, he lived only a few months. On August 11, 1683, the Conway family became extinct.[68]

IV.

Time moved slowly now at Christ's College. In his quiet chamber More busied himself with familiar tasks of reading and writing. Of the making of many books there was no end; he still carried on his voluminous correspondence, covering page after page with his small, close hand, more crabbed than ever. There were correspondents all over England who wrote him for advice and comfort: young men on the threshold of life, desiring counsel from him who looked back on ministering years; older men who had felt the chaos of doubt and unbelief; a mother begging him as godfather to her unborn child; apocalyptical scholars arguing, agreeing, disputing; philosophers and theologians weighing and pondering his arguments; credulous spiritists sending him careful accounts of visitations.[69] To all of these and many more the indefatigable old scholar replied. On the surface life flowed on as in the thirty years before. London still saw him occasionally, and the rooms overlooking Gray's Inn Fields. The annual pilgrimages to Lincolnshire continued, but they were lonely and dispiriting visits now, for nearly all his relatives were dead, and those who remained—the younger generation—a source of constant sorrow to him. In none of them, as he had written Lady Conway years before, did health, knowledge, and virtue meet. The autumn and winter were full of petty busyness which occupied his mind. For the most part he was engaged and content, except perhaps sometimes when, after his "serious walk" in the Christ's College orchard, he came into his shadowy chamber and felt a stab of memory as he saw upon his table a letter which his sizar had brought from the post; unconsciously his eyes were drawn then to the outline of that "Picture of Hoskens drawing in a golden Case."[70] Spring and summer were more difficult; for nearly twenty years he had spent one holiday, sometimes two, at Ragley, leaving abruptly upon his release from duties. But from the day he stood beside Lady Conway's grave, Ragley saw him no more. It was no fault of Conway's who tried in a desultory way to keep up the correspondence. Utterly dissimilar, the two men entertained for each other loyal respect and real friendship; in the volume of More's letters to Ragley, the last two[71] are addressed to the new Earl of Conway, one written to congratulate him upon his advancement, the other intended "to accompanie a small New Yeares gift, a little book that begs the honour of being placed in your Lordships library amongst the rest."

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[67] Further evidence for the belief that Anne Conway was buried without ostentation is to be found in a paper in the Public Record Office, a "Project of the ceremonies about the funeral of the Countess of Conway" (*S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXVI,* No. 53). The funeral of the Countess was as elaborate as that of the Dowager Viscountess Conway had been. Mention is made of the circulation of little books bound in black, containing the sermon, which was an account of the life of the Countess.

[68] Conway's widow in 1686 married the Earl of Mulgrave, subsequently Marquis of Normanby and Duke of Buckingham. According to the terms of Conway's will (*Somerset House, 147 Drax*) his estates passed, after his wife's death, to Popham Seymour, son of Sir Edward Seymour, by his second wife Letitia, who was the daughter of Alexander Popham, brother to Conway's mother. Conway stipulated in his will that his heir should take the name of Conway. It is impossible to say what caused the change in Conway's plans for his estate; he had always intended Arthur Rawdon as his heir, and indeed had personally supervised his education to that end. Arthur Rawdon outlived his uncle, though his health was precarious. There are suggestions in some of the last letters that passed between Rawdon and Conway that trouble was occurring between them, but there is nothing to indicate that the trouble was serious enough to cause Conway to disinherit his nephew as he did. Arthur's name is not mentioned in the will, though Conway left two thousand pounds apiece to his sisters, Dorothy and Brilliana Rawdon. Apart from some minor bequests the whole estate was left to Conway's widow for life. One curious circumstance is to be noted in the proving of the will; Conway died on August 11, and on that very day, Ursula, the Dowager Countess of Conway, proved the will at London. Popham Seymour-Conway, heir to the estates, died unmarried in his twenty-fourth year, and was succeeded by his younger brother, Francis Seymour-Conway, whose marriages offer a curious parallel to Conway's. His first wife died without issue, his second, with the child in childbirth; by his third wife, however, he had an heir, Francis Seymour-Conway, who became the Marquis of Hertford. Since the eighteenth century the dignities of the Earl of Conway have been merged with the Marquisate of Hertford.

Messengers with sad tidings came too often now to Cambridge. Sitting straight and tall beside Cudworth, he had driven in 1682 to Trumpington to meet the body of Sir Thomas Baines, and had been shocked to see what change the years had wrought in Sir John Finch's features. Only a few weeks later he had stood again beside the chancel in Christ's chapel, looking down upon the second grave. The next month came the news of the death of Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor; nine months later that of Conway's death. "This world does so melt away about a man," More had written to the Viscountess, "that it is great folly and vanity to lett his soul cleave to it at all." They were all gone now, the members of those families with whom his life had been so closely associated, even "the two young Gentlemen, your Nephews." As he had outlived them, so he had seen most of his friends and colleagues go. Hales, Falkland, and Chillingworth were but memories now; the youthful and ardent John Smith, one of the freest spirits of the Platonists, had been dead for thirty years; so too Nathaniel Culverwell. One thought of them but rarely. For a generation they had belonged to the past. Benjamin Whichcote, who had been one of their early leaders, and until his ejection at the Restoration, their daily companion, was dead too, only recently, in the house of his "ancient and learned friend Dr. Cudworth." There were others More could not recall without a pang of loneliness: John Worthington—a good man he, if ever man were good—dead more than ten years; his little daughter Damaris, who used to come running to her father when he was writing, to send her "duty to her dear godfather Henry More," and whose falls and first steps her father had chronicled with loving pride in his diary, was now a woman grown, herself the mother of a child. George Rust was dead of fever, in the prime of life, and his still body lay in one grave with Jeremy Taylor's. Joseph Glanvill, too, with whom More had called spirits from the vasty deep, was dead in Bath—Glanvill whom More alone of the Platonists, with his catholic affection, had truly loved; even the kind-hearted Worthington had laughed a little when he told "how spruce and trim" was this Preacher of Bath "with his white gloves, and handkerchief, and periwig (which must now and then be pulled) and how romantick in preaching!"[72]

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[69] Ward has preserved some of these letters in the Appendix to the *Life*. Others are with Lady Conway's letters in the Christ's College Library. One to Simon Patrick is in the Bodleian Library (*Tanner MSS xlii,* 38); two to Baxter are in the Williams' Library in London. Letters which passed between More and John Norris of Bemerton are given in the Appendix to Norris' *Theory and Regulation of Love* (1694), pp. 123–201; still others were published by E. Elys in *Letters on Several Subjects,* 1694.

[70] More so describes Lady Conway's portrait in his will.

[71] *Add. MSS 23,216,* ff. 175 and 177. See Appendix, pp. 477, 478.

Sometimes, perhaps, in the evenings, after his hour of music, while his thoughts went back over the years at Ragley, More might take down the two volumes of that most personal of all his works, the *Divine Dialogues,* and read again the familiar scenes when the "gentlemen in the arbour did talk on." There they all were, the group which had gathered again and again at Ragley and at Cambridge, talking of Descartes and Plato, of spirits and apparitions, of the immortality of the soul, as they had talked during those days when the plague swept England, and hourly the passing bell was heard. From such memories, More returned to himself, alone in his rooms at Cambridge. "It is a fond thing to be pleased with any of these," he had written Anne Conway when the Viscount, Finch, and Baines had departed from that last dinner in his room. "It is like a flash of the evening lightning as they are all dispersed to their occasions and leave me alone." All were gone now but Cudworth; and another generation took their place. More had lived too full a life to resent old age, had been too much an apostle of the future ever to live completely in the past. He maintained until his death an active interest in the affairs of younger members of the university. From the first he had hailed with pleasure the arrival of his pupil's pupil, Isaac Newton,[73] and always praised him unreservedly as a mathematician; but it is a delightful evidence of his humanity that he shook his head over the young man's apocalyptical ideas, because he departed from the tradition of Mede and More. One of More's last extant letters discusses the matter.[74] In it we hear: "Mr Newton has a singular Genius to Mathematicks, and I take him to be a good serious man. But he pronounces of the Seven Churches, not having yett read my Exposition of them." But a little later he declares more comfortably that he is sure that after Mr. Newton has studied the matter with more care, he will see the error of his ways, "for," he adds, "I find him already something inclinable. When yett if he be not, it will signify nothing to me. . . . He has free leave from me to enjoy his own opinions. We have a free converse and friendship, which these differences will not disturb."

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[72] Worthington, *Diary and Correspondence,* III, 293–294.

[73] The relation between More and Newton has been discussed by E. A. Burtt, *The Metaphysical Foundations of Physics,* pp. 256 ff., 279, 288, 318 ff. and by A. J. Snow, *Matter and Gravity in Newton's Philosophy, passim.* As is clear from Turnor's *Collections for the*

More's last years, in spite of his apparent serenity, were deeply troubled. He was not unjustly apprehensive when it seemed that James II would make England Catholic. If Baxter was imprisoned, what might not happen to the author of the *Mystery of Iniquity* and the *Antidote Against Idolatry?* The "obstinate questionings" of his more passionate years were gone, now that the thought of his suffering friend no longer intruded itself into all his attempts to vindicate the ways of God to man; but More would not have been the humble man he was, had he not doubted before he died, the effect of those pebbles he had thrown into the rushing stream of thought which seemed to sweep ruthlessly on. It had been a gallant fight of those Cambridge idealists against the forces which threatened the fine toleration they loved. Like many battles, its real effect was to be known only when the tumult and shouting had died. He could not see, as can we, the flower which was already growing from his soil; could not know how much effect his labors for a broader interpretation of Scripture were already having upon the progress of scientific truth; could not realize how much more difficult would have been Isaac Newton's task had the way not been prepared. Most of all, he could not even vaguely foresee the part to be played in the emancipation of man's mind by his *idea of infinity;* no matter what its ultimate source it had been *his* idea to the Cambridge youth who went out to carry abroad his enthusiasm, and to that even larger band who throughout England had heard the voice of the prophet in the *Philosophical Poems.* The line of descent from Henry More's *Infinitie of Worlds* through Leibniz and Young to the "infinity," the "restless striving," the "insatiability" of the group we loosely call *Romanticists* is clear enough; the relation between the seventeenth-century idea of infinity and the later conception of evolution is not so clear, but the connection is there. Like Alpheus, the river of More's thought, though shrunken for a time, still flowed beneath the sea, and the "dread voice past," was to emerge and flow abroad again in new strength and vigor, particularly through that great descendant of the Platonists, Samuel Taylor Cole-

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Town and Soke of Grantham, Newton's teacher at the Grantham Grammar School had been one of More's most enthusiastic disciples. See pp. 98, 392, 394. Newton's commonplace book (*Portsmouth Collections, Cambridge, Add. MSS 3996,* No. 8) contains some evidence of his esteem for More.

[74] More to Dr. John Sharp, *Sloane MSS 4276,* f. 41. See p. 478.

ridge, who, learning from the seventeenth-century divines, gave form and meaning once more to many of their finest conceptions. In Coleridge's hands their ideas once more became a trumpet, and philosopher-poet that he also was, he sounded the call both to philosophers and poets. The line of descent of English idealism is not double but single. Could those clear eyes of Henry More, even in old age "vivid as an Eagle's," have looked into the future, he might have felt less sad as Coleridge drank deeply from his fountain, reading, annotating, assimilating, and giving forth in new guises; as in the New World other young men struck from his pages sparks that were to kindle other ardent youths to new idealism.[75] George Rust in a sermon called More "a Man whom After-Ages would better understand"; perhaps his prophecy was proven true by the English Romanticists and American Transcendentalists; or perhaps—like how many others?—he still waits the immortality of Matthew Arnold's "Liberals of the Future." Lack of personal recognition meant nothing to him; all his labor was for the "publick good." "That is not fruitlesse, that no gaine Brings to my self," he wrote,

I others profit deem
Mine own; and if at these my heavenly flames
Others receiven light, right well I ween
My time's not lost. . . .

Yet on the whole More had few regrets. "When some in the Company," said Ward,[76] "were speaking with Regret of the Time they had lost, or how they would act if it was to be all pass'd over again, he replied 'That if he was to live his whole time over again, he would do just, for the main, as he had done.'" Through the shadows of the last years peace and serenity came, so that more than one was heard to say, as did the "highly Learned and Pious Dr. Outram" at the Archbishop's table, that he looked upon Dr. More as "the Holiest Person upon the Face of the Earth."[77] He wrote to the last, in spite of increasing infirmities, hearing through those troubled times the call he had always obeyed, to "minister to the world at his fingers' ends." But the work of his last years was concerned with problems of religion, rather than of philosophy. His disciples urged him in vain to complete some of the work he had earlier begun. "I must confess to you freely," he replied,[78] "that I have no purpose of so doing. I am now of a great age, above three score and ten, and have other designs also." At the time of his death he had beside him a manuscript called characteristically *Medela Mundi: The Cure*

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[75] I have discussed the relation of the Vermont Transcendentalists to the Cambridge Platonists in *James Marsh and the Vermont Transcendentalists* in the *Philosophical Review* (1925), XXXIV, 28–50. On the relationship between the Cambridge Platonists and nineteenth-century idealistic philosophy, see A. O. Lovejoy, *Kant and the English Platonists* in *Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James* (1908); J. A. Stewart, *The Mythology and Metaphysics of the Cambridge Platonists* in *The Myths of Plato* (1905), pp. 475–519; Claud Howard, *Coleridge's Idealism: A Study of Its Relationship to Kant and the English Platonists* (1924). See also Theodore Parker, *Dr. Henry More* in the *Christian Examiner* (1839), XXVI, 1–17.

[76] Ward, *Life*, p. 77.

[77] *Ibid.*, p. 78.

[78] John Norris, *The Theory and Regulation of Love* (1694), p. 135.

of the World, which remained unfinished, though death came so gradually that his friends believed he would see it printed. There was no drama and no ostentation about his end, merely a gradual relaxing of his energies, a quiet peace, perfectly fulfilling the desire he had expressed to Lady Conway: "I had rather depart this world, as I remember the French fashion was when I was there with your Ladiship, to slinke out of the Roome taking no leave and therefore giving no disturbance, then to passe into the other world with the clatter of so many concomitant ceremonies." A year before his death, without warning, he fainted in the Fellows' room; and from that day he never really recovered; the body he had used so continuously was worn out. During the months that followed he grew increasingly weak, a condition which the letting of blood three or four times increased, so that he said, looking at his thin hands, "That his Body was strangely run out." Yet in the midst of his illness and weakness, there were still flashes of the merry Greek, the whimsical genial More. "How did the Sun shine often through the Cloud," writes Ward,[79] "and shew that there was still something extraordinary behind it? Insomuch that in Effect, it is but as a Shadow in a bright lucid Picture; or as an Eclipse of a Luminary on its going down."

The account of his death must be told in the words of its witness,[80] with that simplicity, yet exactness of detail which his generation loved, and which in its quiet concreteness takes us back in memory to the last scenes of those diverse characters, Socrates and Falstaff: "The Day before he died, his Nephew *Gabriel More,* Esq., came to him; being sent for out of the Country by a Messenger on Purpose: Whom, though some things had pass'd that were far from being Grateful or Easy between them . . . he made his Sole *Executor,* and left a very large Addition of Estate to him; saluting him at his coming very affectionately and saying, *Nephew, You are kindly Welcome.* . . . After this he was in a clammy Sweat, and his Pulse almost gone; Death seem'd to sit on his Countenance; and I thought he would have gone off. Asking him what I should say to his Nephew; He told me that he was exceeding Weak . . . *but,* said he very affectionately and plainly, though also very weakly, *my kind hearty Love to him.* . . . About 3 of the Clock the Day before he died, he call'd for a Glass of Sack; and seem'd somewhat reviv'd; his Face lost its Cloud, and his Pulse came a little better, but very Weak. As his Friend was speaking to him, as a Dying Man should be spoken to, he express'd his Sense of Death in those *first Words* of that famous Sentence of Tully's; *O Præclarum illum Diem!* . . .

"That last Night of all, his Passionate Friend and Lover,[81] seeing him so extreme Weak, wish'd him a *Good Night* with a more than Ordinary *Pathos* and Affection: To whom he replied as deeply and affectionately; *Good Night, Dear Doctor!* And it was the last time he ever saw him alive. . . ."

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[79] Ward, *Life,* p. 228.

[80] *Ibid.,* pp. 225–227.

[81] John Davies. Ward in his *Life* gives no hint of the identity of the "friend," but in the *Sermon upon the Death of John Davies, D.D.,* 1718, he declares that it was Davies to whom he referred in the *Life,* pp. 158–159, and throughout the sermon he emphasizes Davies' devotion to More.

What memories may have wandered through the mind of the old scholar as he lay there that night. Fifty years of Cambridge, and the changes that marvelous age had brought: it was a different world that he was leaving, a world made by science, discovery, invention, philosophy. He may have looked back at a series of men who had transformed the universe—many of them of his own acquaintance; may have thought of Copernicus and Galileo, of Bacon, Descartes, and Hobbes, of Harvey, Gilbert, and Boyle, of Milton and Bunyan, Spinoza and Newton. But since Henry More was a man before he was a philosopher, it is likely that the fragmentary pictures that came, and went, and somehow faded into each other and into reality, were very different: long reaches of Lincolnshire fenland, purple in the evening shadows . . . a roaring fire on a winter's evening, with his gray-haired father reading the *Faerie Queene* . . . the laughing face of his lovable irresponsible brother Alexander, dead these fifty years. . . . the Angel Inn at Grantham . . . Wotton's pillars at Eton and the stones in the playing-field . . . Anne Finch's garden at Kensington, the great laver of water sparkling in the sunshine . . . the Cambridge coach when the waters were out, his own long legs dangling over the side . . . that brilliant Bird of Paradise—*with legs!* . . . Greatrakes standing in the shaft of sunlight in Alice Slade's homely cottage . . . Mr. B's long-bearded harpers . . . the orchards of Christ's College in the duskishness of evening . . . Van Helmont's Dutch accent and the cask of Norden's ale . . . "Madameyselle" before the closed door of the quiet chamber at Ragley . . . seasickness, and the Luxembourg Gardens . . . his "little Pupill," who would now have been a man . . . Glanvill's trim periwig . . . John Finch's flashing eyes . . . St. Jerome and the cloisters on a rainy day . . . Anne Conway's face, peaceful in death . . .

"The next Morning, between 4 and 5 of the Clock, being the *First* of *September,* 1687,[82] and the 73d year of his Age (his *Body* as well as his *Mind* being now Fit for it) immediately before his Friend came into the Room, and while his Steps were heard upon the Stairs, *the Doctor departed this Life;* in so *Easy* a manner, and with so *Calm* a Passage, that the Nurse with him was not sensible of it."

The early morning light shone faintly through the windows of that peaceful chamber upon the familiar objects which had known the old philosopher so long: upon his writing table and his chair, the rows of dusky books, with those "eight very fine volumes" of the treasured Polyglott Bible; upon the careful piles of paper, written in his close old hand; upon the therobo standing at the "Bedes Head"; the Nurse beside the couch; the friend upon the threshold; upon the walls where from their shadowy frames, René Descartes and Anne Conway looked down on the quiet figure on the narrow couch.

> Thus *liv'd* and *died* the Eminent *Dr. More;* Thus set this Bright and Illustrious Star, vanishing by degrees out of our Sight; after, to the Surprise and Admiration of Many (like that

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[82] His death and burial are recorded also in *The Diary of Samuel Newton, Alderman of Cambridge* (1890). Newton speaks of his death as having occurred at five o'clock Thursday morning, and adds that he was buried in the Christ's College Chapel the following Saturday.

which was observ'd in *Cassiopeia's* Chair) it had Illuminated, as it were, Both Worlds so long at once; and shone particularly many Years in this our Northern *Hemisphere,* and to our own Kingdom; Thus sunk this shining and burning Lamp at length into its Socket: Or rather, in that former and better Comparison, to speak in the *Cartesian* Dialect: Thus was this *Sun* at last *extinct.*

Pardon, GREAT SIR, *these my faint Efforts of* Respect *and* Praise; *And let the World pardon these so free Expressions of* Veneration *and* Applause: *If it were in my Power; I would, for* all *our sakes, raise a Better* Monument *to your* Virtues *and* Memory. *But your own* Writings *are a* Mausolæum *beyond* all others *whatsoever; more lasting than either the* Pyramids *of* Aegypt *or the* Pillars *that are so famed of the Old World. And now,* SIR, Rest *in that State of* Cœlestial Happiness *you have so well* describ'd, *and are* arriv'd at.[83]

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[83] Ward, *Life,* pp. 227–228.

Appendix A

Letters of Henry More after the death of the Viscountess Conway

282. *Henry More to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 175. "For the Right Honourable Edward Earle of Conway[1] these."]

My Lord,

I HAVE received a letter from you by Mr Milwards son, and am exceeding glad to hear by him of your Lordships good health: and take it for a great honour that I retaine a place still in your memory. The newes is here that the King has bestowed the Title of Earle upon you: And it must be the common Joy of all good men when they see honour bestowed upon worthy and meet personages. I wish the Earle of Conway may live to honour that Title as many yeares as he has done the Title of Viscount Conway, for the good of his King and Country, and Joy of his friends and neighbours.

I humbly thank your Lordship for your kinde intention touching the Legacy your excellent Lady was pleased to leave me, and for your acceptance of that poor present I made you of bookes. As soon as I understand you are come to London, I shall wayt upon you to kisse your Lordships hand. In the mean time, with my thanks for the manifold favours wherewith you have ever and anon obliged me, I take leave of your Lordship, committing you to Gods gracious keeping and rest,

My much honoured Lord,

Your Lordships most humble and most affectionate servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. [November?], 1679

Dr Cudworth and his Lady present their most humble service to your Lordship.

283. *Henry More to Lord Conway.*

[*Add. MSS 23,216,* f. 177. "For the Right Honourable Edward Earle of Conway at Ragley these."]

My Lord,

I ANSWERED your Lordships very kinde letter which I received from Mr Milwards son by the man that came along with him and returned to Ragley. This therefore is only to accompanie a small New Yeares gift, a little book that begs the honour of being placed in your Lordships library amongst the rest. It is an exposition of the Apocalypse from the beginning to the end.[1] Whereby I hope that Book is made as plaine as heart can wish, to them that have a Genius to peruse such writings. I have sent two copies to accompanie this I designe for your Lordship, the one for Mr Knight the other for Mr Wilson. I shall be mindfull according to my promisse to wayt upon your Lordship at the end of Januarie so soon as I shall understand you are come to London. In the mean-time begging pardon for this boldnesse and wishing your Lordship an happy New Year, and that you may enjoy many and many such, I committ you to Gods gracious protection and rest,

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[1] Conway was created first Earl of Conway in 1679.

My much honour'd Lord,

Your Lordships most humble and most affectionate servant,

HEN. MORE.

C.C.C. Jan. 2, [1679–80]

284. *Henry More to Dr. John Sharp.*

[*Sloane MSS 4276*, f. 41.]

C.C.C. August 16, 1680.

Sir

THE occasion of my writing to you at this time is, to desire you to be as instrumentall as you can to procure a liveing now voyd near London for Mr Turner[1] of our Colledge. He has writ to you himself, and I thought it fitt to second his letter by mine to excite you to do your utmost to make him successfull in this buisinesse. I am hugely well pleased that it is not onely my own observation but others, that he has become most remarkably [stanch] and serious for a good whyle, and I beleeve if he was put into such an employment, as it would be a great releif to his poverty, so his incumbent duty would fix him in this serious way that he has given so good a specimen of. You being upon the spot as it were, and at hand to solicit Dr Stillingfleet[2] and Dr Tillotson[3] and others may do much. Which consideration made me give you the trouble of this letter. As Dr Burton[4] at the Commencement so I remember you either here at the time or at London before asked me about Mr Newton[5] and my agreement in Apocalyptical Notions. And I remember I told you both, how well we were agreed. For after his reading of the Exposition of the Apocalypse which I gave him, he came to my chamber, where he seem'd to me not onely to approve my Exposition as coherent and perspicuous throughout from the beginning to the end, but (by the manner of his countenance which is ordinarily melancholy and thoughtfull, but then mighty lightsome and chearfull, and by the free profession of what satisfaction he took therein) to be in a maner transported. So that I took it for granted, that what peculiar conceits he had of his own had vanished. But since I perceive he recoyles into a former conceit he had entertained, that the seven Vials commence with the seven Trumpets, which I alwayes look'd upon as very extravagant conceit, and he will not have the Epistles to the Seven Churches to be a prophecy of the state of the Church from the beginning to the end of the world. He will also have the three dayes and half of the witnesses lyeing slaine, to be three yeares and a half after their mournfull witnessing. Mr Newton has a singular Genius to Mathematicks, and I take him to be a good serious man. But he pronounces of the Seven Churches, not having yett read my Exposition of them, which I wrote by itself on purpose, concerning which another Mathematicall head, noted for that faculty in Cambridge, writ to me, that with Mathematicall evidence I had demonstrated that truth. And I do not doubt but when he shall have read my threefold Appendage to my Prophecyes of Daniell,[6] two parts whereof are, the one to make good that the vision of the Seven Churches is such a [prophecy] as I declare, the other to prove that the beasts are all to be [placed] in the seventh Trumpet after the rising of the witnesses (for I find him already something inclinable) that he will be of the same minde with myself. When yett if he be not, it will signify nothing to me. For any divine assent to things from their evidence is antecedent to any others approbation thereof, and not to be thus immediately assured in himself but to expect the voice of another is like that fearfull and unskilfull condition of raw Peter-gunners, that turn their faces [from] their muskets, when they should give fire, and aske their neighbour gunner, does it touch, Tom? So hard a thing [is] it for me not to be merry at the most serious thinges. But I have slipt unawares from my maine purpose, which is to [desire] your assistance for Mr Turner which will be a very sensible peece of Charity, and whereby you will much oblige

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[1] *Apocalypsis Apocalypseos: or the Revelation of St. John the Divine Unveiled* . . . (London, 1680).

[1] John Turner matriculated as pensioner at Christ's in 1666–67. He was B.A., 1669–70, M.A. of St. John's, 1673, Fellow of Christ's, 1673–81. In 1684 he became Hospitaler of St. Thomas, Southwark, in 1698 Lecturer of Christ Church, London.

[2] Edward Stillingfleet, later Bishop of Worcester.

[3] John Tillotson, later Archbishop of Canterbury.

[4] Hezekiah Burton, Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and an eminent tutor, whom Wood called "that great trimmer and latitudinarian." He was a friend of Cumberland, Pepys, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet, as well as of More. At the time of this letter he was rector of Barnes in Surrey.

[5] Isaac Newton, whose interest in apocalyptical studies is well known.

Your affectionate friend to serve you

Hen. More.

Remember me to Dr Burton when you see him, and tell him I now understand the meaning of his question touching Mr Newton, but not a word to anyone els. When my Exposition of Daniel comes out with this Appendage, I hope you will easily discover that Mr N. was over sudden in his conceits. I have told him myself of this appendage, and that if he be not convinced thereby, he has free leave from me to enjoy his own opinions. We have a free converse and friendship, which these differences will not disturb. He does still professe that my Exposition is a perspicuous and coherent peece, etc. My kinde remembrance to all our friends with you.

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[6] *A Plain and continued Exposition of the several Prophecies or Divine Visions of the Prophet Daniel* . . . (London, 1681).

285. *The Will of Anne, Viscountess Conway.*

[Copy at Somerset House; *Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 53 King.* Proved 2 May, 1679.]

In the Name of God Amen:

I Dame Anne Viscountess Conway being verie sickly and apprehensive of my dayly dangers, and contynually expecting that the good Hand of God will put a period to my trouble and afflictions by a blessed death, and esteeming it a duty both of Justice and Charity and a part of due preparation to my Grave, to dispose of that Estate which is perfectly in my disposall according to Law being now in perfect understanding and memory (for which I give humble and hearty Thankes to God) have made this my last Will and Testament in manner and forme following: First I give up and resigne my Soul into the hands of Almighty God, from whome it came, trusting to be saved, and to pertake of a blessed Resurrection onely by the Merits and through the satisfaction of Jesus Christ my Saviour and Redeemer: And I give my body to the Earth to be decently interred according to the Rites of the Church of England in such convenient place as my deare husband shall choose: And whereas I am possessed of and intitled unto an Estate reall and personall, or one of them, or the benefit use trust and disposall of an Estate bequeathed unto mee by the last Will and Testament of Dame Elizabeth Finch my deare Mother lately deceased, I doe hereby give and bequeath unto my most deare and beloved husband the Lord Viscount Conway and Kilulta and his assignes all the said Estate reall and personall benefit use trust and whole Interest therein and thereof, and all debts Leases Mortgages legacies beneficiall Contracts Goods and Chatells whatsoever and all my Right title dominion possession clayme and demand whatsoever by the said last Will and Testament to me given or bequeathed, or whereunto I am may or ought to be in any wise intitled unto thereby invested in or in any wise ought to enjoy or possess in as full and ample manner as the same are given bequeathed or devised to mee to all intents and purposes whatsoever, Excepting onely such legacies and Almes as I shall otherwise give or dispose of by this my last Will and Testament. As alsoe I doe make the said Lord Viscount Conway my most deare husband the sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament: I doe give and bequeath out of the principall moneys coming, given and due to mee by my said late deare Mothers Will to my deare Sister the Ladie Francis Clifton five hundred pounds: Alsoe out of the said principall moneys coming given and due to mee by the prementioned Will I doe give and bequeath unto my deare Brother Sir John Finch the summe of five hundred pounds: Alsoe out of the said principall moneys coming, given and due to mee by the said forementioned Will I doe give and bequeath to my honored and deare Friend Doctor Henry More the summe of foure hundred Pounds: Alsoe out of the Proceed increase or benefit arising out of the principall moneys coming, given or due to mee by virtue of my said late deare Mothers Will I doe give and bequeath to my honored and deare friend Monsieur le Baron de Helmont the summe of three hundred pounds: Alsoe I doe Will and appoint, that my Executor before-named shall from my decease yearely during the life of my Mayd Jane Wright (if my Servant at the time of my decease) pay unto the said Jane Wright by halfe-yearly Payments the annual Summe of twentie pounds, or soe much money in present as shall be judged equivalent to the abovementioned Annuity for her life: Alsoe to the Poore of the Parish where I shall be buried I doe give twenty pounds: In witness that this my last Will and Testament I doe hereunto put my hand and Seale this thirtieth day of June in the yeare of Our Lord God One thousand six hundred seventy three and in the five and twentieth yeare of the reigne of Our Soveraigne Lord King Charles the second over England etc.: Anne Conway:. Sealed subscribed and published by the said Lady Viscountess Conway as her last Will and Testament the day and yeare above written in the presence of Sarah Benet:. Tho. Rawlins:. Charles Coke:. Francis Parsons:.

286. *Codicil.*

[*Add. MSS 23,214*, f. 52. Two copies are extant, one in the British Museum, one among the *Conway Papers* at the Public Record Office; a note added by Coke, in whose hand the two extant copies are, says that the original, written by Lady Conway herself was kept at Ragley for Conway's return. The second part is added as a postscript by Coke.]

My D.D.

HAVING in my last will and testament expressed a desire according to the usuall forme of wills to have my body decently buryed according to the Rites of the Church of England: since the writing thereof God Almighty having more enlightened my understanding (in convincing me of the vanity and evill of using those Rites and ceremonys and all other pompous shewes and formalitys commonly used in buryalls) I find my self obliged to cleare my conscience in the sight of God to confesse to the truth, which the Lord hath made knowne to me in bearing my testimony against all such things. And not doubting of thy readiness to fullfill all my desires, I could not think it necessary to make a new will, but that it would be sufficient to expresse this my mind and desire to thee, that all those Rites and ceremonys of the so called Church of England may be wholly forborne at my buryall; and all other superfluity whatsoever. This being writt with my owne hand may give sufficient assurance to any concerned that they were all omitted upon my desire.

ANNE CONWAY.

My Lady would have no Cerecloth to avoid the coming of any men about hir, but desired that only Her Woman with the two maids should lay her in the Coffin, and to be kept here in the house till Your Honour's farther order.

287. *The Will of Henry More.*

[Copy in Somerset House; *Prerogative Court of Canterbury; 127 Foot.* Proved 2 Oct. 1687.]

In the name of God Amen.

I HENRY MORE Doctor in Divinity and Fellow of Christ Colledge in Cambridge being by the mercy of God in tollerable health and of Perfect memory (his holy name be blessed) doe ordeyne and make this my last will and Testament and doe hereby revoake all my former Wills and Testaments whatsoever. And first and above all I commend my Soul to God who gave it and my body to the Earth in full Assureance of an happy joyfull and glorious Resurrection through the alone merritts of Christ Jesus my only Saviour and redeemer. Amen. And as concerning my temporall Estate which God hath given unto me by this my last will and Testament I breifly dispose of thus. Imprimis I appoint and constitute my Nephew Mr Gabriell More the sonne of my Brother Alexander More of Grantham my sole Executor. Item I give to Mrs Frances Pigott my Neice and Goddaughter two hundred pounds to mend her portion and to be paid to her at the day of her marriage. I alsoe give her a gold Ring set with Diamonds. Item, I give unto Christ Colledge the perpetuall patronage or Advowson of Ingoldsby Parsonage in Lincolnshire but soe as that they present one that comes from Grantham Schoole or at least be a Lincolneshire man if there be any such fellow in the Colledge in the times of vacancy and of a laudable conversation and ability for the Ministry. If not my mind is that any Fellow of Christ Colledge fitt for the ministry be presented by them to the aforesaid Parsonage at any vacancy thereof. Item I give to my Nephew Mr Christopher Coleby,[1] Deane of Midlham my whole study of Books whether printed or Paper Books. Except Doctor Collins[2] works Doctor of Physick in two volumes which I bequeath to Dr Clark of Grantham once my Pupill. I give alsoe to the said Christopher Coleby my Picture drawn in black lead by Mr Loggens, to my neeces I give all my rings and Seales to be divided amongst them at the discretion of my Executor. Item to Doctor Cudworth the Master of our Colledge I give my Parabolicall Glass. To Mr Standish fellow of our Colledge I bequeath my Ivory Globe Frame and case. To Mr Lovet fellow of our Colledge I give all my Hydrostaticall Instruments. And to Mr Henry Finch[3] Fellow of our Colledge I bequeath a Picture of Hoskens drawing, in a golden Case of that vertuous Lady his Aunt my Lady Anne Conway. Item I give the poor of St Andrews Parish five pounds to be distributed according to the measure of piety and sobriety as well as Indigency of the said Poor and I give fifty shillings to the Bed makers of our Colledge but soe that my own Bed maker have a double proportion. Item I give funerall Rings to the Master and all the Fellows of Christ Colledge as alsoe to Mr Newton[4] Professor of Mathematicks to my Cousin Pigots at Morden to Doctor

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[1] Christopher and Alexander Coleby were the sons of John Coleby of Ashridge, Yorks, and of Henry More's sister Jane. Both the sons had been More's pupils at Christ's.

[2] Samuel Collins, B.A. of Trinity, M.A., 1642, M.D. Padua, was incorporated at Oxford in 1659, at Cambridge in 1673. He was Fellow of Trinity in 1640, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 1668, President in 1695, and physician to Charles II.

[3] Henry Finch was the sixth son of Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor. He had been B.A. from Christ's College in 1679 and M.A. in 1682. He was one of the two first fellows on the Finch and Baines foundation, his tutor Thomas Lovett being the other.

[4] Isaac Newton.

Sharpe Deane of Norwich[5] to Doctor Fowler[6] Doctor John More[7] Doctor Davies[8] to whom I bequeath alsoe my little silver Kan that has not my Armes on it. And if I have left out any whom it may seem fit to have bequeathed funerall Rings to I leave it to the discretion of my Executor to make a Supply not caring to burthen my mind with such Curiosities. As for my Funerall my desire is that it be rather decent then pompous and my Debts if it happen I be in any and Legacies given by this my Will and my funerall Expences and Probate of this my last Will and Testament being first clearely satisfyed paid and discharged all the rest of my goods household stuff implements of Household money debts owing me and the like I doe by this my Will give and bequeath to my above named Executor. This is my last Will and Testament written with mine own hand. In witness whereof I have sett to my hand and Seale the twelfth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred eighty six in the presence of those whose names are hereunder written.

HEN. MORE.

James Everard
John Baines
Edmund Maclin.

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[5] Cf. p. 345 n.

[6] Cf. p. 423 n.

[7] John Moore (B.A. Clare Hall, 1666; M.A., 1669; D.D., 1681) was chaplain to Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor. He was later Bishop of Norwich and of Ely.

[8] John Davies had matriculated from Balliol in 1655, was B.A. in 1665 and D.D. (Oxon.) 1670. He was rector of Heydon, Essex. See p. 474 n.

Appendix B

Chapter One. *The Conway and Finch Families*

1. Lord Conway to Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire. May 13, 1640.
   S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLIII, No. 36.
2. The same to the same. May 28, 1640.
   S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLV, No. 38.
3. Carew Raleigh to Lord Conway. June 28, 1652.
   S.P. Dom., Interreg., XXIV, No. 57.
4. Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne to Lord Conway. Sept. 19, 1648.
   S.P. Dom., Car. I, DXXXIX, No. 523.
5. The same to the same. Oct. 8, 1651.
   S.P. Dom., Interreg., XVI, No. 57.
6. The same to the same. Oct. 17, 1651.
   S.P. Dom., Car. I, XVI, No. 82.
7. Sir Kenelm Digby to Lord Conway. Jan. 31, 1636.
   S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCXLIV, No. 58.
8. The same to the same. Feb. 23, 1644.
   S.P. Dom., Car. I, DVI, No. 43.
9. The same to the same. Nov. 6, 1647.
   S.P. Dom., Interreg., III, No. 55.
10. Lord Conway to John Selden. July 20, 1653.
    Harleian MSS 7001, f. 218.
11. Edward Conway to his father. June 27, 1640.
    S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLX, No. 26.
12. The same to the same. Aug. 9, 1640.
    S.P. Dom., Car. I, CCCCLXIII, No. 63.
13. Lord Conway to his daughter-in-law, Anne Conway. July 1, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,213, f. 11.
14. The same to the same. July 8, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,213, f. 9.
15. The same to the same. July 22, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,213, f. 13.
16. The same to the same. Sept. 20, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,213, f. 15.
17. Anne Conway to Lord Conway. Oct. 2/9, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,213, f. 17.

Chapter Two. *Anne Conway and Henry More*

18. Henry More to Anne Finch. Feb. 21, [1650].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 4.
19. The same to the same. Aug. 24, [1650].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 2.

20. Henry More to Anne Conway. Sept. 6, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 6.
21. The same to the same. Nov. 2, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 8.
22. John Finch to Anne Conway. Nov. 10/20, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 1.
23. The same to the same. Dec. 1/11, 1651.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 3.
24. Anne Conway to Henry More. Dec. 3, 1651.
    Christ's College MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 1.
25. John Finch to Anne Conway. April 27/May 7, 1652.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 5.
26. John Finch to Anne Conway. Aug. 1/10, 1652.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 7.
27. Anne Conway to Edward Conway. Nov. 13, 1652.
    S.P. Dom., Interreg., XXV, No. 59.
28. Henry More to Anne Conway. Nov. 28, [1652?].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 52.
29. The same to the same. Jan. 6, [1652–53].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 60.
30. The same to the same. Jan. 17, [1652–53].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 62.
31. Anne Conway to Henry More. Jan. 26, 1652–53.
    C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 2.
32. Henry More to Anne Conway. Jan. 31, [1652–53].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 66.
33. Anne Conway to Henry More. Feb. 9, 1652–53.
    C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 3.
34. John Finch to Anne Conway. Feb. 10/20, 1652–53.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 18.
35. Henry More to Anne Conway. Mar. 28, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 20.
36. The same to the same. Apr. 4, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 10.
37. John Finch to Anne Conway. Apr. 9, 1653.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 19.
38. The same to the same. ——, 1652.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 15.
39. Henry More to Anne Conway. Apr. 18, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 24.
40. Anne Conway to Edward Conway. May 10, 1653.
    Add. MSS 23,214, f. 3.
41. Henry More to Anne Conway. June 2, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 58.
42. The same to the same. July 4, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 36.
43. The same to the same. Aug. 9, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 42.

44. The same to the same. Aug. 29, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 44.
45. John Finch to Edward Conway. Oct. 20/30, 1653.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 25.
46. John Finch to Anne Conway. Nov. 6, [1653].
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 9.
47. The same to the same. Nov. 9/19, 1653.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 27.
48. The same to the same. Nov. 30/Dec. 10, 1653.
    Add. MSS 23,215, f. 28.
49. Henry More to Anne Conway. Dec. 10, 1653.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 54.
50. The same to the same. Dec. 26, 1653.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 56.
51. The same to the same. Feb. 2, [1653–54].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 181.
52. The same to the same. Apr. 17, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 22.
53. The same to the same. Apr. 24, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 26.
54. The same to the same. May 1, 1654.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 28.
55. The same to the same. May 8, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 32.
56. Robert Gell to Anne Conway. May 26, 1654.
    S.P. Dom., Interreg., LXXI, No. 106.
57. Henry More to Anne Conway. June 7, 1654.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 12.
58. The same to the same. June 18, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 64.
59. The same to the same. July 31, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 40.
60. The same to the same. Sept. 5, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 46.
61. The same to the same. Sept. 19, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 48.
62. The same to the same. Oct. 7, [1654].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 50.
63. The same to the same. Apr. 18, 1655.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 14.
64. The same to the same. Apr. 30, 1655.
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 16.
65. The same to the same. May 7, [1655].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 30.
66. The same to the same. July 2, [1655].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 34.
67. The same to the same. July 9, [1655].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 38.

Chapter Three. *Interludes: 1655–1660*

68. Edward, third Viscount Conway to Major George Rawdon. July 24, 1655.
Rawdon Papers, pp. 185–187.
69. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. July 28, 1655.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 5.
70. Henry More to Lady Conway. Jan. 7, [1655–56].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 260.
71. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Jan. 19, 1655–56.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 7.
72. Henry More to Lady Conway. Feb. 16, 1656.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 68.
73. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Mar. 31, 1656.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 9.
74. Heneage Finch to Sir Edward Dering. Mar. 27, 1656.
Stowe MSS 744, f. 30.
75. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. [April], 1656.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 10.
76. Petition of Francis Finch to the Council of State. Aug. 7, 1656.
S.P. Dom., Interreg., CXXIX, No. 109.
77. Henry More to Lady Conway. Jan. 19, [1656–57?].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 204.
78. The same to the same. Feb. 2, [1657].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 286.
79. John Finch to Lady Conway. Feb. 19/29, 1656–57.
S.P. Dom., Interreg., CLIII, No. 126.
80. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Apr. 16, 1657.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 12.
81. The same to the same. May 1, 1657.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 39.
82. Henry More to Lady Conway. May 11, 1657.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 252.
83. The same to the same. May 31, [1657?].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 183.
84. The same to the same. Feb. 8, [1658].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 268.
85. The same to the same. Mar., [1658].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 208.
86. The same to the same. Apr. 5, [1658].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 290.
87. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Apr. 9, 1658.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 14.
88. The same to the same. Apr. 27, 1658.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 15.
89. Henry More to Lady Conway. Apr. 27, [1658].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 300.
90. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Apr. 30, 1658.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 17.

91. Lord Conway to Major Rawdon. June 15, 1658.
Rawdon Papers, pp. 187–191.
92. The same to the same. Oct. 12, 1658.
Rawdon Papers, pp. 191–193.
93. Henry More to Lady Conway. Nov. 29, [1658].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 308.
94. Lord Conway to Major Rawdon. Dec. 21, 1658.
Rawdon Papers, pp. 193–194.
95. Henry More to Lady Conway. Mar. 28, [1659].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 262.
96. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Apr. 15, 1659.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 19.
97. Henry More to Lady Conway. May 10, [1659].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 222.
98. The same to the same. May 17, [1659].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 279.
99. Lord Conway to Major Rawdon. June 14, 1659.
Rawdon Papers, pp. 195–197.
100. The same to the same. July 5, 1659.
Rawdon Papers, pp. 197–200.
101. Henry More to Lady Conway. [Mar. or Apr., 1660].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 248.
102. The same to the same. May 14, [1660].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 240.
103. The same to the same. June 5, [1660].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 179.
104. The same to the same. Sept. 3, [1660].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 292.
105. The same to the same. Sept. 17, 1660.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 70.
106. —— to Jeremy Taylor. Oct. 3, 1660.
S.P. Ireland, Car. II, CCCV, No. 7.
107. Henry More to Lady Conway. Oct. 23, [1660].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 279.

CHAPTER FOUR. *Ireland and Cambridge*

108. Lady Conway to Henry More. Nov. 28, 1660.
C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 4.
109. Henry More to Lady Conway. Dec. 4, [1660].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 224.
110. The same to the same. Dec. 27, [1660].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 228.
111. The same to the same. Mar. 31, [1661].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 284.
112. The same to the same. Apr. 14, 1661.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 72.
113. The same to the same. Apr. 22, [1661].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 232.

114. Lord Conway to Major Rawdon. Apr. 27, 1661.
Rawdon Papers, pp. 200–201.
115. Sir John Finch to Lord Conway. July 27, 1661.
Add. MSS 23,215, f. 40.
116. Henry More to Lady Conway. Aug. 2, 1661.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 74.
117. Lady Conway to Henry More. [Sept.] 12, 1661.
C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 5.
118. Henry More to Lady Conway. Sept. 14, [1661].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 246.
119. The same to the same. Oct. 26, [1661].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 192.
120. The same to the same. Nov. 16, 1661.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 76.
121. The same to the same. Dec. 14, 1661.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 78.
122. The same to the same. Jan. 4, 1662.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 86.
123. The same to the same. Mar. 15, [1662].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 18.
124. The same to the same. Apr. 5, 1662.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 82.
125. Sir John Finch to Lord Conway. Apr. 16, 1662.
Add. MSS 23,215, f. 42.
126. Henry More to Lord Conway. May 17, 1662.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 84.
127. Henry More to Lady Conway. July 5, [1662].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 212.
128. The same to the same. Aug. 5, [1662].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 195.
129. Lady Conway to Henry More. Aug. 23, 1662.
C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 6.
130. Henry More to Lady Conway. Aug. 29, [1662].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 242.
131. Lady Conway to Henry More. Dec. 5, 1662.
C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 7.
132. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Dec. 9, 1662.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 21.
133. The same to the same. Jan. 30, 1662–63.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 22.
134. Henry More to Lady Conway. Jan. 31, 1662–63.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 254.
135. Lady Conway to Henry More. ——, 1663.
Joseph Glanvill, *Sadducismus Triumphatus* (1726), p. 389.
136. The same to the same. ——, 1663.
Sadducismus Triumphatus, p. 389.
137. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Mar. 21, 1662–63.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 23.

138. Henry More to Lady Conway. Mar. 31, [1663].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 210.
139. Lady Conway to Henry More. Aug. 11, 1663.
C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 8.
140. Henry More to Lady Conway. Dec., 1663.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 220.
141. The same to the same. Dec. 31, [1663].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 202.
142. The same to the same. Feb. 6, [1663–64].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 257.
143. The same to the same. May 24, 1664.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 216.
144. Lady Conway to Henry More. May 24, 1664.
C.C. MSS Bb. 6.7, f. 9.
145. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Sept. 4, 1664.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 25.
146. The same to the same. Sept. 9, 1664.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 27.
147. Henry More to Lady Conway. Sept. 12, [1664].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 218.
148. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Sept. 13, 1664.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 28.
149. The same to the same. Sept. 16, 1664.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 30.
150. Henry More to Lady Conway. Sept. 24, [1664].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 196.
151. The same to the same. Oct. 17, [1664].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 264.
152. Sir John Finch to Lord Conway. Nov. 2, 1664.
S.P. Dom., Car. II, CIV, No. 16.
153. Henry More to Lady Conway. Mar., 1664–65.
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 200.
154. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Mar. 10, 1664–65.
Add. MSS 23,214, f. 32.
155. Henry More to Lady Conway. Apr. 24, [1665?].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 250.
156. The same to the same. May 15, [1665].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 191.
157. The same to the same. June 5, [1665].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 184.
158. Lord Conway to Sir John Finch. [June, 1665].
S.P. Dom., Car. II, CCCCXLIX, No. 84.
159. Henry More to Robert Boyle. June 5, 1665.
The Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle (1772), V, 512–513.
160. Henry More to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. June 9, [1665].
A Collection of Letters, Poems, etc. (1678), p. 90.
161. Henry More to Lady Conway. [June] 29, [1665].
Add. MSS 23,216, f. 234.

162. The same to the same. July 10, [1665].
    Add. MSS 23,216, f. 275.

Chapter Five. *Valentine Greatrakes, the Irish "Stroker"*

163. Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon. July 26, 1665.
    Rawdon Papers, pp. 204–207.
164. Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Dublin, to Lord Conway. July 29, 1665.
    S.P. Ireland, CCCXIX, No. 117.
165. Lady Conway to Lord Conway. Oct. 22, 1665.
    Add. MSS 23,214, f. 34.
166. Henry More to Robert Boyle. Nov. 27, 1665.
    The Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle, V, 513.
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